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TRUE STORIES OF NEW ENGLAND CAPTIVES

Carried to Canada
During the Old French and Indian Wars

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GLEANINGS FROM NEW ENGLAND AND CANADIAN ARCHIVES
CONCERNING CAPTIVES IN THE OLD WARS

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TO

THE MEMORY OF THOSE NUNS AND PRIESTS WHO SHELTERED AND PROTECTED OUR CAPTIVES IN CANADA AND TO THEIR SUCCESSORS BY WHOM I HAVE BEEN KINDLY HELPED IN MY WORK THESE NARRATIVES ARE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

PREFACE

As often as I have read in the annals of the early settlers of New England the pathetic words, "Carried captive to Canada whence they came not back," I have longed to know the fate of the captives. The wish has become a purpose, and I have taken upon myself a mission to open the door for their return.

It is just fifty years since that indefatigable Antiquary, Mr. Samuel G. Drake, published at Boston his "Tragedies of the Wilderness." I offer these narratives as a modest sequel to the work of my illustrious predecessor. C. A. B.

Cambridge, Mass.
March, 1897.

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CHRISTINE OTIS.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE ON THE FRONTIER AS TOLD IN THE RECORDS.

INTRODUCTION.

The magnificent obelisks of Central America lay crumbling to decay in the thickets of Yucatan. The mines of the Mound Builder were deserted and silent. The eagle screamed undisturbed in the homes of the Cliff Dweller.

A race who possessed no traditions of these old civilizations held the soil of North America, when, from Greenland poured down a horde of those Norse pirates, whose name from time immemorial had been a terror to every land. The story of the first meeting of the white man and the red man on our shores is an interesting one. Let us read it from the sagas of the Northmen. They will be apt to tell it flatteringly to themselves.

In the year of our Lord 999, Leif the Lucky, son of Eric the Red, spent the winter in Vinland,—wherever that may be,—whether Nantucket, Narragansett, or Nova Scotia, we have as yet no ken. "Leif was a mickle man and stout, most noble to see; a wise man, and moderate in all things."

Apparently he had no encounter with the natives. Whether

his mickleness, or his moderation and wisdom, had anything to do with this, the chronicler saith not. Now there was great talk about Leif's Vinland voyage, and Thorvald, his brother, thought the land had been too little explored. Then said Leif to Thorvald, "Thou shalt go with my ship, brother, if thou wilt to Vinland."

So in 1002, Thorvald and his men came to Vinland, to Leif's booths, and dwelt in peace there that winter. In the summer they sent the long boat along to the westward to explore. On the island they found a corn-shed of wood. More works of men they found not, and they went back to Leif's booths in the fall. "After that they coasted into the mouths of firths that were nearest to them . . . . . and to a headland that stretched out, and they saw upon the sands within the headland three heights. They went thither, and saw there three skin boats and three men under each. Then they divided the people, and laid hands on them all except one, that got off with his boat. They killed these eight, and then went back to the headland, and saw in the firth some heights, and thought they were dwellings. Then came from the firth innumerable skin boats and made towards them." Thorvald said, "We will set up our battle shields, and guard ourselves as best we can, but fight but little. So they did, and the Skraelings shot at them for a while, but they fled, each as fast as he could." Thorvald was killed.

Karlsefni came next, "And this agreement made he with his seamen: that they should have even handed all that they should get in the way of goods. They bore out to sea . . . . . and came to Leif's booths hale and whole. . . . . After the first winter came the summer, ... then they saw appear the Skraelings, and there came from out the wood a great number of men. At the roaring of Karlsefni's bulls the Skraelings were frightened and ran off with their bundles. These were furs and sable skins, and skin wares of all kinds.

Karlsefni had the doors of the booths guarded. Then the Skraelings took down their bags, and opened them and offered them for sale, and wanted weapons for them. But Karlsefni forbade them to sell weapons. He took this plan: he bade the women bring out their dairy stuff, and no sooner had they seen that, than they would have that and nothing more. Now this was the way the Skraelings traded: they bore off their wares in their stomachs; but Karlsefni and his companions had their bags and their skin wares, and so they parted. . . . . Karlsefni then had posts driven strongly about his booths, and made all complete."

"Next winter the Skraelings came again, and were more than before, and they had the same wares. Then Karlsefni said to the women, 'Now bring forth the same food that was most liked before, and no other.' And when they saw it, they cast their bundles in over the fence. But one of them being killed by one of Karlsefni's men, they all fled in haste, and left their garments and wares behind. 'Now,' said Karlsefni, 'I think they will come for the third time in anger, and with many men.' It was done as Karlsefni had said, ... there was a battle and many of the Skraelings fell."

The whole story of the dealings of the white man with the red man is here in a nutshell. Thorvald goes ashore with his company. "Here it is fair," he cries, "and here would I like to raise my dwelling," but seeing upon the sands three boats, and three men under each, "this iron-armed and stalwart crew,"—thirty broad-breasted Norsemen, lay hands upon the helpless nine and kill them. One escapes to tell the tale. A fight ensues, and Thorvald pays the penalty of his misdeeds. The savage has felt the power of the white man's weapons. He covets them. He comes the next year to Karlsefni with sable skins . . . . . and wants weapons in exchange. Karlsefni wisely refuses. The women bring out the dairy stuff, and the simple savages trade. "They bear

off their wares in their stomachs!" But Karlsefni had their bags, and their precious skin wares. So they part. The booths are palisaded. Winter brings the hungry savage once more to the white man's door. With reckless generosity he throws his bundles in over the palisade. Supplied with food in return, he is going peacefully away, when, for mere pastime, he is felled to the earth—killed by one of Karlsefni's men. His followers flee. They come back. There is a battle and many of them fall.

Here we might rest the case of the red man *versus* the white man. But the evidence is cumulative against the latter. Columbus has left us an account of his reception by the "Indians," as he names them. Native and Spaniard were an equal surprise to each other. The savage thought that the ships of the strangers were huge birds, that had borne these wonderful beings down from heaven on their great, white wings. They were "friendly and gentle" to the new comers. Columbus gave them colored caps, beads and hawks bells, in exchange for twenty-pound balls of cotton yarn, great numbers of tame parrots and tapioca cakes. He coasted about the island in the ship's boat, and some of the natives swam after him, while others ran along on the shore, tempting him with fruits and fresh water to land. He speaks of them always as decorous, temperate, peaceful, honest, generous and hospitable. "They are very simple and honest," he says, "and exceedingly liberal with all that they have, none of them refusing anything he may possess, when asked for it, but on the contrary inviting us to ask them. They exhibit great love towards all others in preference to themselves; they also give objects of great value for trifles, and content themselves with little or nothing in return. . . . . A sailor received for a leather strap as much gold as was worth three golden nobles,[1] . . . . . they bartered like idiots, cotton and

[1]A noble is about $1.60.

THE OLD FORT AND FIRST MEETING HOUSE, 1801, PL
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gold, for fragments of bows, glasses, bottles and jars; which I forbade, as being unjust, and myself gave them many beautiful and acceptable articles, ... taking nothing from them in return. . . . . They practice no kind of idolatry, but have a firm belief that all strength, and all power and all good things are in heaven, and that I had descended thence. . . . . Nor are they slow or stupid, but of very clear understanding. . . . . I took some Indians by force from the first island I came to. . . . . These men are still travelling with me, and they continue to entertain the idea that I have descended from heaven, and on our arrival at any new place they cry out to the other Indians, 'Come and look upon beings of a celestial race,' upon which men, women and children . . . . . would come out in throngs to see us,—some bringing food, others drink, with astonishing affection and kindness."

On every voyage Columbus carried back to Spain, men, women and children taken by force from their homes. Worse than that, he farmed out these poor children of the forest to the indolent Spanish colonists of Hayti, and they died by hundreds from ill treatment and overwork. Worst of all, to satisfy Spanish avarice, he sent great numbers of them to be sold as slaves in Spain for the benefit of that kingdom.

In 1498, Sebastian Cabot carried to King Henry the Seventh three savages as trophies of his discoveries in North America.

France had her share of the spoils. In 1524, John Verrazano, in his ship the Dolphin, reached the shore of Carolina. Fires were burning along the coast and the savages crowded to the beach making signs of welcome. The French were in want of water and tried to land, but the surf was too high. A sailor, carrying bells and other trifles, leaped overboard from the boat. His courage failed and he threw the trinkets towards the natives. The waves tossed him back upon the shore, and the Indians, snatching him from the sea, dragged him towards a great fire. The sailor shrieked with fear. His

comrades in the boat gazed with horror, expecting to see him roasted and eaten before their eyes. But after tenderly warming and drying him they led him back to the shore, and stood aloof while he swam off to his friends. Shall I tell you how this kindness was repaid? Coasting north, a party of them landed. The natives fled to the woods. Only two women and half a dozen children remained, hiding terrified in the grass. These civilized Frenchmen carried off one of the babies and would have taken the younger woman, who was handsome, but her outcries made them leave her behind. There is no clue to the fate of Verrazano; it may be true, as Ramusio affirms, that on a later voyage he was killed and eaten by the savages.

Ten years later, Jacques Cartier sailed into the mouth of the St. Lawrence and bore away for France to tell the King he had discovered the northwest passage to Cathay. He carried with him two young Indians "lured into his clutches," says Mr. Parkman, "by an act of villainous treachery." I suppose "the greasy potentate," whose sons they were, loved his boys as well as any father loves his children, but the wild Indian was no more than a wild turkey to the European explorer, and both were constantly carried over as samples of the natural products of the New World. Cartier brought back the boys the next year to guide him up the river. He went up as far as Montreal, and coming back to Quebec his crew were smitten with scurvy. There he might easily have been cut off by the savages, but "they proved his salvation." He learned from them a cure for the distemper, and his crew were restored to health. "When the winter of misery had worn away," he seized Donnacona and his chiefs, to carry them back to the French court. Mr. Parkman tells the story: "He lured them to the fort and led them into an ambuscade of sailors, who, seizing the astonished guests, hurried them on board the ship. This treachery accomplished,

SPES·MEA·IN·DEO·EST·

the voyagers proceeded to plant the emblem of Christianity. The cross was raised, the fleur-de-lis hung upon it, and spreading their sails they steered for home." Cartier came back once more, and told the natives that their chief, Donnacona, was dead, and the others were living like lords in France ;—which information must have been very gratifying to them, under the circumstances!

In 1602, Gosnold visited the Massachusetts coast. The Indians traded with him valuable furs and "their fairest collars" of copper for the merest trifles. "We became great friends," says one of the party. "They helped cut and carry our sassafras, and some lay aboard our ship. . . . . They are exceeding courteous and gentle of disposition," . . . . . "quick-eyed, and steadfast in their looks, fearless of others' harms, as intending none themselves. Some of the meaner sort, given to filching, which the very name of savages, not weighing their ignorance in good or evil, may easily excuse."

In 1605, Weymouth entered the Penobscot river. He gave the savages "brandy, which they tasted, but would not drink." . . . . . He had two of them at supper in his cabin, and present at prayer time. "They behaved very civilly, neither laughing nor talking all the time, and at supper fed not like men of rude education ; neither would they eat or drink more than seemed to content nature." They carefully returned pewter dishes lent them to carry peas ashore to their women. As Weymouth "could not entice three others aboard," whom he wished to kidnap, he "consulted with his crew how to catch them ashore." Then they carried peas ashore, "which meat they loved" and a box of trifles for barter. "I opened the box," says an actor in this tragedy, "and showed them trifles to exchange, thinking thereby to have banished fear from the other and drawn him to return. But when we could not, we used little delay, but suddenly laid hands on them, and it was as much as five or six of us could do to get them into

the light gig, for they were strong, and so naked as by far our best hold was by the long hair on their heads; and we would have been very loath to have done them any hurt, which of necessity we had been constrained to have done if we had attempted them in a multitude, which we must and would, rather than have wanted them, being a matter of great importance for the full accomplishment of our voyage." The chronicler after praising the country, thus concludes his relation: "Although at the time we surprised them they made their best resistance, ... yet, after perceiving by their kind usage we intended them no harm, they have never since seemed discontented with us, but very tractable, loving, and willing by their best means, to satisfy us in anything we demand of them. . . . . Neither have they at any time been at the least discord among themselves, insomuch as we have not seen them angry, but merry and so kind, as, if you give anything to one of them, he will distribute part to every one of the rest."

Mr. Higginson tells us that Weymouth's Indians were the objects of great wonder in England, and crowds of people followed them in the streets. It is thought that Shakespeare referred to them in "The Tempest" a few years later. Trinculo there wishing to take the monster Caliban to England, says: "Not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver. . . . . When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian."

John Smith's disasters in Virginia were due to the disorderly conduct of his men towards the natives.

It is true that an Indian arrow was "shot into the throat" of one of Hudson's crew, but the chronicler who tells the tale, says they found "loving people" on their first landing; and the disgraceful debauch in the cabin of the "Half Moon," does not speak well for the conduct of the Dutch on that occasion.

John Smith narrates how Captain Hunt "betrayed" twenty

W. H. Bartlett.

E. Challis.

The Citadel of Quebec

savages from Plymouth, and seven from Cape Cod "aboard his ship, and most dishonestly and inhumanly, for the kind usage of me, and all my men, carried them with him to Maligo (Malaga) and there, for a little private gain, sold these silly savages for rials of eight." An old woman of ninety afterward told Edward Winslow, with tears and groans, that her three sons, her only dependence, were among the number.

The unscrupulousness of Morton's followers at Merrymount, who cheated, abused, and stole from the Indians, and sold them liquor and weapons, came near being the destruction of the Pilgrims.

It is an unwelcome task, while commemorating our ancestry who suffered death or a cruel captivity at the hands of the savage, to say a word in extenuation. I am no hero-worshipper. I find more shrewdness than saintliness in Massasoit's friendship. It was for him a choice of evils. I see nothing of statesmanship or valor to admire in Philip. No more do I think there is any basis for a wholesale denunciation of his race. We have seen how from Maine to Cuba the explorer was the aggressor. In later colonial times it was a poor schooling we gave the red man, and he did credit to our teaching. We know little of the savage before his contamination by the white man. Revenge belongs to the childhood of nations as well as to that of individuals. To love our enemies,—to do good to them that despitefully use us, is a hard feat even for an adult Christian civilization. If, as John Robinson wished, we had converted some before we had killed any, we should make a better show in history. That was a grim satire of old Ninigret, who told Mr. Mayhew, when he wanted to preach to his people, that he "had better go and make the English good first." We should not shrink from tracing effects to their causes. The Indian trader from Karlsefni to Richard Waldron, (I may say to the frontier agent of to-day,) was dishonest. He sold rum to the savage, and then

fined him for getting drunk. Was it truth the Indian uttered, or a bitter jest on the diluted quality of the liquor, when he testified before the court that he "had paid £100 for a drink from Mr. Purchas his well?" The fine was not always crossed out when it was paid till the exasperated savage crossed it out with one blow of his hatchet, for which he had paid ten times its worth in furs. The Government was not always responsible, though the "Walking Purchase" and the murder of Miantonomoh are rank offences. Usually the frontier settlement suffered for the sins of individuals. There is no more striking illustration of this fact than the story of

CHRISTINE OTIS.

In 1623 some London fishmongers set up their stages on the Piscataqua river.

Passaconaway, the sagacious sachem of the Pennacooks, desirous of an ally against his troublesome neighbors, the Tarratines, urged more English to come. He gave them deeds of land in exchange for coats, shirts and kettles. The natives continued peaceable,—the whites fished, planted and traded unmolested. Feeling death approaching, old Passaconaway made a great feast, and thus addressed his chieftains: "Listen to your father. The white men are the sons of the morning. The Great Spirit is their father. Never war with them. If you light the fires His breath will turn the flames upon you and destroy you." Knowles, a tributary chief, whose tribe occupied the region round about the settlers on the Piscataqua, felt similar presentiments. Sending for the principal white men, he asked them to mark out and record in their books a grant of a few hundred acres for his people. The old sachem's son Wannaloncet, and Blind Will, successor to Knowles, determined to heed Passaconaway's advice, and keep peace with the whites, and the Pennacooks remained

neutral through Philip's war. At that time Cocheco, now Dover, New Hampshire, was the main trading post with the Indians of all that region. Major Richard Waldron was the most prominent man of Cocheco. He held many offices of trust under the Government, and a command in Philip's war. He was naturally severe; was a successful Indian trader, and had the reputation of being a dishonest one. It was said that he did not cancel their accounts when they had paid him, and that in buying beaver he reckoned his fist as weighing a pound. Though Philip's war began later in the Eastern country, it raged there with terrible ferocity, "where," says Mr. Palfrey, "from the rough character of the English settlers, it may well be believed that the natives were not without provocation." Troops were ordered out by the General Court of Massachusetts to subdue the eastern Indians, but the snow lay four feet on a level in December, and military operations were impossible. The Indians, pinched with famine from the severity of the winter, and dependent upon the frontier settlements for food, sued for peace through Major Waldron, promising to give up their captives without ransom, and to be quiet in the future. In July, 1676, Waldron, on behalf of the whites, signed a treaty with them at Cocheco. After Philip's death some of his followers fled to the Pennacooks. They were taken and put in Dover jail. Escaping, they incited some of the Maine Indians to renew their depredations. Two companies were sent to the East under Captains Sill and Hathorne. They reached Dover on the 6th of September. There they found four hundred Indians, part of them Pennacooks who had taken no part in the war; others who had been party to the treaty a few months before, and the rest, southern Indians, who, fleeing to the eastward after Philip's death, had been received into the tribes there. Why they were at Dover we are not told, but evidently with no hostile intent, as their women and children were with them.

The belligerent captains would have annihilated them at once, as their orders were to seize all Indians concerned in the murder of Englishmen, or who had violated the treaty. Waldron proposed a stratagem instead. Inviting the Indians to a sham fight the next day, having drawn the Indians' fire, the English soldiers surrounded and disarmed them. Wannaloncet and the Pennacooks were set free. The rest were sent to Boston, where seven or eight of the well-known murderers were hung, and the rest sold as slaves abroad. It is said that Major Waldron was opposed to the seizure, but regarded it as a military necessity. It is true that he might have been censured by his government if he had refused to obey its orders, but a strictly honorable man would rather have left his case to the judgment of posterity, or have thrown up his commission, than to have committed so gross a breach of hospitality and faith. The Pennacooks looked upon his conduct as treachery. It was a time of peace. They had never broken faith with him. They were, as it were, surety for the good behavior of Philip's Indians and the rest. They never forgave him.

Thirteen years passed. Some of those who had been sold into slavery came back. The emissaries of Castine whispered vengeance. The opportunity for retaliation came to the Pennacooks, and a plot was laid for the destruction of Dover. In June, 1689, the Dover people began to be suspicious that the Indians were unfriendly. Larger numbers seemed to be gathering in the neighborhood than usually came to trade. Strange faces were noticed among them, and now and then they were seen eyeing the defenses. More than one friendly squaw hinted of danger to the settlers' wives who had been kind to them, but they were not heeded. "Go plant your pumpkins," cried Waldron to those who told him their fears, "I know the red skins better than you, and I will let you know soon enough if there are any signs of an outbreak."

Durham, N. H. Rear, Sullivan House, showing Slave Quarters.

Waldron, Richard Otis, John Heard, Peter Coffin and his son Tristram had each a garrison house at Dover at that time. Into these their neighbors who felt uneasy, retired to sleep. On the morning of the 27th of June, a young man rushed to Waldron's house and told him that the town was full of Indians, and that the people were thoroughly frightened. "I know the Indians well," replied Waldron with some asperity, "and I tell you there is no danger." That very morning, however, the following letter from Major Henchman of Chelmsford was received by Gov. Bradstreet at Boston:

JUNE 23, 1689.

Honored Sir:—This day two Indians came from Pennacook, viz., Job Maramasquand and Peter Muckamug, who report that damage will undoubtedly be done within a few days at Piscataqua, and that Major Waldron in particular is threatened. The Indians can give a more particular account to your Honor. They say if damage be done, the blame shall not be on them, having given a faithful account of what they hear, and are upon that report moved to leave their habitation and cover at Pennacook. I am constrained from a sense of my duty, and from love to my countrymen, to give the information as above, so with my humble service to your Honor, and prayers for the safety of an endangered people,

I am your humble serv't,

THOS. HENCHMAN.

A messenger was at once dispatched to Cocheco with a letter from the Governor and Council "To Major Richard Waldron, and Mr. Peter Coffin, or either of them. These with all possible speed."

The Governor's letter is dated June 27th, 1689. It informs Major Waldron of the receipt of Major Henchman's letter and tells him that "one Hawkins is the principal designer" of the intended mischief. That it is particularly designed against Waldron and Coffin, and that they are to be betrayed

"on a pretention of trade." The Governor warns them to take "care of their own safeguard "and to report "what information they may receive of the Indians' motions." Unfortunately the messenger was detained at Salisbury ferry and reached Dover only after the tragedy was over.

Mesandowit[1], an Indian chief, took supper at Waldron's house that night, as he had often before. During supper he said, half jestingly, "Suppose strange Indians come now, Brother Waldron?" "I have but to raise my finger," replied Waldron, boastfully, "and a hundred soldiers will be at my command." Later in the evening two squaws applied at each garrison house for leave to sleep on the hearth before the kitchen fire. As this was no unusual request, it was readily granted, and they were shown how to open the doors in case they might want to go out during the night. Tristram Coffin alone refused to admit them. As Waldron was barring his doors for the night, one of the squaws quartered with him said to him, "White father big wampum; much Indian come." Still unsuspicious, he retired to dream of the morrow's gains.

Just before dawn, at that hour when night is darkest and sleep is heaviest, the treacherous squaws rose softly in all the houses, and opening the doors, gave a long, low whistle. A dog at Heard's garrison answered with a furious barking, which awoke Elder Wentworth. He hurried down stairs. The savages were just entering. Pushing the oaken door back against them, the old man of seventy-three threw himself on his back and held it against them till help came. Bullets crashed through the door above his head, but the heroic old Puritan did not flinch and the garrison was saved. Placing a guard at Waldron's door, the waspish horde swarmed into his room. He sprang from his bed, and though over eighty years old, he drove them at the point of his sword,

[1]Sometimes written Mesambowit.

Dover, N. H. Old Garrison House, Interior.

through three or four rooms. As he turned back for other weapons, they followed him and dealt him a blow with a hatchet, which stunned and prostrated him. With horrid threats, they ordered his family to get supper for them. When they were surfeited, they placed the old man in his arm-chair on the table and tortured him. They gashed him with their knives, screaming derisively, "Now we cross out our accounts." They cut off his finger joints and threw them in his face, asking with fiendish glee, "How much will your fist weigh now, Father Waldron?" Finally as he fell fainting from his chair, they held his own sword under him, and death came to his relief. His daughter and his little grandchild, Sarah Gerrish,[1] were taken captive, his son-in-law killed, his house pillaged and burned. The houses of Peter Coffin and his son were also destroyed.

Richard Otis, the blacksmith of Dover, occupied the next garrison house to Waldron's. He was of good family, and had removed from Boston to Dover in 1656. At the time of the attack he was well on in years, had married sons, and was living with his third wife, Grizel[2] Warren, a young woman of less than half his years. She had borne him two children. Hannah, the elder, was about two; but the delight of her old father's heart, was his three months old baby, Margaret, fair as a summer daisy. Otis was shot dead as he was rising up in bed, or had reached the window, seeking the cause of the alarm. The savages killed his little daughter Hannah, by dashing her head against the chamber stairs. His wife and baby were dragged from their beds, and with more of his family, hurried with the other captives to the woods to begin the doleful march to Canada.

Meantime, all unconscious of these horrors, the Widow Heard and her sons, with her daughter and son-in-law, were

[1]For the story of her captivity see Drake's "Tragedies of the Wilderness."

[2]I have often found the name written Grizet and Grizit.

returning from a day's trading at Portsmouth. The soft air of the summer night was heavy with the scent of the sweet brier; the frog croaked hoarsely from his solitary pool; an owl, scared from his hunting, flitted screeching to the woods. No other sound was heard save the plash of their oars as they rowed up the placid river, when suddenly on the midnight stillness, burst forth the awful war-whoop. Faster they plied their oars, not daring to think of the possible fate of kindred left safe in the garrison at morn. Silently passing a body of the enemy, they landed near Waldron's garrison. Seeing a light in a chamber window and supposing it put there as a signal of refuge to the English, they demanded entrance at the gate. No answer being returned, they shook and pounded the palisades, in agonized tones reproaching their friends within for not opening to them. At last one of the young men looked through a crack of the gate, and saw to his horror an Indian with his gun guarding Waldron's door. Despair seized them at the sight. Mrs. Heard sank fainting, and declaring she could go no further, ordered her children to leave her. After much entreaty, feeling that all would be sacrificed if they remained, they left her and proceeded to their own garrison. On the way they met one of Otis's sons, who told them that his father was killed. John Ham and his wife, Mrs. Heard's daughter, rowed rapidly down the river again, to give the alarm at Portsmouth. Meantime Mrs. Heard had revived a little, and dragged herself to the garden, hiding there among the barberry bushes. With the approach of daylight, she fled to a thicket at some distance from the house. A savage who had watched her, came twice to her hiding place, pointed his pistol at her and ran back with loud yells to the house, leaving her in safety. She recognized him as a young Indian, whom at the time of the seizure by Waldron, she had hidden in her own house and aided to escape. Thanking God for her preservation, she remained

Town of Fryburgh Dr to John Stark

1766 To Forty two Days works assirting in laying out the Town ~~and [illegible] in 1st Division~~ £

1768 or 1769 To ~~[illegible]~~ fourteen Days works myself as chainman in laying out the second Division ——— £

alos all the changes on ~~the~~ two Rights in Fryburgh for building Mills I paid to Capt. William Stark

John Stark

in her covert, till the enemy had retired with their captives. Then stealing along by the river, she crossed it on a boom, and reaching Gerrish's garrison, learned of the brave defence of her own house by Elder Wentworth, and of the safety of its inmates.

At eight o'clock in the morning, John Ham and his wife, spent with fatigue and anxiety, reached Portsmouth. A letter was at once written by Richard Waldron, Jr., still ignorant of his father's fate, to the Governor and Council in Boston, giving the facts so far as related by Ham. This letter was enclosed in the following:

"*To the Hon. Maj. Robert Pike of Salisbury—Haste post Haste:—*

PORTSMOUTH, 28th June, 1689.

Honored Sir:—We herewith send you an account of the Indians surprising Cocheco this morning which we pray you immediately to post away to the Honorable, the Governor and Council at Boston, and forward our present assistance, wherein the whole country is immediately concerned.

We are Sir your most humble servants,

RICHARD MARTYN.
WILLIAM VAUGHN.
RICHARD WALDRON, JR.
SAMUEL WENTWORTH.
BENJ. HULL.

This dispatch was received at noon by Maj. Pike, who immediately forwarded it to Boston with the following:

"*To the much Honored Syman Bradstreet, Esq., Governor, and the Honorable Council now sitting at Boston, these present with all speed—Haste, post Haste*":—

SALISBURY, 28th June, (about noon) 1689.

Much Honored:—After due respect, these are only to give your honours the sad accounts of the last night's providence at Cocheco,

as by the enclosed, the particulars whereof are awful. The only wise God, who is the keeper that neither slumbereth nor sleepeth is pleased to permit what is done. Possibly it may be either better or worse than this account renders it. As soon as I get more intelligence, I shall, God willing, speed it to your honours, praying for speedy order or advice in so solemn a case. I have dispatched the intelligence to other towns with advice to look to yurselves. I shall not be wanting to serve in what I may. Should have waited on your honours now, had I been well. Shall not now come except by you commanded, till this bustle be abated. That the only wise God may direct all your weighty affairs, is the prayer of your honours' most humble servant,

ROBERT PIKE."

The post went spurring into Boston at midnight with Pike's dispatches, and the next noon an answer was returned to Portsmouth as follows:

"*To Messrs. Richard Martyn, William Vaughan, Richard Waldron, &c.*

BOSTON, 29th June, 1689.

Gentlemen:—The sad account given by yurselves of the awful hand of God in permitting the heathen to make such desolations upon Cocheco and destruction of the inhabitants thereof . . . . . arrived the last night about twelve o'clock. Notice thereof was immediately despatched to our out towns, and so they may provide for their security. . . . . The narrative you give . . . . . was laid before the whole Convention this morning, who are concerned for you as friends and neighbors, and look at the whole to be involved in this unhappy conjuncture and trouble given by the heathen and are very ready to yield you all assistance as they may be capable and do think it necessary that (if it be not done already) you shall fall into some form . . . . . for the exercise of government so far as may be necessary for your safety . . . . . this Convention not thinking to meet under their present circumstances to exert any authority within your Province. Praying God to direct in all the arduous affairs the poor people of this country have at present to engage in, and to rebuke all

Province of N. Hampshire

10s No (1727) 10s

We Promise Jointly and Severally to pay to Hunking Wentworth of Portsm.o Merch.t or Order the Sum of Ten Shillings on the 25.th day Dec. which will be in the year of our Lord one thousand Seven hun.d and forty Six in Silver or Gold at the then Current price, or in passable Bills of Cred.t on the Prov.s of N. Hamp.r Massach.ts Rhode Island or Connect.t Colony: with Interest of one ℔ Cent ℔ Ann. from y.e date hereof being for Value Rec.d as witness our hands 25.th of Dec.r A.D.

10 1734. 10

Saml. Smith

Andr. Wiggin

J. Downing Junr

our enemies desireing you would give us advice from time to time of the occurences with you.

Your humble servant,

ISAAC ADDINGTON, Sec'y.

Per order of Convention."

Aid was at once sent to Cocheco, and the progress of events there may be seen from the following letter, dated

"CAPT. GERRISH'S GARRISON HOUSE, }
COCHECO, 5th July, 1689. }

May it please your Honors :—On Wednesday evening Major Appleton with between forty and fifty men (most of Ipswich) arrived here accompanied by Major Pike, and yesterday morning with wt additional force we could make, marcht into the woods upon track of the enemy abt twelve miles to make what Discovery they could, but returned in ye evening without any further discovery save ye dead body of one of the captive men, they carried hence nor since at last has any of the enemy been seen hereabout. . . . . Doubtless the main body are withdrawn to a considerable distance.

Your most humble servants,

WILLIAM VAUGHAN.
RICHARD WALDRON."

While these things were transpiring, the hellish crew and their hapless prisoners were marching towards Canada. On the morning of the attack, a party of Cocheco men started out in pursuit, but, as usual, the enemy had divided their forces. The Cocheco party overtook some of them near Conway, and succeeded in recovering some, among them three of Otis's daughters. When the rest of the family reached Canada, we do not know. On their arrival, baby Margaret was at once taken from her savage captors by the priests, baptized anew, and under the name of Christine, given to the nuns of Montreal to be reared in the faith of the Romish church. When she was four years old, her mother was baptized into that church, with the name of Mary Madeleine, and the next October, married Mr. Philip Robitaille, "a French gentleman of

Montreal in the service of Monsieur Maricom." It is probable that the little girl spent most of her childhood with the good nuns of Montreal, in the very heart of that religious community founded by Maisonneuve and his followers. She would have been fifteen years old when the Deerfield captives were carried to Montreal. As in her coarse serge gown, she passed with the nuns in and out of the old cathedral, good Mr. Williams may have seen her, and groaned in spirit at the sight. She must have been a girl of strong character, for she absolutely refused to take the veil, though persistently urged to it by priest and nun. As the next safest thing for the interests of the church, they married her at sixteen to a Frenchman of Montreal, named Le Beau. The following, translated from the parish records of Montreal, bears the autographs of the newly wedded pair, and of the bride's friend, Marie Joseph Sayer[1]:

"On the 14th day of June, of the year 1707, after publishing one ban, and dispensing with the other two by permission from M. François Vachon de Belmont, Grand Vicar of Monseigneur, the Bishop of Quebec, I, the undersigned priest, officiating as curate of the parish of Ville-Marie, having obtained the mutual consent of Louis Le Bau, aged twenty-nine years, son of Jean Le Bau and Etiennette Loré, inhabitants of the parish of Boucherville in this Diocese, of the one part, and of Christinne Otesse, aged eighteen years, daughter of the defunct Richard hautesse[2] and Marie Madeleine la garenne[3] of the town of Douvres[4], in old England, now living in this parish, of the other part,—having married them according to the rites of our Holy Mother Church, in presence of the said Jean Bau, father of the bridegroom, of the Sieur Dominiqua Thaumur Surgeon, of Philippe Robitail Master cooper, father-in-law of the said bride. The aforesaid Jean Bau and Robitail have declared that they could not sign this certificate according to the ordinance."

Christine's husband may have entertained her with the story

[1]See "Story of a York Family." [2]Otis. [3]Warren. [4]Dover.

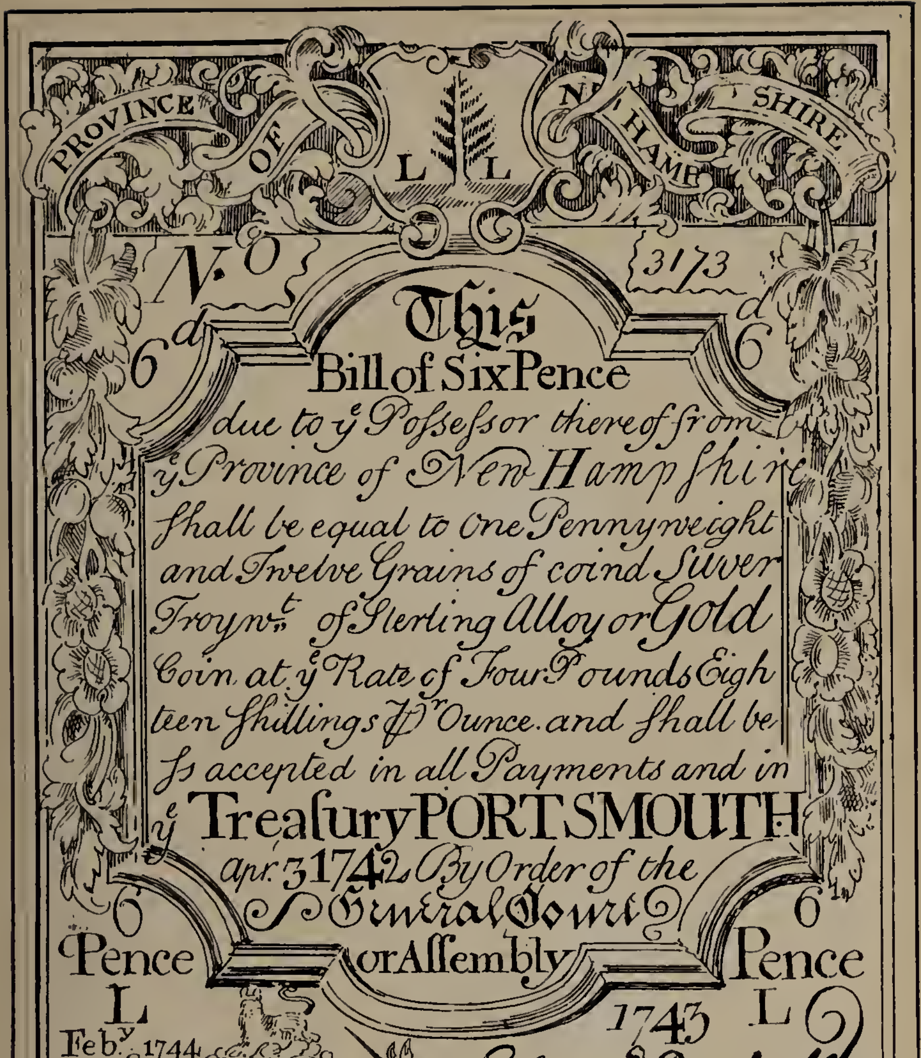
of Thomas Baker, an English youth, one of the Deerfield eaptives, who had tried to run away from Montreal that summer, and having been caught by the Indians, would have been burned at the stake, had he not eseaped from his tormentors, and fled to the house of a Frenchman, who ransomed him.

The Governor had ordered him put in irons and closely imprisoned for four months, "and served him right," Le Beau may have said. "*Pauvre garçon*," perhaps Christine sighed, for the story of Baker's adventures may have set her thinking of her own eaptivity, and she may have wished that she could go baek to New England onee more, and see the spot where she was born. These longings were probably dispelled, and Christine reeoneiled to her lot, by the births of her own three children. We hear no more of her until the arrival of Major Stoddard at Montreal.

Mr. Sheldon had returned in 1707, from his last expedition for the redemption of the eaptives, but many more English were still held in Canada, among them Euniee Williams, the eldest daughter of the minister of Deerfield. Aeeordingly in November, 1713, commissioners were again sent by Gov. Dudley to Canada to negotiate the redemption of Eunice and the other New England eaptives. At the head of the eommission, was Captain John Stoddard of Northampton, son of the minister of that plaee. Mr. Williams aecompanied him. Martin Kellogg, one of the Deerfield eaptives, who had finally eseaped with Baker from Montreal, went as interpreter. There were three other attendants, of whom one was Baker himself. Both Kellogg and he had beeome noted charaeters sinee their flight from Montreal. He was Captain Thomas Baker now. The year before he had gone up the Connecticut river with a seouting party, erossed over to the Pemigewasset, and at its eonfluence with one of its tributaries—since called Baker's river,—he had killed the famous sachem, Wattanummon, without the loss of a man. Taking as much of

the Sachem's beaver as the party could carry, he burned the rest and went down the Merrimac to Dunstable, and thence to Boston. The Council Records of the 8th of May, give his report of his proceedings and his application for scalp money. He produced but one scalp but prayed "for a further allowance for more killed than they could recover their scalps as reported by the enemy themselves." After some delay the General Court, willing to encourage and reward such bravery and enterprise as Baker had shown, allowed him and his company twenty pounds, "for one enemy Indian besides that which they scalped, which seems very probable to be slain." On the 16th of February, 1714, the commissioners reached Quebec. We have the record of their negotiations with the governor of Canada. De Vaudreuil assures them that all the captives are at liberty to go home; the more, the better, for him and his country; and his blessing shall go with them. He gives the ambassadors permission to mingle unrestrained with the English, and to have free speech with those in religious houses. Learning that the priests and some of the laity are terrifying and threatening the prisoners against returning, the commissioners complain to the Governor, who replies that he "can as easily alter the course of the waters as prevent the priests' endeavors." Finally, under the pretext that the captives have been naturalized by the King, he refuses to let any return except those under age. Discouraged by this unexpected obstacle, and in order to be nearer the captives, the Commissioners return to Montreal, arriving there on the 3rd of March, 1714.

Christine's husband had died a few months before. The young widow had doubtless heard of the presence of the ambassadors in the city, as they passed through to Quebec, and all her old longing for release returned upon her. While the naturalization question is pending, Mr. Williams, whose heart is occupied with Eunice's affairs, demands that


PROVINCE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE
L L
No. 6 3173
This
Bill of Six Pence
due to ye Possessor thereof from
ye Province of New Hampshire
shall be equal to One Pennyweight
and Twelve Grains of coin'd Silver
Troy wt. of Sterling Alloy or Gold
Coin at ye Rate of Four Pounds Eigh
teen Shillings ℔ Ounce. and shall be
accepted in all Payments and in
ye Treasury PORTSMOUTH
apr. 3 1742 By Order of the
General Court
or Assembly
6d 6d
6 Pence 6 Pence
L L
Feby. 1744
1743
Elear. Russell
Geo. Jaffrey
Theodr. Atkinson
Committee
HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE
DIEU ET MON DROIT

"men and women shall not be entangled by the marriages they may have contracted, nor parents by children born to them in captivity." Christine sees here her chance. We may assume that she seeks an interview with the commissioners and tells them her wishes. Brave Captain Baker, a bachelor of thirty-two, is smitten with the charms of the youthful widow. He undertakes her cause. The Governor cunningly concedes that French women may return with their English husbands,—that English women shall not be compelled to stay by their French husbands,—but about the children he "will take time to consider." Christine now reciprocating the passion of her lover becomes doubly anxious to return. The Intendant and the Governor violently oppose her. By order of the former, the property of her deceased husband is sold, and the money is withheld from her. The priests bring their authority to bear upon her. "If you persist in going," they say, "you shall not have your children; they must be nurtured in the bosom of the Holy church." Her mother by turns coaxes, chides and tries to frighten her from her resolution. "What can you do in New England?" she says to her. "There are no bake shops there. You know nothing about making bread or butter, or managing as they do there." All this Christine confides to her lover, who kisses away her tears and calms her fears. If she will but trust to him, and go with him, he tells her, his mother shall teach her all she need to know, and his government will see to it that her children are restored to her. In the midst of his wooing, Captain Baker is sent back to Boston by Stoddard to report progress, and demand instructions. He was too good a soldier not to obey orders, though he would, doubtless, have preferred to make a short cut through the difficulties, by running off the prisoners and taking the risk of re-capture. In his absence Christine secretly conveys her personal effects on board a barque bound for Quebec, intending to follow,

and put herself under the protection of Stoddard and his party who have returned thither and are trying to collect the captives there. The Intendant orders Christine's goods ashore, and forbids her to leave Montreal. In vain the Commissioners protest. "She is a prisoner of the former war," replies the Intendant, "and cannot be claimed by the English under the present Articles of Peace." But "Love laughs at locksmiths," and when Captain Baker returns from his embassy and tells her that the good brigantine Leopard is probably then lying at Quebec, and that she must go with him, now or never, she does not hesitate. We have no record of her flitting, except the pithy sentence in Stoddard's Journal announcing Capt. Baker's return from New England, "bringing with him one English prisoner from Montreal." We cannot doubt that this one is Christine.

The anger of the Intendant, when he learned of her disobedience and escape, may be better imagined than described. De Vaudreuil used his most politic endeavors to get possession of her again, promising if she might be returned to Montreal, he would send her under escort by land to New England. Stoddard knowing the value of "A bird in the hand," refused to give her up. The Governor finally threatened if she went, to give her children to the Ursuline sisters and never let her see them again. But her lover triumphed, and she embarked with him for Boston, where they arrived on the 21st of September, 1714.

On the Brookfield land records, Dec. 9th, of the same year, there is a grant of "upland and meadow" to "Margarett Otice, alias Le Bue, one that was a prisoner in Canada and lately came from thence, provided she returns not to live in Canada, but tarries in this province and marries to Captain Thomas Baker." Christine tarried and married. The advent of Captain Baker, with his foreign wife and her strange speech, and her Romish observances, must have made quite

a sensation among the straight-laced Puritans of Northampton. Good Parson Stoddard took her at once in hand, however, and she became a Protestant, being rebaptized by him with her original name of Margaret. The birth of her first child by Thomas Baker, stands to-day on the Northampton records as follows: "June 5, 1716, Christine Baker, daughter to Thomas and Margaret."

About 1717, Christine removed with her husband to Brookfield, Mass. Shortly afterwards her half brother, Philip Robitaille, came from Montreal to visit her and worked a year on her farm. It was probably when he returned to Canada, that she undertook a journey thither, in the hope of getting possession of her children, but the Governor had kept his word, and she was deprived of them forever. In 1719, Captain Baker was the first Representative to the General Court from Brookfield. In 1727, he was tried at Springfield for blasphemy, on the following charge: "There being a discourse of God's having in His providence put in Joseph Jennings, Esq., of Brookfield, a Justice of the peace," Captain Baker said, 'If I had been with the Almighty, I would have taught Him better.' The verdict of the jury was "Not guilty." The same year Christine received a long and earnest letter from Monsieur Seguenot, the Seminary priest, who had been her former confessor at Montreal, urging her to return to Canada and to the Romish church. The letter being of course in French, and "written in a crabbed and scarcely legible hand," her husband advised her "to have it copied in order to get some person to answer it," in order to convince the priest of the folly of any further attempts to convert her. The letter came to the notice of an influential lady of Boston, who showed it to Governor Burnet and urged him to answer it for Christine, which he did.

"My dear Christine," the priest begins, "whom I may call my spiritual daughter, since I esteemed and directed you as such

whilst . . . . . you had the happiness of making one of the family of Jesus, Maria, Joseph, Joachim and Anne, ... and that you, as well as Madame Robitail your mother, (whose confessor I have become, ...) were of the Number of about Two Hundred Women of the best fashion of Ville Marie, who then made up the mystical Body of that holy Association. I own also that all our Members of the Seminary, as well as all Mount Real, were edified with your Carriage, you being sober, and living as a true Christian and good Catholic having no remains of the unhappy Leaven of the irreligion and errors of the English out of which M. Mériel had brought you as well as your Mother, taking you out of the deep darkness of Heresy to bring you into the Light of the only true Church and the only Spouse of Jesus Christ." . . . . .

"The Catholic Church is the only mystical Ark of Noah in which Salvation is found. All those who are gone out of it, and will not return to it, will unhappily perish, not in a deluge of Waters, but in the Eternal Flames of the last Judgment. . . . . Who has so far bewitched and blinded you as to make you leave the Light and Truth, to carry you amongst the English where there is nothing but Darkness and Irreligion?" The priest goes on to appeal to her conscience, and to her love for her children in Canada, as incentives to her return. "Dear Christine," he says, "poor stray Sheep, come back to your Heavenly Father," . . . . . own yourself guilty . . . . . to have forsaken the Lord, the only Spring of the healing Waters of Grace, to run after private Cisterns which cannot give them to you . . . . . hearken to the stings of your Conscience. . . . . Read the two Letters I send you concerning the happy and Christian Death of your Daughter; . . . . . weigh with care the particular Circumstances by which she owns herself infinitely indebted to the Mercy of God, and the watchfulness of her Grandmother for having withstood her Voyage to New England, and not suffered her to follow you thither. Consider with what inward peace she received all her Sacraments and with what tranquility she Died in the Bosom of the Church. I had been her Confessor for many Years before her Marriage, and going to Quebec where she lived with her Husband peaceably and to the Edification of all the Town. Oh! happy Death! my dear Christine, would you Die like her as predestinated; come in all haste, and abjure your Apos-

tasy and live as a true Christian and Catholick else fear and be perswaded that your Death will be unhappy and attended with madness and despair as that of Calvin was, and also that of Luther. . . . . Once more, dear Christine, return to this Land where you have received your Baptism and which I may say has given you Life. Prevail with your Husband to resolve on the same undertaking. The Holy church will on your abjuring your Errors receive you with open Arms, as well as Mr. Robitail and his Wife, your Mother. You shall not want Bread here, and if your Husband will have Land, we shall find him some in the island of Montreal. But if he doth not desire any, and hath a Trade, he shall not want for Work. But what is most essential is that you shall be here both of you enabled to work out your Salvation, which you cannot do where you are, since there you are not in the Mystical Ark of Noah, which is the Catholic church, ... in which your Daughter was bred and in which She died. . . . . I await your answer to my letter, and am, dear Christine, entirely yours in Jesus and Marie. SEGUENOT,
Priest of the Seminary at Ville-Marie, you know me very well.

At Ville-Marie, the 5th of June, 1727."

Gov. Burnet begins his reply as follows :

BOSTON, Jan. 8, 1728-9.

Madam :—I am very sensible of the Disadvantages I lie under in not being able to address myself to you under as endearing a Title as that which Mr. Segueuot takes to himself. But I don't doubt but your good sense will put you on your guard against such flattering expressions which are commonly made use of for want of good Arguments." . . . . . "Mr. Seguenot has proved nothing of what he should have done in that very place of his Letter where he seems resolved to muster up all his strength to overpower us. But because he has scattered several things up and down in his letter which might startle you, I will take the pains to go through it, from one end to the other, to make you feel the weakness and false reasoning of it."

The Governor then proceeds with calmness to refute the

priest's assertions and expose his speeious arguments. He shows Christine how Christ gives "visible marks" by which his true followers may be known. "By this shall ye know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one to another," "which," says Governor Burnet, "ean never agree to a persecuting chureh, as the Roman is." He points her to Paul's deseription of false Christians in the Epistle to Timothy, "Of this sort are they whieh ereep into houses and lead captive silly women;" and asks, "Would not anybody say that the Apostle points directly to those Confessors who pretend to direet the Conseienees of the Ignorant and ehiefly of Women in the Chureh of Rome?"

Alluding to the priest's offer of lands and work to Captain Baker, the Governor says, "It is hoped that Mr. Seguenot does this out of ignoranee. But for Persons that know what it is to live in a free Country, to go and throw themselves headlong into the Clutehes of an absolute Government, it eannot be imagined that they ean do sueh a thing, unless they have lost their Senses." He eoncludes by telling her to send this letter to Canada and let it be answered, that she may see both sides, and "Fix on what is best for the salvation of your soul and the Happiness of your Life, whieh is the hearty desire, Madam of your unknown but humble servant." The Governor's letter, whieh was in Freneh, together with that of the priest, was afterwards translated and printed in Boston.

By the sale of their Brookfield property to a speeulator in 1732, Captain Baker and his wife beeame impoverished. They lived for awhile at Mendon, Mass., where we find Christine connected with the church,—and were for a short time at Newport, R. I., and finally removed to Dover, N. H. In the latter part of the year 1734, Baker's health gave out entirely, and the next year his wife applied to the Legislature for leave to keep a tavern for the support of her family.

"*The humble petition of Christina Baker, the wife of Capt. Thomas Baker, of Dover, showeth:*

That your petitioner in her childhood was captured by the Indians in the town of Dover, aforesaid, (where she was born) and carried to Canada, and there bro't up in the Roman superstition and Idolitry. And was there married and well settled and had three children; and after the Death of her Husband she had a very Great Inclination to see her own country, and with great Difficulty obtained permission to Return, leaving all her substance and her children, for by no means could she obtain leave for them; and since your petitioner has been married to Capt. Baker, she did undertake the hazzard and fatieug of a Journey to Canada again, in hopes, by the interest of Friends, to get her children; but all in vain! so that her losses are trebbled on her. First, the loss of her house, well fitted and furnished, and the lands belonging to it; second, the loss of considerable part of her New England substance in her last journey to Canada, and thirdly, the Loss of her children. Yet still she hath this comfort since her return, that she is alsoo returned into the Bossum of the Protestent church; for such she most heartily thanks Almighty God. And now your petitioner, having a large family to support, and by the chances and Changes of fortune here, is Reduced to very low circumstances, and her husband past his Labour. Your petitioner ladely made her case known to several Gents in the Government of the Massachusetts, who out of a charitable Disposition did supply yo'r Petitioner with something to set her in a way to subsist her family; and also advis'd to keep a house of Entertainment, and the General assembly of that Government . . . . . made her a present of 500 acres of land in the Province of Maine, and put it under the care of Coll. William Pepperell, Esq., for the use of your Petitioner (exclusive of her husband's having anything to do with it.) Now your Petitioner by the help she hath had has bot a lot of land and Built a house on it on the contry Rhoade from Dover Meeting House to Cocheco Boome; and have Bedding and other necessaros fit for a Public House for Entertainment of Travellers, &c."

The former taverner, not keeping an orderly house, had

been refused a continuance of his license by the Selectmen. Christine having submitted her plan to their approval, had applied to the Courts for a license. The judges, probably for political reasons, refused it to her, and renewed the license to the former inn-keeper.

The Legislature on hearing Christine's petition voted that her "prayer be granted,"—and she kept her house of entertainment at Dover for many years. Her husband died of "the lethargy" at Roxbury in 1753, while on a visit to some cousins there. Her mother, Madame Robitaille, died in Canada at the age of ninety, being bedridden the last years of her life.

Christine or Margaret Otis Baker closed her eventful life on Feb. 23, 1773, leaving a large posterity. "She lived," says her obituary, "in good reputation, being a pattern of industry, prudence and economy. She bore a tedious illness with much patience, and met death with calmness."

Sr Esther m Joseph De L'Enfant Jesus

ESTHER WHEELWRIGHT

MOTHER SUPERIOR OF THE URSULINES OF QUEBEC

From a portrait sent to her mother in 1761

ESTHER WHEELWRIGHT.

In the first part of the decade immediately preceding the landing of the Pilgrims, two lads from the middle class of society, entered Sydney College at the University of Cambridge. Of these, the elder, John Wheelwright, was born on the Lincolnshire fens, not far from old Boston. His fellow student, Oliver Cromwell, first saw the light at Huntingdon.

While we have no record that either of these youths distinguished himself in his college studies, we have no scant testimony to the excellence of both in athletic sports. Cotton Mather says, that he had heard that "when Wheelwright was a young spark at the University, he was noted for a more than ordinary stroke at wrestling." Cromwell's biographer declares, that at Cambridge he was far "more famous for football, cudgelling and wrestling than for study."

Judge Bell, in his memoir of Wheelwright, quotes the Lord Protector himself, as being reported to have said, "I remember the time when I was more afraid of meeting Wheelwright at football, than I have been since of meeting an army in the field, for I was infallibly sure of being tripped up by him."

It was hardly to be expected that these pugnacious young athletes would have no convictions, or would prudently refrain from expressing their sentiments on subjects, that were at that time rending the political and religious world. As vicar of the little hamlet of Bilsby in Lincolnshire, John

Wheelwright became recognized as a Puritan leader. Silenced for non-conformity, about 1633, Wheelwright naturally followed many of his Lincolnshire friends and neighbors to America, landing in Boston, May 26, 1636. Here he was warmly welcomed by his wife's[1] brother, William Hutchinson, and by Rev. John Cotton, to whose preaching in St. Botolph's church in old Boston, he had often listened.

Soon admitted to the church in Boston, the brilliant young Puritan divine became such a favorite with the people, that many wished him to be settled with Pastor Wilson and Mr. Cotton, as second teacher of the church in Boston. Cotton favored the plan, but Wilson and Winthrop opposed it, on the ground that Wheelwright, to a certain extent, shared the religious opinions of his sister-in-law, Anne Hutchinson. It was therefore decided, that Wheelwright should have charge of a new church to be gathered in what is now Quincy.[2]

From this time on, the great Antinomian controversy waged fiercely. In March, 1637, John Wheelwright preached his famous Fast Day Sermon, that led to his arraignment by the General Court, to answer to the charge of sedition and contempt. In the strife that followed, Wheelwright showed that he had not forgotten that "more than ordinary stroke at wrestling," for which the youth had been famous.

At length the Synod, assembled at Newtown,[3] August 30, 1637, declared, that eighty-two errors of doctrine were rampant, and making sad havoc among the Puritan flocks. This was the view halloo, for which the General Court was waiting, to set about hunting down the heretical wolves,—and soon they were in at the death.

In November, Wheelwright was disfranchised, and ban-

[1]Wheelwright's 2nd wife was Mary Hutchinson. His first wife was Marie Storre or Storer of Bilsbee.

[2]Braintree or Mt. Wollaston.

[3]Cambridge.

ished, with orders to settle his affairs, and be gone from the Patent,[1] within fourteen days. To the added condition, that he should not preach again during his stay in Massachusetts, Wheelwright gave a scornful refusal.

It was a bitter winter. Beyond the Merrimac, the snow lay three feet on a level, from the 4th of November till the 5th of March.

The place of Wheelwright's sojourn during that dreary winter cannot be definitely stated, but as early as April, he had bought of the Indians the land at Squamscot Falls, now the site of Exeter, N. H.[2] He was soon joined by several of his Massachusetts friends and parishioners. The land was cleared, a church gathered, wise regulations for self government agreed upon,[3] and all seemed prosperous, when the claim of Massachusetts to the region of the Piscataqua, "and the desire of some of the Exeter people to come under the jurisdiction of the Bay Colony, made it prudent for Wheelwright and his flock to seek a new home."

In 1641, some of the Exeter congregation got permission from Thomas Gorges, nephew of Sir Ferdinand, and Deputy Governor of the province of Maine, to occupy the land between the Ogunquit and Kennebunk Rivers, from the sea, eight miles inland, and two years later, "Mr. John Wheelwright, minister of God's word, and others, " are granted absolute power, to sett forth any lott or bounds unto any man that shall come to inhabit." . . . . .

Thus the towns of Exeter, N. H., and Wells, Maine, were both founded by the Antinomian exile and his friends. As a pioneer in two frontier settlements, the athletic training of

[1]Massachusetts.

[2]It has been said that he bought land there by the famous deed of 1629, before leaving England.

[3]"The Combination."

our Puritan preacher must have stood him in good stead. The historian of Wells, in speaking of the connection of the Rev. John Wheelwright with that town adds, "He left sons whose energies were instrumental in building it up, and giving it an influential position in the public councils;—men whose services were of immense benefit in those early days, when souls were exposed to the most severe tests of a true citizenship."

Samuel, son of the Reverend John Wheelwright, filled successively all offices of trust in the gift of his townsmen.

"In 1677 he was the representative of York and Wells. In 1681 he was one of the Provincial Council, and later he became Judge of Probate and of the Court of Common Pleas."

Picture the Wells of two hundred years ago. On a plateau, perhaps a mile back from the ocean, a narrow clearing, bounded on three sides by a vast and gloomy wilderness. A stony highway following the trend of the ridge. On one side of the road, a row of houses scattered far apart. Opposite, the rocky slopes descending, subdued by incessant toil, bear a scanty harvest of maize. Below, wide reaches of marsh, threaded by winding creeks, the haunt of countless wild fowl. The desert beach, and the sullen sea beyond. To York, the nearest settlement, a day's journey by the shore if the tide was right; if not, by any way that a man or horse could take.

With few exceptions, if we may credit its historian, the people of Wells, up to about the year 1700, were poor,—materially, intellectually and morally. Their houses were mostly of logs, daubed with clay. They had few personal comforts or conveniences. Their beds were of the cat-tail rushes, which they gathered from the marsh. Knives and forks, teacups and saucers, silver spoons, chairs, carpets and looking glasses, were luxuries almost unknown. Their food

F. A. Wageman

W. Ridgway

GEN. PEPPERELL AT THE SIEGE OF LOUISBURG.

was of the simplest. They had milk, but no butter, and no tea nor coffee. Corn and such fish as they could catch, were the chief of their diet. The house of the richest man in Wells is thus described by the town historian:[1] "The kitchen is also the sitting room and parlor. Looking around, we discover a table, a pewter pot, a hanger,[2] a little mortar, a dripping pan and a skillet. No crockery, tin nor glass ware. No knives, forks, nor spoons,—not a chair to sit in. The house contains two other rooms, in each of which is a bed, a blanket and a chest."

This was the home of Edmund Littlefield, his wife, and six children between the ages of six and twenty.[3] We cannot wonder at this condition of affairs, when we remember that the labors of the people were often interrupted by Indian attacks. Rather let us admire the unflagging energy and undaunted courage, with which, in the face of hardship and danger, they steadfastly held on to their territory. Poor and ignorant they may have been,—not of the highest morality according to our standard; but no peril could drive these brave settlers from their frontier post. Every hour their lives were in jeopardy. Again and again their fields were devastated, their houses burned, their neighbors butchered or carried into captivity, but not once was the little settlement wholly deserted.

From 1688 to the peace of Ryswick, [1697] a series of unprovoked and unjustifiable attacks was made upon our frontier, by the French, under the pretext of protecting the Eastern Indians, from encroachments by the English. To divert the Abenaquis, to prevent their being approached by

[1]Bourne's "History of Wells and Kennebunk, p. 239."

[2] A hook on which to hang a pot.

[3]Storer, then the richest man in Wells, died in 1730, leaving an estate of $5000, and six silver spoons. There were no other silver spoons in Wells at that time.

the English with proffers of friendship, to keep the English to the west of the Piscataqua, and thereby to secure Maine as a part of Acadia, was the motive of these attacks. The instructions to Villebon on his appointment as Governor of Acadia, were to make the Abenaquis live by war against the English, and himself to set them a laudable example.

Admit that the blow struck at Pemaquid[1] in 1689, and at Casco[2] in 1690, were the legitimate fruit of the pillage at Pentagoet[3] in 1688,—no such justification can be offered for the butcheries at Kittery, Berwick, York and Oyster River.[4]

In this border warfare, religious fanaticism was the strongest weapon of the French. If the Abenaki chieftain flagged, and seemed willing to listen to overtures of peace from the English, the exhortations of the mission priests of the Kennebeck and Penobscot, fanned the flame of war afresh. The scene at Father Thury's mission on the departure of these war parties was one of great religious excitement.[5] The warriors crowded the chapel, seeking confession and absolution, as if going to certain death, and when these savage crusaders, hideous in fresh war paint, set out from the mission, headed by their priest, their women and children threw themselves upon their knees before the altar, and relieving each other by detachments, counted their beads continually from daybreak till nightfall, beseeching Jesus, the Saints and the Blessed Virgin, for protection and victory in the holy war. The infant towns of Eastern New England received a baptism of blood at the hands of the Abenaki converts, which was sanctioned and encouraged by their mission priests.

[1]Fort at mouth of the Kennebec.

[2]Portland.

[3]Castine.

[4]Durham.

[5]See Relation du Combat de Caribas par M. Thury, Missionaire, 1689. Vol. 1, Doc. pub. à Quebec, p. 478.

The French archives contain abundant authority for these statements, in the correspondence of those concerned, in the instructions of the government, and in the reports of officials.

We of to-day are not responsible for the unpleasant facts of history. They must be met without excuse or denial, without prejudice or passion. The evidence that the mission priests of the Abenakis were active promoters of the strife can no more be refuted, than the testimony against the Puritan ministry for their part in the persecution of the Quakers, and the horrors of the Witchcraft delusion.[1]

The names of the Fathers Thury and Bigot are as truly and painfully connected with the tragedies of Pemaquid and Oyster River, as those of Cotton Mather and Pastor Wilson with the whipping, mutilating and killing of Quakers, and the hanging of witches. It was an age of intolerance. We may not judge the past by the standards of the present.

During the period I have mentioned, Maine had passed under the jurisdiction of Massachusetts, but though every English settlement to the east of Wells had been laid waste, (the survivors fleeing to Wells for refuge,) the authorities at Boston seem to have shown an indifference to the needs of that place. There were, however, valiant men in Wells, keenly alive to the perils of the hour, and ever on the alert to save the town, and defend the province. Conspicuous among them were Lieut. Joseph Storer and Capt. John Wheelwright. In the annals of New England there are no nobler names.

John Wheelwright was the son of Samuel, and grandson of the pugilistic Puritan, Rev. John Wheelwright. By his prudence, his energy, his fidelity, his bravery and his pat-

[1]The archives also contain letters from Acadian officials, censuring and asking for the removal of certain priests, "do nothings," who took no part in the war, but attended strictly to their religious duties and were therefore suspected of favoring the English.

riotism, he earned the distinction, of being "the bulwark of Massachusetts for defence against Indian assaults."[1]

Letters abound in our archives, signed by Storer and Wheelwright, and other faithful sentinels on this outpost, entreating that they may not be left to perish, but that soldiers and ammunition may be sent to their relief, with money and provision for their support.

By their foresight, some houses were palisaded, and Storer and others built garrison houses as early as 1689. As these garrison houses are a feature fast disappearing from the face of New England, I may be pardoned for describing them. They were two stories in height, the upper story projecting a foot or two beyond the lower, small port holes being sometimes made in the floor of the projection, through which those within might fire down, or pour boiling water upon an enemy attempting to force an entrance through the door or windows below. There were also portholes in other parts of the house. Other garrison houses were built of hewn timbers, eight or ten inches square, laid horizontally, one over the other. The doors were of heavy plank, and often there were port holes for windows. Some of these houses had flankers, or watch towers, at two diagonal corners, from which one could see every part of the building. The principal garrison houses of the town were palisaded, and like the so-called "Old Indian House" in Deerfield, served as a refuge for the neighbors in any alarm;—and as quarters for the soldiers, sent for their protection. Storer's was the largest garrison house in Wells. For his heroic defence of Storer's house in 1692, Captain Convers was made Commander-in-Chief of all the forces in Maine.

In the midst of these troublous times, in the very year of the building of Storer's fort, John Wheelwright married Mary Snell and took her home to the little one story house,

[1]Maine was bought by Massachusetts in his time.

built by his grandfather, the Puritan preacher. It was probably palisaded at this time. Peace being nominally restored by the treaty of Ryswick, the people of Wells returned to their farms and went courageously to work; but peace was of short duration. By his acceptance of the throne of Spain for his grandson in 1700, the French king broke the solemn engagement made to William of England, in the two Treaties of Partition. His subsequent recognition of James Edward, the Pretender, as king of England, was a gross infringement of the treaty of Ryswick.

On the 11th of June, 1702, Joseph Dudley returned to Boston as Governor of Massachusetts Bay. Within ten days after his arrival, he was formally notified of England's declaration of war against France. Fearing trouble from the Indians at the Eastward, he with a party of friends, went at once to Pemaquid,[1] and received from the sachems of that region, promises of peace. Satisfied with this assurance, he returned to congratulate the General Court on the success of his journey, and to reiterate his demand for the restoration of the fort at Pemaquid.[2]

The following extract from a letter of John Wheelwright to the Governor, dated Aug. 4, 1702, shows that the former had no faith in the words of the savages.

"*Sir*,—I understand that the Indians at the Eastward vearey redily Professed Great fidelity to yourself, and the English nation, with Great Promis of Peace and friendship, which Promises so long as it may stand with theire own Interest, I believe they may keep, and no longer, their teachers Instructing them that there is no faith to be kept with Hereticks, such as they account us to be, themselves allso being naturaley deseatful . . . . . I having Experienced so mutch of their horable deseatfulness in the Last war, upon many treaties of

[1]At the mouth of the Kennebec River.

[2]This was a sort of "Carthago est delenda" with Dudley. Massachusetts understood that to rebuild Pemaquid would be of no benefit to her, but would be only a continuation of the quarrel over the debatable ground of Acadia.

Peace, so that I cannot but apprehend ourselves that live in these remote parts of the countrey, and being frontires, to be in Great Danger, and considering that war was Proclaimed with the French . . . . . who may . . . . . send out an army against us. . . . . this town being the nearest to the Enemy. our Inhabitants doth therefore Pray, that your Excelency would assist us with sum men twenty or thirtie, or so many as your Excellency in Wisdom may think fit."

Wheelwright goes on to ask for the "Liberty of a Garrison [house] Informing your Excellency that if I must remove into the middle of the town, I must leave that Little Estate I have to maintain my Family with, and Carey a large Family where I have but little to maintain them withall."

Six or seven of their eleven children had already been born to John Wheelwright and Mary Snell, and the little one story house at the Town's End, being in an exposed and isolated situation, and now too small for his increasing family, Wheelwright asked the consent and help of the government to build a substantial garrison house, not only for the safety of his own family, but as a refuge in case of attack, for his nearest neighbors.

Storer and Wheelwright, being the leading men of the town, were licensed as retailers of beer and strong liquors, and their houses served as ordinaries or taverns for the public. "In those days," sighs the historian of Wells, "public houses were not always nurseries of virtue." It is a hint of the morals of the times, that both Storer and Wheelwright were "indicted for keeping Keeles and bowls at their houses contrary to law."[1] Perhaps the ordinary was not an unmixed evil. Ministers and judges put up here, in their journeys from place to place, bringing the latest news from other parts. Courts were held here. Here the town officers met to deliberate, and the men of the village gathered here for social chat and pastime. Commissioners, referees and executors

[1] "Keels and bowls," old English for nine-pins and balls.

DRAWN AFTER NATURE

For the Proprietor HERRMANN J. MEYER

EAST PORT AND PASSAMAQUODDY BAY

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met in the "foreroom" of the ordinary, to lay out roads, decide disputes, and settle estates. Rum was a necessity of life in those days, and the flip and toddy, mixed by John Wheelwright on such occasions, was scored against the town, the man, or the estate, whose business was there transacted. To the boys, who had neither books, nor games, nor school, the ordinary was amusing, and I have not a doubt, that little Esther Wheelwright stole away now and then from her busy mother, to look on at the games. We may fancy her with her closely cropped head, her Puritan cap and homespun frock, clapping her baby hands and shouting in glee at a ten strike with the bowls and keels, made by some gaunt frontiersman.

Early in June, 1703,[1] Dudley was notified by the Governor of New York,[2] that the French and Indians were preparing for an attack on Deerfield. Whereupon Dudley invited the Abenaqui sachems to a conference at Casco. Thither he repaired with a splendid retinue on the 20th of June, and there to meet him, came all the famous sachems of the time. For the Norridgewocks there was that loup-garou Hopehood, excelling all other savages in cruelty,— and Moxus the braggart, and Adiawando, for the Pennacooks, and Wattanummon, for the Pequawkets, and Bomazeen, the crafty, for the Kennebecks, and Wanungunt, for the Penobscots. The Governor tells them that commissioned by his victorious Queen, he has come as to friends and brothers, to reconcile all differences since the last treaty. After a solemn pause, their Interpreter replies:

"*Brother*,—the clouds fly and darken, yet we still sing the songs of peace. As high as the sun is above the earth, so far are our thoughts from war, or from making the least breach between us."

[1] Dudley's 2nd trip to the Eastward.

[2] Lord Cornbury, a cousin of Queen Anne. Palfrey Hist. N. E. Vol. IV, says that Lord Cornbury kept a spy at Albany to hear the talk of the Six Nations.

After an interchange of gifts, both parties cast more stones on the mounds heaped up at a former treaty and called the Two Brothers, to signify fraternal love existing between the English and Abenakis. At this memorable council, Captain Samuel, a savage of great renown, who was most officious in trying to lull the fears of the English, said:[1] "Several missionaries have come among us, sent by the French Fryars to break the peace between the English and us, yet their words have made no impression on us. We are as firm as the mountains and will so continue as long as the sun and moon endure."

Parting volleys were fired on both sides, and Dudley retired, believing that present danger was averted from Deerfield and the whole frontier. His satisfaction with this remarkable love feast, must have been somewhat lessened by the presence of Mesambowit and Wexar for the Androscoggins, who though "seemingly affable and kind, came with two hundred and fifty men in sixty five canoos, well armed and gaudily painted,"—by the late arrival of Wattanummon, who purposely lingered, as was afterwards said, expecting a re-enforcement of two hundred French and Indians, with whom they were to fall upon the English,—and by the discovery at the parting salute, that the guns of the savages were charged with ball.

Not two months had passed since the treaty of Casco, when one midsummer day, six or seven bands of French and Indians fell upon the scattered settlements. Charlevoix says calmly,[2] "They committed some trifling ravages, and killed about three hundred men, but the essential point was to engage the Abenakis, in such a manner, that to retract would be impossible."

[1]Drake, Book of the Indians, Vol. II. p. 125.

[2]Charlevoix, Nouvelle France, Vol. II, p. 289.

Wells, Winter Harbor,[1] Spurwink,[2] Cape Porpoise, Scarboro, Saco, Perpooduck[3] and Casco[4] were attacked. "At Hampton," says the chronicler, "they slew four besides the Widow Mussey, a remarkable speaking Quaker and much lamented by that sect."

At Haverhill, in February, Joseph Bradley's garrison house was attacked. Goodwife Bradley, "perceiving the misery that was attending her, and having boiling soap on the fire, scalded one of them to death."[5] She was carried captive for the second time. Her husband attended Ensign Sheldon, on his second expedition to Canada, and Goody Bradley and James Adams of Wells were two of the forty-four captives redeemed on that expedition.

The merciless fusillade on our frontier[6] began Aug. 10, 1703, at Wells in the east and virtually ended Feb. 29, 1703-4, at Deerfield in the west.[7] Thenceforth the lines of the lives of the captives of both towns, often cross each other.

Wells, having successfully resisted the assault of 1692, became the special object of savage fury. Anticipating victory at that time, Cotton Mather says: "They fell to dividing persons and plunder. . . . . Such a gentleman should serve such an one, and his wife be maid of honor to such a squaw, and Mr. Wheelwright, instead of being the worthy Counsellor he now is, was to be the servant of such a netop." The capture of Wheelwright was a much coveted prize.

The tragedy which began at Wells at nine o'clock on the morning of Aug. 10, 1703, ended in the capture or death of

[1]Biddeford.

[2]Kennebunkport.

[3]Falmouth.

[4]Portland.

[5]Penhallow, Indian wars.

[6]Letter of Dudley to Lords of Trade, April 8, 1712, says: "From Deerfield in the West to Wells in the East, is the frontier to the inland of both Provinces."

[7]Matthew Farnsworth and others of Groton, Mass., were captured in Aug., 1704.

thirty-nine of the inhabitants. Wheelwright's house being at the eastern end of the village, was probably one of the first attacked. His little daughter Esther, then seven years old, was captured. The intrepid Storer was also bereft. His daughter Mary, aged eighteen, was among the captives. One longs to know what followed. Was there pursuit? Whither were the captives hurried, and how did it fare with them on the retreat? Alas! no echo from the past replies. We may assume that Mary Storer and Esther Wheelwright were kindly treated by their savage captors, who knew the value of their prize, and doubtless expected a large sum for the ransom of the two girls.

In gloom and despair, the meagre harvest was gathered that autumn by the survivors at Wells. Drearily the winter settled down,—joylessly came planting time again, and a second harvest was garnered, before the veil of silence and suspense, that hung over the fate of the captives was lifted. Then came a letter from Samuel Hill, dated Canada, Oct. 4, 1704, with assurances of the safety of his family, and that of his brother Ebenezer. Meantime Deerfield had been sacked, and in the December, following Hill's letter, Ensign Sheldon of that town set out for Canada. The hearts of all the New England captives there were cheered by the news of his arrival. On the 29th of March, 1705, while in Quebec, he received from his son's wife, Hannah Chapin of Springfield, then a captive in Montreal, a letter enclosing the following,[1] from James Adams, a Wells captive:

"I pray giue my Kind loue to Landlord Shelden, and tel Him that i am sorry for all his los. I doe, in these few lins showe youe, that god has shone yo grat Kindness and marcy. In carrying youre Daighter Hanna and Mary in partickeler, through so grat a jorney far beiend my expectation, noing How Lame they was; the Rest of yore children are with the Indians,—Rememberrance liues near ca-

[1]Now in Memorial Hall, Deerfield.

bect,[1] Hannah also Liues with the frenc^{h}, Jn in the sam house i doe."

In reply to his daughter's letter Mr. Sheldon says:

"My desire is that Mr. Addames and you, wod doe al you can with your mistres that my children mite by redemed from the indanes."

Shortly after this, on the 2nd of April, 1705, the captive Samuel Hill, was sent on parole to Boston, as Interpreter with De Vaudreuil's reply to Dudley's proposal for exchange of prisoners, which proposal John Sheldon had carried to Canada. Hill visited his friends in Wells, while on this embassy, and was probably the bearer of the following letter from his brother Ebenezer:

"QUEBEC March 1705.

Cousin Pendleton Fletcher of Saco, Mary Sayer, brother Joseph's daughter, and Mary Storer of Wells, with our other friends and neighbors here, are all well. Myself, wife and child are well. Pray that God may keep, and in due time deliver us.

Your loving brother and sister,

EBENEZER and ABIAH HILL."

Never was the sea so blue,—never did the waves leap so gaily to the shore,—never was the sky so fair, or the air so soft, or the scent of the pines so sweet, as when the news of that letter spread from door to door at Wells. For nearly two years they had mourned their loved ones as dead, when the glad tidings comes that "Cousin Fletcher and Mary Sayer and brother Joseph's daughter and Mary Storer and other friends and neighbors as if named, are well." All was joy in Storer's garrison. In Wheelwright's, not joy, but hope revived, and yearning more intense, and resolve strengthened, to find and rescue Esther if alive.

But where was Esther? Clearly the Hills and James Adams were ignorant of her fate,—but how did this child elude the sharp eyes of John Sheldon, and the vigilance of De Vaudreuil?

[1]Quebec.

Far away in the depths of the forest, to the head waters of the Kennebec, the Abenaki wolf had swiftly fled with the bleating lamb thus snatched from the fold. There, in one of the Abenaki villages of Father Bigot's mission, Esther lived in the wigwam of her tawny master, an object of wonder to his children, of jealousy, perhaps, to his fierce squaw.

The days lengthen into weeks,—the weeks to months, and these to years,[1] when one day as he is making his arduous round from village to village, baptizing, catechizing, confessing his converts, Father Bigot sees a little girl, whose pale face, shrinking manners and tattered garments, show her to be of different race from the bold, dusky, naked rabble around her. He calls her to him. He speaks to her, perhaps, an English word. She does not answer. She has lost her childhood's speech. He sends for her savage master, and learns that she is Wheelwright's child. "The English rose is drooping," says the priest, "the forest life is too hard for her." He will "transplant her to Canada, where she will thrive better under the nurture of the gentle nuns." "The little white flower must not be plucked up," says the Indian, "let her grow up among the pine trees, to deck by and by, the wigwam of some young brave." On each return of the priest to the village, this discussion is renewed, but neither promise nor threat can move the sullen savage.

The lot of the little captive is easier from that day. The Indian knows it is in the power of his Great Father the French Governor, to take the child from him, and he tries by kindness to win her to stay. The priest spares no pains to teach her, and the intelligent child quickly responds to his efforts. Soon she can say her *credo* and her catechism in French, as well as in Abenaki. Only she finds it hard that even Father Bigot does not seem to understand her when she talks about her mother, and her brothers and sisters. And if

[1]Esther Wheelwright was six years with the savages.

she asks when her father will come for her, her master is angry and the priest frowns. Meantime De Vaudreuil is informed by Father Bigot of the hiding place of the child, and in some way or other, the news reaches Boston, that Esther Wheelwright, long since given up by her parents as dead, is alive.

On the 23rd of April, 1708, Lieut. Josiah Littlefield of Wells, while on his way to York, was captured and carried captive to Canada, arriving at Montreal on the 3rd of June. Soon after, he writes as follows:

"[1]Dear and loving children, my kind love . . . . . to you all, ... and to my brother and sister . . . . . and to all my friends att Wells. . . . . I have liberty granted to me to rite to my friends, and to the governor, and for my redemtion and for Wheelrite's child to be redeemed, by two Indens prisoners . . . . . with the English . . . . . and I have been with the Governor this morning, and hee have promised, that if our governor will send them, that wee shall be redeemed, for the governor have sent a man to redeem Wheilerites child, and do looke for him in now every day with the child to Moriel where I am, and I would pray Whilrite to be very brief in the matter, that we may come home before winter, for we must come by Albany, and I have allso acquainted our gofnear Dedly[2] with the same."

In a postcript to another letter, written at the same time, Littlefield writes:

"Mary Storar is well and Rachel Storer is well, and . . . . . Storar is well and Mary Austin of York is well.

I pray you charge Wheelright to be mindful . . . . . consearning our redemption."

We need no assurance, that a demand was at once made by Dudley, upon the French Governor, for the release of Esther

[1]Bourne, History of Wells, p. 267.

[2]Governor Dudley.

Wheelwright. After much trouble, Father Bigot succeeds in buying the English rose from the Abenaqui sachem. In the autumn of 1708, he transplants her to Quebec, where she is kindly welcomed by the Governor and his wife, who received her into their own household. From the squalor and rags of the wigwam on the Kennebec, to the luxury of the Château Saint Louis, what a contrast!—What are the thoughts of the twelve years old girl? Have the five years of forest life blotted out her remembrance of the little house at the town's end at Wells? She has learned to love Père Bigot as her kindest friend and father. To priest and child alike, the parting must have been painful. Does she console herself with the belief that she is now to be restored to home and friends, or is she dazzled and pleased by her surroundings?

No effort seems to have been made by De Vaudreuil to restore Esther to her parents. Madame la Marquise, his wife, having received an appointment as assistant-governess to the royal children at the French Court, decides to place her eldest daughter, Louise, with Esther in the boarding school of the Ursuline Convent.

"The 18th of January, 1709, says the Register of the Convent, "Madame la Marquise brought us a little English girl, as a pupil. She is to pay 40 *écus*."[1]

The names of Louise de Vaudreuil and Esther Wheelwright stand side by side on the list of pupils at the *pension* of the Ursulines at Quebec. Thanks to Father Bigot, shortly after entering the school, Esther took her first communion "with angelic fervor." Beloved by the sisters, and happy in her convent home, Esther expressed a strong desire to become a nun. "But," says the annalist of the Ursulines, "the Marquis who considered himself pledged to restore her to her family, would not hear a word to this, and took her home

[1]About $40 of our money.

FACSIMILE OF THE BAPTISMAL RECORD OF DOROTHÉE DE NOYON

Le samedi troisiéme iour d'Octobre de l'an mil sept cens onze a
été batisée par moi Prêtre soussigné Dorothée Desnoions née du
iour precedent fille de Jâques Desnoions sergeant de la Compagnie
de Monsieur de Tonty et de Marguerite Stebbens sa femme.
Le parrein a été Mr Nicolas le moyne ~~[illegible]~~ Dassigny
fils de Messire Charles le moyne Ecuyer Baron de Longueil
Chevalier de l'ordre de saint Loüis et Lieutenant de Roi de
Monreal en Canada. La marreine damoiselle Esther Wheelwright
fille de Mr Jean Wheelwright Juge de paix a York et Conseiller
du Conseil Souverain de Baston en la Nouvelle Angleterre qui
ont signé avec moi. Le pere etant absent ne l'a pu faire

N. Dassigny De Longueuil

Esther vvheelwright Meriel Prêtre

with his daughter to the château.[1]" A political prisoner of such importance, could not be permitted to immure herself in a convent. Graceful, amiable, modest, Esther won all hearts at the château, as before at the convent,—but her life for the next two years must have been restless and unhappy. It was a time of much negotiation between the two governments, concerning a general exchange of prisoners. During this business, Esther accompanied De Vaudreuil to Three Rivers and Montreal. At Three Rivers she stayed with the Ursulines, and at Montreal, in the cloisters of the Hôtel-Dieu. On Saturday, Oct. 3, 1711, while at Montreal, she was godmother at the baptism of Dorothée de Noyon, infant daughter of Abigail Stebbins, a Deerfield captive, and signed her name in a handsome handwriting in the parish register, with Father Meriel, and the son of the Baron of Longueil.

In June, 1712, the French Governor proposed that our captives be brought from Canada into or near Deerfield, and French prisoners sent home from thence. Two of the French in our hands, absolutely refusing to return to Canada,[2] young Samuel Williams[3] set out from Deerfield with the others on the 10th of July, returning to Boston in September, with nine New England captives.

The absence of Madame de Vaudreuil in Europe, making it inconvenient for the Governor to keep Esther with him at the the château, he yielded at last to her entreaties to be allowed to go back to her Ursuline mothers. Fostered by the atmosphere of the convent, a religious exaltation took possession of her soul.—"One thought alone," says the annalist, "occupied her mind,—the preservation of her faith and the salvation of

[1]Esther was thirteen in 1709, when she entered the *pension*, remaining there till 1711.

[2]Cosset and Le Fevre.

[3]Lieut. Samuel Williams, then but twenty-three years old, a redeemed captive and son of the Rev. John Williams of Deerfield.

her soul." On the second of October, 1712, on the festival of Saint Ursula. she began her novitiate as an Ursuline nun. On the third of January, 1713, she took the white veil. The joy of Father Bigot in seeing his *protégée* arrayed as the "bride of Jesus" knew no bounds. He insisted on defraying the expenses of the occasion, and preached to the multitude assembled to witness the ceremony, a sermon glowing with feeling and eloquence. From the text, "Thy hand shall lead me and thy right hand shall hold me," the priest shows Esther the hand of Providence in every event of her life.

"Dear sister," he says, "in these words the Psalmist seems to me to have expressed as in a picture the story of your life. . . . . Hell! Profane world!—in vain do you array your strongest batteries against God's elect. . . . . His right hand shall hold them. . . . . By what marvels of God's goodness do you find yourself to-day, my sister, happily transplanted from a sterile and ingrate land, where you would have been the slave of the demon of heresy, to a land of blessing and promise, where you are about to enjoy the sweet freedom of the children of God."

The priest admonishes the nuns, that they should be inspired with the more tenderness for this young stranger, from the fact that their Immortal Bridegroom went so far to seek her.

Turning again to Esther he cries, "Are you not, my dear Sister another little Esther to whom a harsh captivity is about to open the door to the throne, not of a powerful Ahasuerus,—but of the Master of Ahasuerus—the Lord of Lords and King of Kings. To Him and for Him, she is led in triumph, and if this triumph seems to you to have nothing of the magnificence of a marriage festival,—if instead of joyful acclamations and the harmony of musical instruments, nothing is heard but the confused and fierce yells of savage warriors, none the less is it a triumph for her the last scene

of which is represented to-day, when she stands about to be clad in the livery of the Divine Bridegroom." He depicts with pathos the sorrow of Esther's childhood, "snatched from all that was dearest to you, following your savage masters with unequal footsteps, by paths difficult beyond the conception of all who have not experienced them as you and I have my dear Sister." He repeats to her the sorrowful circumstances in which he found her, in order to prove to her that in all her perils, privations and sufferings, she had been uplifted and led by the hand of God.

Alluding to her reluctance to leave the convent at the Governor's command, and to the year of absence so full of doubt, suspense, anxiety and grief to her, he bursts into this invocation: "Oh my God! to whom nothing is unknown, that transpires in this vast universe, wilt Thou be insensible only to the sorrowful adventures of a young stranger, so worthy of Thy care and who seems destined for such great things?—Didst Thou seek her in the very midst of heresy, and stir up so great a tumult to carry her away from her native land, only to see her snatched from Thee now? Hast Thou led her into this country, only to let her taste a happiness she may never attain? Hast Thou shown her the inestimable prize, only to make her regret its loss more bitterly? No! no! dear sister,—You cannot escape from the hand of your God. All obstacles are removed. Nothing stands in the way of your happiness. So long as you were not of an age to dispose of yourself, Providence suspended the natural tenderness of your father and mother, and abated the eagerness of their first pursuit of their child.

Now that the law makes you mistress of yourself, they can no longer oppose the choice you have made of a holy religion, and a condition of life which they disapprove, only because they know not its excellence or its sanctity."

In April following the Treaty of Utrecht, Captain John

Schuyler arrived in Canada as ambassador for a general exchange of prisoners. Later in the year, Reverend John Williams and Captain John Stoddard were in Canada on a similar errand.

By all these envoys, a special demand was made for the release of Eunice Williams, and doubtless for Wheelwright's daughter; and Esther received pressing letters from her family urging her return. This is the first record of letters to Esther from her family, but her resolution to become a nun was unshaken by them. However, lest stronger temptation should assail the young novice, and at her most urgent entreaties, it was thought best to shorten her term of probation, the circumstances being considered by all, sufficiently extraordinary to warrant this exception to their rules,—the only one of the kind ever made by the Ursulines of Quebec. Whether the Governor wholly approved of this proceeding, or whether in this instance, the state succumbed to the church, we have no means of knowing.

On the morning of the 12th of April, 1714, the Marquis de Vaudreuil with his brilliant suite,—the Bishop of Canada and the dignitaries of the church, in all the splendor of their priestly vestments,—with all the beauty and fashion of Quebec, assembled in the church of the Ursulines, which was decorated as if for the grandest festival. There Esther Wheelwright was invested with the black robe and veil of their order, by the Sisters of Saint Ursula, and the young New England captive, known thereafter as Mother Esther Marie Joseph of the Infant Jesus, serenely turned her face away forever from her childhood's home and friends.

A quarter of a century passes before the curtain rises again on Esther Wheelwright.

It is just one hundred years since the Ursuline, Marie de l'Incarnation, and her sister nuns landing at Quebec from a little boat "deeply laden with salted codfish, on which un-

cooked, they had subsisted for a fortnight, ... fell prostrate, and kissed the sacred soil of Canada."[1]

Just a hundred years, too, since the Puritan exile, John Wheelwright formed with his companions at Exeter, that remarkable Combination for self government.[2]

It is the year of our Lord, 1739. For a year by prayer and penance extraordinary, the Ursulines of Quebec, have been preparing themselves with rapturous devotion to celebrate worthily the centennial anniversary of their foundation.[3]

At midnight the cathedral bells, echoed by a gayer peal from the convent, announce to the city of Quebec, that a festival day is at hand. The altars of the Ursuline church are magnificently decked. The freshly gilded altar screen reflects the light from hundreds of wax tapers blazing in silver candlesticks. From four in the morning till noon, mass is celebrated uninterruptedly. Processions of priests, in vestments stiff with gold, and lace from the looms of Europe, come and go chanting the Te Deum.

As the day declines, the plaintive voices of the nuns, singing their vesper hymns, steal softly from behind the *grille*.

In the little house at the town's end in Wells, in the dim candle light, an old man, and his old wife sit alone together. The click of her knitting needles is in sweet accord with the scratch of his quill, while he writes as follows:

"I commend my soul to God my Creator, hoping for Pardon of all my Sins, and everlasting salvation through the alone merits of Jesus Christ."

[1]Parkman, Jesuits in N. A., p. 182. The ship anchored at Tadoussac. Thence the nuns proceeded in a small boat to Quebec. Marie de l'Incarnation, aged 39. Mdlle. de la Peltrie, 30. Mère St. Croix, 30. Marie de St. Joseph, 22. Mdlle. Charlotte Barré, 18. Indians ran along the shore.

[2]Monday, June 5, 1639.

[3]Among those pious virgins are three New England captives, Esther Wheelwright, Mary Anne Davis, and Dorothée Jeryan, whom I believe to be Jordan.

He makes his wife, Mary, sole Executrix of his will, and bequeaths to her lands, mills, his household goods, his cattle of all kinds, his negro and mulatto servants, and a share of his money. Then his thoughts dwell on the little child, long ago so cruelly torn from him:

"I give and bequeath to my daughter Esther Wheelwright, if living in Canada, whom I have not heard of for this many years, and hath been absent for more than 30 yeares, if it should please God that She return to this country and settle here, then my will is that my four sons viz: John, Samuel, Jeremiah and Nathaniel each of them pay her Twenty Five pounds, it being in the Whole One Hundred Pounds, within six months after her Return and Settlement."

Captain John Wheelwright died Aug. 13, 1745.

On the 16th of November, 1750, his widow who survived him ten years, disposed by will of her temporal estate.

She bequeaths to her four sons, "each 5£ in old tenor bills, or the value thereof in lawful money."

To her daughters Mary Moody and Sarah Jefferds, all her "wearing Apparell," including her "Gold Necklace, Rings and Buttons to be equally divided between them," and to Sarah Jefferds in addition, a "negro boy named Asher."

Of her "Real and Personal Estate, within Doors or without," one fourth is bequeathed to each of her two daughters aforesaid, one fourth to her "three beloved Grand-daughters," children of her "deceased daughter Hannah Plaisted," and one fourth to her "four beloved Granddaughters," children of her "deceased Daughter Elizabeth Newmarch."

In the division of her property, her "Negro servant Woman named Pegg, shall be Divided to such of my Aforesaid Daughters or Granddaughters which she shall choose to live with after my Decease" . . . . . and "furthermore Provided my Beloved Daughter Esther Wheelwright, who has been many years in Canada, is yet living and should by the wonder working Providence of God be Returned to her Native Land, and

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The Sacrament of Winter

tarry and dwell in it, I give and bequeath unto her, one Fifth part of my Estate which I have already by this Instrument will[d] should be divided to and among my afores[d] Daughters and Granddaughters, to be paid by them in Proportion to their Respective Share in the above mentioned Division unto her my Said Daughter Esther Wheelwright, within one year after my Decease Anything above written in this Instrument to the Contrary notwithstanding."[1]

It would seem from the wills of Captain John Wheelwright and his wife, that the testators did not know that their daughter had bound herself by irrevocable vows to a monastic life. The History of the town of Wells, published in 1875, confirms this opinion. Its author, alluding to the refusal of some New England captives to return from their captivity, says, "Esther Wheelwright was one of the number. . . . . Whether she acquired any more intimate than the natural relationships of life, does not appear from any tradition or written relics of the day. . . . . She wrote to her father from her captivity. He lived in the hope that she would come back, and provided for her in his will, in the event she should return from her wandering after his death . . . . . the fate of all humanity may have overtaken her before that time." . . . . . On the contrary, the annalist of the Ursulines states, that "Immediately after Esther's profession as a nun, word was sent to her family, who far from being offended with this step of the young girl, sent her a messenger from Boston, charged with letters and gifts." These statements, both made by respectable authority, are irreconcilable. Careful study forces me to the conclusion, that the annalist of the convent records actual events, of which at the date of the publication of the history of Wells, not even a tradition remained to Wheelwright's descendants in New England.

Imagine the stir at the convent, when in January, 1754, a

[1] "Maine Wills." Library of the Hist. and Gen. Soc. Boston.

young gentleman from Boston presented himself at the door, announcing himself as the nephew of Mother Esther of the Infant Jesus, and demanding an interview with his beloved aunt. The flutter of the *Tourière*,[1] the hesitation of the Mother Superior, the hurried consultation of all in authority,—may be better imagined than described. After some delay, the Bishop kindly granted entrance to Major Wheelwright, "hoping that it might result in his conversion."

How one longs to know what this aunt and nephew, meeting then for the first time, had to say to each other,—in what language they talked,—what questions were asked by the captive of fifty years.

All we know is, that at his departure, the young man gave to his aunt a miniature portrait of her mother, and presented the Community with some "fine linen, a beautiful silver flagon, and a knife, fork and spoon, of the same material."[2]

At the moment of Major Wheelwright's return to New England, young Major Washington was making his report to Governor Dinwiddie, of the refusal of the French to abandon their fort at the headwaters of the Ohio.[3] The tardy attempt of the English in the following February, to build a fort at the fork of the Ohio,[4] brought on a skirmish between Washington and the French commander, which, says Mr. Parkman, "began the war that set the world on fire."

[1]The attendant at the revolving *grille* at which all visitors to the convent apply for admission.

[2]This account of Major Wheelwright's visit may be found in Histoire des Ursulines de Quebec, p. 327, Vol. II. Our own Archives record at least three journeys of Major Nathaniel Wheelwright to Canada as ambassador from our Government for the exchange of captives. See Appendix: especially Wheelwright's letter to Gov. Shirley, dated Nov. 30, 1750, in which he refers to his embassy of the year before. From this it would seem as if he must have seen Esther, previous to 1754.

[3]This was Fort Le Boeuf, on a branch of the Alleghany near Erie and within the English province of Virginia.

[4]Pittsburg.

URSULINE CONVENT AT QUEBEC

AS COMPLETED IN 1723

From a sketch made in 1842 by Rev. Mère Saint-Croix

The siege of Quebec began on the 12th of July, 1759. The cannonade of the 13th and 14th, proved that the convent must be vacated. Eight of the sisters got leave to remain in charge. Though there is no positive proof, we have a right to believe that Esther of the Infant Jesus, was one of the eight. With the fervor of a devotee, she had the force and the fearlessness of the Wheelwrights. She was sixty-three years old, and the fifth on the list of choir nuns.

At sunset of the 15th, [July 25, 1759, N. S.] the rest of the Ursulines, bidding a reluctant farewell to the courageous little band, sped swiftly down to the meadows of the Saint Charles, to seek shelter in the convent attached to the General Hospital. The sisters of the Hôtel-Dieu were there before them. The Hospital, being out of reach of the projectiles, was the refuge of hundreds of people, fleeing in fright from the ruins of the Lower Town.

Imagine the consternation and anguish of the next few weeks. The nuns at the Hospital were busy night and day, with the care of the maimed and dying of both armies. At intervals, the quick stroke of the convent bells calling them to their devotions, gave them their only rest. Above their prayers rose the groans of the wounded, the scream of shot and shell, the roar of flames and the crash of falling buildings. In the gray of the morning of the sixtieth day of the ever memorable siege, the straggling file of red-coated soldiers, clambered up the rocky steeps, and formed in line of battle on the Plains of Abraham. When the shadows of night gathered on that gory field, the Seven Years War in America was virtually ended, and the question whether France or England was to be master of this continent was forever settled.

On the morning after the battle, the gallant Montcalm breathed his last. The day was one of dire distress.

Venturing from the narrow cellar of the monastery, where

they had stayed out the siege, Esther Wheelwright and her companions gazed upon a desolate scene. In peril of their lives, and with great labor and fatigue, they had saved most of their windows. Their cells were demolished, their chimneys battered and tumbling, their roofs charred and riddled.

Confusion reigned everywhere. No workman could be found to make a coffin for Montcalm. Finally old Michel, factotum and general overseer at the Convent, the tears streaming down his face, nailed together a rough box from the *débris* of the bombardment. In this rude casket, at nine o'clock that evening, the Marquis de Montcalm was carried to his rest.

Silence and gloom brooded over the city. "Not a drum was heard,—nor a funeral note." No gun was fired,—not a bell tolled. Men and women, wandering dazed among the ruins, fell into line with the little procession that bore the dead soldier from the house of the surgeon Arnoux to his burial in the chapel of the Ursulines. Two little girls stealing unnoticed into the church, stood by his grave, while by the flare of torches, the body of the hero was lowered into a hole in front of the altar, made by the bursting of a shell. The service for the dead was chanted by three priests. The quivering voices of Esther Wheelwright and her sister nuns were heard in response, then sobs, repressed through all the horrors of the siege, burst forth, "for" says the annalist, "it seemed as if the last hope of the colony was buried."

General Murray, who was left in command of the English troops in Canada, repaired the Ursuline convent, and quartered there a part of his wounded men. Esther Wheelwright and her companions cheerfully assumed the duties of Hospital nuns, and the soldiers proved themselves truly grateful for the Christian charity thus shown them. Among the troops, was a Scotch regiment. The good nuns were so dis-

ANCIENNE LORETTE, NEAR QUEBEC.

Church of the Annunciation

tressed at seeing the strangers in a costume so ill suited to a Canadian winter, that they fell to knitting long stockings to cover the bare legs of the kilted Highlanders.

On the 8th of September, 1760, the Capitulation was signed at Montreal. It secured to the Canadians the free enjoyment of the Catholic religion and to the Communities of nuns, their constitutions and privileges. The 15th of the following December, Sister Esther Wheelwright of the Infant Jesus, was elected Superior of the Ursulines. Thus, strangely enough, at the moment of the establishment of the English Supremacy in Canada, the first (and last), English Superior of the Ursulines of Quebec, was elected. Her election is a proof of her robust health at this time, and of the confidence placed in her by the Community. That she was worthy of the trust, appears in all her acts.[1]

After the fall of Quebec, rations were issued by the conquerors for the subsistence of the people. The summer before Esther's election, on the withdrawal of the soldiers from the convent, General Murray had ordered that no more provisions should be furnished to the nuns, except for ready money. Such representations had been made to the General by Esther's predecessor in office, that the order was countermanded. In the spring after Esther's election, a bill of $1352.46, was rendered by the commissary for provisions furnished the Community from Oct. 4, 1759, to May 25, 1761.

[1]In 1761, (the year following her election as Superior), one of her sister's sons, Joshua Moody, son of Mary Wheelwright Moody, visited her. "One of this sister's granddaughters was named Esther Wheelwright, and to her namesake, the Lady Superior sent by Mr. Moody many presents, requesting that she might be entrusted to her care to be educated in the Convent. Of course, the Puritan parents were not disposed to gratify her in this respect. Among other things, she sent by Mr. Moody her own portrait painted in the dress of her order. This is still in the family, having been handed down with the name Esther from generation to generation." For the above I am indebted to Mr. Edmund Wheelwright of Boston, who is about to publish a history of his family.

C. A. B.

Mother Esther wrote at once to General Murray, stating the inability of the nuns to pay the debt thus contracted; at the same time putting at the disposal of the government certain of the Community's lands. "Nevertheless," she adds, "we hope that upon the representations which you will kindly make in our behalf, his Majesty will not refuse to absolve us from this debt. In our confidence in your goodness, of which you have hitherto given us the most convincing proofs, we assure you of our sincere gratitude, and of the respect with which I have the honor to be, &c., &c., &c." She might have hinted, that the shelter and care given to the wounded English ought to count for something towards the payment of the debt. In the interval of suspense, while Murray wrote for instructions to England, Esther wrote to the Mother Community in Paris: "We shall try to do without everything, for, for some years we shall have to heap up the interest on our French possessions, to pay the King of England whom we owe thirteen hundred and fifty-two dollars."

From the Capitulation at Montreal to the Peace of Paris, the lot of the French Canadians was hard. A sorrowful suspense, as to whether Canada would be restored to France, agitated all hearts. In 1761, Esther writes to the Superior at Paris, "It has just been announced to us that peace is made, and that this poor country is restored to the French. I hope it may be true."

The non-arrival of letters from France, caused much anxiety. In October, writing again to Paris, she says, "Everybody of position is surprised not to hear a word by way of England, though many laymen have received letters. I can hardly believe, however, that some are intercepted, more than others."

A later letter runs thus: "We shall very soon be in a condition not to be able to dress ourselves according to the rules. Since the war, we are especially in need of bombazine for

our veils. Indeed the need is so pressing, that soon we shall not be able to appear decently, having nothing but rags to cover our heads. We cannot buy these things of the English. They don't yet know how to *coiffer* the nuns. I think, my dear mother, you might send us a few pieces of bombazine by some of our Canadians, who must return to their poor country. M. de Rouville who was the bearer of your letters, would have considered it a pleasure to bring some bombazine to us, and could have done so without much trouble. There is plenty of food, but everything is very dear, and silver is very scarce, never having been much current in Canada."

A courteous letter from General Murray to Mother Esther is extant, dated Jan. 2nd, 1764, thanking her for a "Happy New Year" she had sent him, and wishing her many in return. After Murray's return to England, the Mother Superior and sisters send him gifts of their own beautiful handiwork, which he acknowledges with graceful compliments and more than civil expressions of esteem and friendship.

The first days of April, 1764, were spent by Mother Esther of the Infant Jesus, in profound retreat, to prepare herself for the festivities of her Golden Jubilee, (the fiftieth anniversary of her espousals as the bride of Christ,) which occurred on the twelfth of April, 1764.

Nothing was omitted in the celebration of Esther's fiftieth year of religious profession as an Ursuline nun, to convince her of the love and appreciation of the Community. The chapel was beautifully lighted and decorated. After the public renewal of her vows in the presence of the Bishop and a multitude of people, mass was celebrated with fine organ music, and much singing of motets. A sermon on the happiness of a religious life followed. At the close of the mass, the nuns, each with a lighted taper in her hand, sang the *Te Deum*, accompanied by a flute and violin. The day was

given up to recreation and congratulation. In the Refectory, there was feasting and joyful conversation. The great hall was gay with flowers and gifts, and the children of the *pensionn*, with song and dance, brought their offerings to their beloved Mother Superior. Late in the afternoon, a benediction service was held, and the day ended with jubilant music of drum and fife.

In her girlhood, Esther had embroidered much for the altars. Seeing at this time the great admiration of the English for embroidery on birch bark, she encouraged this kind of work among the nuns, and gave herself up to it with incredible industry.

In May, 1761, writing to the Procurator of the Ursulines in Paris, she says, "It is true that notwithstanding our misfortunes one need not lack the necessities of life, if one had plenty of money, but we have only what we earn by our birch bark work. As long as this is the fashion, the money we earn by it is a great help towards our support. We sell it at a high price to the English gentlemen, yet they seem to consider it a privilege to buy, so eager are they for our work. It is really impossible for us notwithstanding our industry, to supply the demand." . . . . . "I should like to know," she continues, alluding to their indebtedness to the government, "exactly what will be left, after paying Captain Barbutt. According to what you will do me the honor to write me on this point, we shall pay some debts here,—for we are not lacking in debts, and some pretty large ones. Nobody but myself, however, knows about them, and I am in no hurry to acquaint the Community with the fact, for fear of distressing them." This extract shows her self-reliance, and her tender consideration for her sister nuns, in sparing them anxieties which weighed heavily on her own heart.

Too constant use of her eyes, brought on in her declining years, weakness of sight and disease. When she could no

WHEELWRIGHT COAT OF ARMS

From a painting on silk done by Esther Wheelwright and sent to her mother by Joshua Moody

longer embroider exquisitely, she busied herself with mending the underclothing of the Community, showing the same skill and delicacy in darning and patching that characterized her more beautiful handiwork.

For nearly seventy years, Esther Wheelwright fulfilled with fervor and fidelity, all the duties of a monastic life. No one was more scrupulous in the observance of all its rules. In the feebleness of age, as in the vigor of youth,—in summer's heat and winter's cold, she was always in her place. In learning to obey, she learned to command. As a teacher of young girls, she was very successful. Her happy disposition and sweet temper, made her example even more eloquent than her precepts. With her, forbearance and gentleness, with the most charming politeness, took the place of a stricter discipline, and never failed to win the love and obedience of her pupils. She was promoted to her responsible position as Superior, at the most critical epoch in the history of her adopted country. French in all her sympathies,—a Romanist of undoubted zeal,—yet, undaunted by embarassments to which a woman of less strength and breadth of character would have yielded, she so adapted herself to the exigencies of the situation as to win for herself, and the Community, the favor and respect of the conquerors.

In 1766, the rules of her Order not allowing her re-election for a third successive term, she was discharged, but again re-elected in 1769. She was then seventy-two years of age,—but her mind and heart never grew old.

In 1771, writing to the Mother Superior of Paris, she says, 'I, beg you to accept the assurance of our most tender attachment. I wish I could give you some proof of it, other than by words, but we cannot even find a way to send you those trifles from this country, which we used to take pleasure in sending you. In our prayers, you always have a large share. Pray for me that God in his infinite mercy may grant me a

happy death." In October, 1772, it was feared that Mother Esther would not live till the December elections. She rallied, however, and on the 15th was honorably discharged from the superiorship, only to be made Assistant Superior, and six years later Zelatrix.

At 8 o'clock in the evening of the 28th of October, 1780, Esther Wheelwright died, at the age of eighty-four years and eight months. "She died as she had lived," says the annalist, "in continual aspirations towards Heaven, repeating unceasingly some verses of the Psalms. . . . . .

Her ancestors were noble, but her heart was nobler still, and the memory of her virtues will be forever dear to this House. . . . . From 1712 to 1780, she was one of its finest ornaments and firmest supports."

The name of Wheelwright is still reverenced by the Ursulines of Quebec. At the convent to-day, they tell you with pride of the gifts bestowed on them by Esther's cousin and fellow captive, Mary Sayer.[1]

The silver flagon presented by Major Wheelwright is still in use in their Infirmary, and the miniature of Esther Wheelwright's mother, a blonde with hazel eyes and an oval face, is sacredly preserved. Retouched by the addition of a veil and drapery, and enclosed in a richly embossed frame, containing also four relics of the Saints, it is now reverently cherished as a Madonna.

I have been permitted to stand in the inner chapel of the Ursulines at Quebec, above the spot where the mortal part of Esther Wheelwright lies buried.

My fondest ambition in writing this story is that in some hour of recreation, it may be read to the novices by the Mother Assistant, who entering the convent fifty years ago, found there as a nun, the little girl who saw the burial of Montcalm, and later was an inmate of the convent, during the last seven years of Esther Wheelwright's life.

[1]See "Story of a York Family."

MARY WHEELWRIGHT

From a miniature sent to her daughter Esther in 1751

STORY OF A YORK FAMILY.

One midsummer day in the year 1588,[1] the duke of Medina Sidonia looked in at the Plym's mouth as he sailed by with the Invincible Armada to conquer England, and said to himself in good Spanish, "When I shall have finished the business I have in hand, I will build me a lordly pleasure house on yonder height and there I will take mine ease."

Sir Francis Drake looked up from the game of skittles he was playing on the Hoe at Plymouth, and curling his moustache, as was his custom when angry, he said to his companion, "I'll finish the game when I shall have clipped the wings of yonder brave bird." Whether Drake returned to finish his game history does not tell us. We are also left to infer that the Don's plaisance remained a castle in the air.

Seventeen years later, on another midsummer day,[2] somebody roused the Governor of Plymouth from his siesta, with the exciting news that George Weymouth had come into port with five Indians, whom he had kidnapped on the Kennebec river, in his otherwise fruitless voyage to New England.

[1] July 20, 1588. [2] July, 1605.

Sir Ferdinando Gorges, at that time Governor of Plymouth, was living there the listless life of a garrison officer. Into the gubernatorial mansion on the Hoe he took three of Weymouth's Indians, had them taught English and kept them three years. Did anybody ever compute the influence of these "three little Indian boys" on our history? They told him about the "stately islands," "safe harbors" and "great rivers" of their native land, and inspired him to plant a colony there. "This accident," says Sir Ferdinando, "was the means under God of putting on foot and giving life to all our plantations."

Being a man of wealth, rank and influence, he easily secured the co-operation of Sir John Popham, Lord Chief Justice of England. How the Popham colony, planted by the Plymouth Company in August, 1607, on the Kennebec river, starved with the cold the first winter,—how Jamestown, the offspring of the London Company, thanks to a milder clime, survived,—how Capt, John Smith, "a fugitive slave," as Mr. Palfrey happily calls him, after founding the Old Dominion, sailed up and down the New England coast, printed lavish praise of its resources, and made a map of all its capes, inlets, islands and harbors, to which Prince Charles gave the familiar names they bear today,—how Gorges, not doubting that God would effect that which man despaired of, was a part of every scheme of colonization:—all this is known to every careful reader of our history.

It was doubtless under the auspices of Gorges that the first English settlement at Agamenticus was made, and when in 1635, the charter of New England was surrendered to the crown and its territory parcelled out among the patentees, Gorges received the territory between the Merrimac and the Kennebec, extending one hundred and twenty miles inland. With this province of Maine, the Crown conferred upon him almost unlimited power and privilege.

Mr. Bancroft says of Sir Ferdinando, "The friend and co-temporary of Raleigh, he adhered to schemes in America for almost half a century, ... and was still bent on colonization, at an age when other men are but preparing to die with decorum. . . . . Like another Romulus, this septuagenarian royalist . . . . . and veteran soldier resolved to perpetuate his name," and in 1642 the ancient Agamenticus became the city "Gorgeana," "As good a city," says Bancroft, "as seals and parchment, a nominal mayor and alderman, a chancery court and a court leet, sergeant rolls and white rods can make of a town of less than 300 inhabitants."

In the King's patent to Gorges it had been expressly stipulated that Episcopacy should be the established religion of his province.

In 1643 John Wheelwright, removing from Exeter to escape the bigotry of the Bay settlements, betook himself to a tract adjoining Agamenticus, which he bought of Gorges, to which he gave the name of Wells.

The same year Plymouth and the Bay Colony made a league with Connecticut and New Haven for mutual protection. "Those of Sir Ferdinando Gorges his province . . . . . were not received or called into the Confederation," writes Winthrop, "because they ran a different course from us, both in their ministry and civil administration, for they had lately made Accominticus (a poor village) a corporation, and had made a taylor the mayor, and had entertained one Hull, an excommunicated person, and very contentious, for their minister." Whatever may have been the faults and follies of Sir Ferdinando we cannot help admiring his persistence—his life-long devotion to the great idea of colonizing New England.

In the civil wars Sir Ferdinando fought with the cavaliers and died before the execution of the King. The population of the ancient city was increased by the accession of a con-

tingent of Scotch prisoners taken by Cromwell in his famous victory over Charles II, at Dunbar in 1650. These were shipped over seas to be sold as apprentices for a term of years. and naturally found a home in the plantation of the royalist Gorges. Scotland Parish is to-day a thriving and interesting locality of the old town, and the names of McIntyre, Junkins and Donald still survive there.

Old York is now New York. Many of its old-time houses have been drummed out by the so-called march of improvement. The straggling cottages of the fishermen have disappeared from the landscape. The winding cowpath along the cliff, through bayberry bushes and sweet-briar roses, has been supplanted by the smooth-clipped lawns of costly seashore estates, packed in too close proximity to one another along the water front. The rugged face of the cliff, over which the woodbine and beach pea used to scramble, is now disfigured by the unsightly waste pipes of modern improvement that wriggle like so many foul serpents to bury themselves beneath the ocean. Pretentious hotels and livery stables obtrude themselves upon the moorlands, where the "fresh Rhodora" used to spread its "leafless bloom."

College youths in yachting costume and city belles with tennis rackets, flirt harmlessly on the beach at bathing time, and in the late afternoon, the brilliant parasols of the gay butterflies of fashion flutter far afield, and prancing steeds with glistening trappings curvet over the rocky roads under the guidance of liveried coachmen. On Sunday, a crowd in silk attire, with gilded prayerbooks, wends its way to a little church whose golden cross towers aggressively above the rock-bound coast.

"Behold!" cries the Puritan antiquary, "the fulfilment of Sir Ferdinando's dream." Then he turns away to the river bank, where to this day may be seen the veritable streets of the "Ancient city" as laid out by Thomas Gorges, its first

THE JUNKINS GARRISON HOUSE

BUILT IN 1675

From a painting by Susan Minot Lane 1875

mayor. Pursuing his history, he reads that at Sir Ferdinando's death the people of Gorgeana wrote repeatedly to his heirs for instructions, but receiving no answer they, with Wells and Piscataqua, formed themselves into a body politic for self-government.

In 1652, Massachusetts assumed control of the settlement, the city charter was annulled and Gorgeana, degraded from her commanding position as the first incorporated city in America, joined the rank and file of New England towns under the name of York.

The alarm of Philip's war in 1675, extending to the eastward, the distressed inhabitants built garrison houses against Indian attack. Two, known as the Junkins garrison and the McIntyre garrison, were standing on a hilltop in Scotland Parish of Old York as late as 1875. Of the former not a vestige now remains, except a panel that forms a cupboard door in Frary house.

The first blow struck by the enemy in the old French and Indian war fell upon the eastern towns. At the instigation of the Jesuit priests, Wells, York, Berwick, Kittery and others received their baptism of blood at the hands of the French and Indians, even before Deerfield, Hatfield, Northampton and Springfield.

On the same page in the parish records of Canadian towns and villages, I have often found the deaths, marriages and baptisms of hapless captives, carried from the border towns of Maine and Massachusetts. This is why I tell the story of a York family.

Edward Rishworth, or Rushworth as the name is known in England, the friend and son-in-law of John Wheelwright, and his companion in exile, was one of the grantees to whom Thomas Gorges, nephew of Sir Ferdinando, gave authority to lay out and assign lots at Wells.

In the history of both Wells and York, his intellectual

ability is prominent. He was one of the commissioners of the newly made town of York and clerk of the court there the same year.

In the prolonged resistance of the Province of Maine to the jurisdiction of Massachusetts, Rishworth was prominent. His commanding intelligence and his personal influence in the province is shown in the humble petition of the leading men of Wells, in 1668, to be restored to the jurisdiction of Massachusetts, with apologies for their former disobedience, the petitioners assigning as the cause of their dereliction, the influence of Mr. Edward Rishworth, they "having been well affected with said Rishworth, and confiding in him."

Rishworth was appointed Recorder for the province, in October, 1651, and held the office continuously, except in 1668 and 9, for thirty-three years. In June, 1686, Rishworth wrote his last official line, being then an old man.

The name of his wife, Susannah, appears on a legal paper for the last time in 1675. So far, I have found but two children of Edward and Susannah Rishworth, daughters Mary and Susannah. Her grandfather Wheelwright, in his will dated Nov. 15, 1679, names "my son-in-law, Edward Rishworth," and "my grandchild, Mary White, daughter of ye said Rishworth." This proves that Mary Rishworth, then about eighteen, was, at this date, the wife of one White.

I assume that this White, and Rishworth's wife had both died before October, 1682, when, as he says, for "diver's good causes . . . . . and more espetially for yt tender love and affection which I beare unto my beloved daughter, Mary Sayword, wife to John Sayword," he conveyed all his property to his "sonn-in-law, John Sayword," for £60, to be used in the payment of Rishworth's debts.

At the same time, Sayword gives his bond, "to pay unto father Rishworth . . . . . the just some of six pounds per Ann: to bee pay'd in good Mrchan'ble pay, boards, provisions, or

W. H. Bartlett

F. Wallis

LAKE WINNIPISSEOGEE, FROM RED HILL.

such other goods as his ocations . . . . . shal require . . . . . to bee Delivered at Yorke at the house of sd John Sayword which hee bought of ye sd Rishworth his father-in-law who . . . . . is to have ye free uss of ye lower Roume hee now liveth in . . . . . at his soole disposeing, as also to have his horse kept by sd John Sayword, at . . . . . Sayword's charge . . . . . and yt is to bee understood . . . . . that sd John Sayword is to mayntain sd Rishworth . . . . . with comfortable dyet, so long as he sces good to live with him . . . . . And is to provide convenient fire wood for his Roume as his necessity shall require."

"An inventory of the Estate of Mr. Edward Rishworth, deceased," dated Feb. 13, 1689, [sic] gives us approximately, the date of his death. On Feb, 25, 1690–91 [sic], Mrs. Mary Hull took oath that it was "a true Inventory of the Estate of her deceased father, Edward Rishworth."

By these three legal papers, we learn that John Sayword, millwright of York, was living in October, 1682, as the husband of Rishworth's daughter Mary, and that on the death of her father, either in 1689 or 1690, [see ante] this daughter, as Mrs. Mary Hull, attests the truth of the inventory of her father's estate.

I, as yet, find no record of John Sayword's birth and parentage. He may have been the son of Henry Sayword, a prominent man in the annals of Wells and York. Millwright is a common appendage to the names of Maine men of that period, for men must eat and be sheltered. The mill pond in York, where John Sayword must have ground the grists and sawed the lumber for the country round about, is well known.

We have a grant from the town of York to John Sayword, dated Dec. 10, 1680, of three 20-acre lots of land with mill privilege and timber rights, conditioned on his building galleries and seats in the meeting house.

"First that the Said Sayword, shall build or cause to bee built at

ye meeting house at York, three sufficient Gallerys, with three convenient seats in each Gallery and one beanch beside, in ye hyest Rowme in every gallery If the sd Conveniency of Rowme will bare it, the fronture seats, hee is to make with barresters, and two peyre of stayrs to go up into the gallerys, one for ye men and another for the wimine. Second : The sd John Sayword stands Ingagd, to seat the sd Meeting house below, with convenient Seates, too Seates to be barrestred below, one for men and ye other for wimine ; and repayreing of ye defects yt are in the ould Seates, and by makeing and adding so many more new Seates, as shall be necessary for ye full and decent seateing of the whoole house. Which worke in making of Gallerys and seateing the lower part of the sayd house, is by John Sayword to bee done and finished at his own proper Charge, (nayles onely excepted) which the Town is Ingag'd to provide, very speedily, at or before the last of October next Insewing, Ann : Dom : 1681.

There is a deed signed by Sayword, March 24, 1684, and also by "Mary Sayword, the younger." As I cannot suppose this to be his daughter Mary, (then only thirteen) it must be his wife, *née* Mary Rishworth, who on this occasion signs herself Mary "the younger," to distinguish herself from his mother Mary, which again inclines me to the belief that John Sayword was son of Henry, whose wife Mary long survived him. John Sayword probably died early in December, 1689; for on Christmas Day of that year, which was neither a holy day nor a holiday with the Puritans, Mrs. Mary Sayword appeared and took oath to the inventory of her husband's estate, which was valued at £85.

She was administratrix, and with Matthew Austin, gave a bond for £166, for the lawful administration of her husband's estate. How soon after Sayword's death his widow became the wife of one Hull, does not yet appear, but as we have seen, she, as Mary Hull, testified to the inventory of her father's estate, on Feb. 25, 1690-91 [see ante]. Her connection with Hull must have been brief, for at the time of the attack

on York, Feb. 5, 1692, Mary Rishworth, then but thirty-two years old, was living with her fourth husband, James Plaisted. Of Plaisted's ancestry or antecedents, or of the date of his marriage to the young widow Hull, I have so far found nothing.

Of the calamity at York, Feb. 5, 1692, Cotton Mather writes:

"Great was the share that fell to the Family of Mr. Shubael Dummer. . . . . He had been solicited, with many temptations to leave his Place when the Clouds grew Thick and Black in the Indian Hostilities, but he chose rather with a Paternal affection to stay. . . . . In a word, he was one that might by way of Eminency be called A Good Man. . . . . He was just going to take Horse at his own Door, upon a journey in the Service of God, when the Tygres that were making their Depredations upon the sheep of York, seized upon this their shepherd; and they shot him so that they left him Dead." . . . . .

His wife, Susannah Rishworth, sister of Mary Rishworth Plaisted, "they carried into captivity," continues Mather,

"where through sorrows and hardships among those Dragons of the Desart, she also quickly Died; and his Church as many of them as were in that Captivity, endured this among other anguishes, that on the next Lord's Day, one of the Tawnies chose to exhibit himself unto them [A Devil as an Angel of Light!] in the Cloaths whereof they had stript the Dead Body of this their Father—Many were the tears that were Dropt throughout New England on this occasion."

Mather calls the York minister,

"The Martyr'd *Pelican*, who Bled
Rather than leave his charge unfed.
A proper Bird of Paradise
Shot,—and Flown thither in a trice."

James Plaisted's wife was taken, with her two children, Mary and Esther Sayword, aged respectively eleven and seven, and her baby boy. This is Mather's relation:

"Mary Plaisted, the wife of Mr. James Plaisted, was made a captive, about three weeks after her Delivery of a male Child. They

then took her, with her Infant off her bed and forced her to travel in this, her weakness, the best part of a Day without any Respect of Pity. At Night the Cold ground, in the Open Air, was her Lodging; and for many a Day she had no Nourishment but a little water with a little Bear's Flesh, which rendered her so Feeble that she, with her Infant were not far from totally starved.—Upon her cries to God, there was at length some supply sent by her Master's taking a Moose, the Broth whereof recovered her. But she must now Travel many Days through Woods and Swamps and Rocks, and over Mountains, and Frost, and Snow, until she could stir no farther. Sitting down to Rest, she was not able to rise, till her Diabolical Master helped her up, which, when he did, he took her Child from her, and carried it unto a River, where, stripping it of the few Rags it had, he took it by the heels and against a Tree dash'd out its Brains, and then flung it into the River. So he returned unto the miserable mother, telling her she was now Eased of her Burden, and must walk faster than she did before!"

Was this infant the posthumous son of her third husband, Hull? He does not appear on the old York records among the children of James Plaisted.

A native poet has thus immortalized the attack on York:

They marched for two and twenty daies,
  All through the deepest snow;
And on a dreadful winter morn,
  They struck the cruel blow.

Hundreds were murthered in their beddes,
  Without shame or remorse;
And soon, the floors and roads were strewed
  With many a bleeding corse.

The village soon began to blaze,
  To heighten misery's woe;
But, O, I scarce can bear to tell,
  The issue of that blow!

They threw the infants on the fire;
  The men they did not spare;
But killed all, which they could find
  Though aged, or though fair.

View across the boundary line.

(From the Sugar loaf.)

Our next meeting with Mary Rishworth Plaisted is at her baptism in Montreal. The following is a free translation of the Parish record:

On the 8th of December, 1693, there was baptized *sous condition*, an English woman from New England, named in her own country, Marie, who born at York on the 8th of January O. S. 1660, of the marriage of Edouard Rishworth, and Suzanne Willwright, both Protestants of Lincoln in old England, and married last to Jacques Pleisted, Protestant of New England, was captured the 25th of January O. S. of the year 1692 with two of her children, Marie Geneviève Sayer born the 4th of April O. S. 1681, and Marie Joseph Sayer, born the 9th of March O. S. 1685,—by the savages of Acadia, and now lives in the service of Madame Catherine Gauchet, widow of M. Jean Baptiste Migeon, appointed by the King first lieutenant general of the bailiwick established by his Majesty in Montreal. Her name Marie, has been kept, and that of Madeleine added to it. Her god-father was M. Jean Baptiste Juchereau, lieutenant-general of the Royal bailiwick of Montreal, and her god-mother, Madame Madeleine Louise Juchereau.

Signed.

Mary Magdalen Pleistead signs the record in a good handwriting. So also do her god-parents, Juchereau and Madame, his wife, Catherine Gauchet, and finally Jean Frémont, Curé —all as clear as if written yesterday.[1]

Two lists in our archives tell briefly the story of the final separation of Mary Rishworth Plaisted from these Sayword children, one is the "Names of English captives Redeemed from Quebec by Math'w Carey in Oct'br, 1695," which con-

[1]The information conveyed by this simple baptismal record is remarkable. It gives the date of the captive's birth, and consequently her age when taken; her mother's name, about which historians disagree,—the home of her father and mother in both Old England and New,—the fact of her marriage to Plaisted before her capture,—the dates of the births of her daughters and by inference their ages,—the fact that previous to this they had been already baptized in Canada, and the names then given them—and, finally that the name Sayword had already become Sayer in Canada.

tains the name of "Mrs. Mary Plaisted York." Another sent at the same time, is of "Those Remaining still in the hands of the French of Canada," and bears the names of the two sisters:

Mary Sayard girll Dover
Esth Swayard " "

In October, 1696, a year after Mary Plaisted's redemption, she was "Presented at the court at Wells, for not attending ye Publick worship of God upon ye Lord's Day."

The godless weaklings of our day might find palliating circumstances, without considering the hardships of her every day life, and the terrible experiences of her recent captivity. Nevertheless,

"Mr. James Plaisted, at the following court held at York, on the 6th of April, 1697, appearing in behalf of his wife, to answer her presentment for not frequenting ye Publick worship of God upon ye Lord's Day, she being under some bodily infirmity, hindering her own appearance, Is for her offence to pay 4s. 6d. fine, and to be admonished; ffees payd in court."

In April, 1696, "Lycence was granted to Mr. James Playstead to retayle bear, syder an victuals at his now dwelling house." This license was renewed from year to year.

January 20, 1707, there is this vote of the town, from which it appears that the conditional agreement between the town and John Sayword had not been faithfully kept, by one or both parties:

"Whereas, there is several differences between the Inhabitants of the town of York in the Province of Maine in the Massachusetts Government, and Mr. James Plaisted and Mary his now wife, the Relict of John Saword, all of said York, relating to work done by said John Sayword aforesaid, to York meeting house. . . . . A referee shall be chosen by the town and another by Plaisted and his wife, to hear, and determine, all Differences."

James and Mary Plaisted both sign an agreement on penalty of fifty dollars, to accept the result of the arbitration.

Later "Wm. Sawer," [Sayword] and "Wm. Goodsoe" state that they "have looked over the matter and cannot agree and have left it out to Daniel Emery of Kittery to make a final end of the controversy."

July 11, 1710, Capt. James Plaisted and his wife Mary, deed land together. Here, busied with the occupations of the yeomanry of the period in New England, active in church and state, respected and worthy citizens of old York, and in the prime of life, we will leave them and look for their two daughters, left behind in Canada.

Many summers ago, in an idle hour and with no purpose, I copied a few pages from the old town records of York. It was long before I had heard of James Plaisted and his wife Mary Rishworth. The quaint spelling and simple directness of the language interested me, but it seems to have been by what Cotton Mather would have called a Remarkable Providence, that this particular page of the record should have captivated me.

A humble romance seemed to unfold itself in this step-father, willing to father his wife's children by a former marriage, though his own children, later born, are naturally put first in the record. Here is the story as it stands, written more than two hundred years ago on the old book:

James Plaisted, Bearths of His children. Lydia Plaisted was Borne the fouerth day of Janerwary in ye year 1696.

Olife Plaisted was Borne the first day of May in ye year 1698.

Mary Sayward was Borne the fouerth April 1681.

Susannah Sayward was Borne the ninth day of May 1683.

Esther Sayward was Borne the seventh day of March 1685.

Hannah Sayward was borne the twenty-one of June 1687.

John Sayward was Borne second of Janerwary 1690.

The last was evidently a posthumous child, the only son, born shortly after the death of his father, John Sayward, and named for him.

We are now to follow the fortunes of Mary, the first born, and Esther, the third child of John Sayward and his wife, Mary Rishworth.

On the parish records of Notre Dame in Montreal, with the baptism of their mother is a note interlined, in a different handwriting, and apparently written long after. This note records the indisputable fact that on the same day and in the same church, her two daughters were also baptized. As it was the custom of the church to add the names of saints to the newly baptized, Mary, the elder, then about thirteen, received the added name of Geneviève. Esther, the younger, lost her New England name entirely and was re-baptized as Marie Joseph, she being then about eight years old.

In a list of the pupils of the nuns of the Congregation in 1693, the name of one of the Sayer sisters appears.

When we remember that the captives were in Canada during the most romantic period of the history of New France —that they saw daily those whose religious devotion has won them world-wide fame, truth seems stranger than fiction.

A profound impression must have been made upon the sensibilities of all the young captive girls when Jeanne Le Ber, the only daughter of the richest merchant in Montreal, renounced the world and abandoned her family, to devote herself to a religious life. Marie Geneviève Sayer was, no doubt, perfectly familiar with the face of the young devotee, and witnessed her voluntary incarceration in the cell which she had had built for her, behind the altar in the chapel of the Congregation.

At five o'clock on the evening of Aug. 5, 1695, after vespers, M. Dollier de Casson, with all his clergy in splendid attire, went to the house of the Seigneur Le Ber, whence,

W. H. Bartlett

H. Adlard

THE INDIAN FALLS NEAR COLUMBIA

(Opposite Page [illegible])

chanting psalms and prayers, they marched in procession. Behind them came the young Jeanne Le Ber. She was robed in gray, with a black girdle. Her father, pale with weeping, accompanied her, followed by all their friends and relatives.

The people who thronged the streets, awe-struck at the unusual spectacle, could not restrain their sobs. To them the act about to be consummated, seemed like a living death to both father and child. On arriving at the chapel the recluse fell upon her knees, while M. Dollier blessed her little cell and spoke to her a few words of counsel.

Her heart-broken father, unable to bear the sight, fled weeping from the spot. But Jeanne Le Ber, with tearless eyes and steady hand, firmly closed the door upon herself forever.

Three years later, Mary Sayer must have been present at a happier scene, in the same little chapel at what we may consider the permanent establishment of the order of the Nuns of the Congregation in Montreal. The three years of anxiety, discussion and delay were ended. The rules of the order had been the day before, "solemnly accepted and signed by all the Community." Now, on the morning of the 25th of June, 1698, the religious world of Villemarie had assembled to witness the performance of "that article of the regulations which prescribed the simple vow of poverty, chastity, obedience and the teaching of little girls."

There were the most distinguished of the Sulpitian priests, conspicuously the zealous and scholarly Father Meriel. There was the Vicar-General, Dollier de Casson, "tall and portly, a soldier and a gentleman—albeit a priest. . . . . As pleasant a father as ever said *Benedicite*," says Mr. Parkman. There was the great bishop, Saint-Vallier—dominant, a passionate extremist, believing in himself and impatient of contradiction—fulminating in those days as sharply against the

"big sleeves" and "low-necked dresses" of Quebec damsels as the sternest Puritan of the period, in Boston.

Perhaps a shade of disapointment clouded the brow of the haughty prelate at his failure to force the cloister upon the ladies of the Congregation; perhaps also a corresponding elation on the face of Marguérite Bourgeois at the success of her passage at arms with that almost indomitable will.

Well might she have said, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." However this may be, the hour was one of peace and joy for the Sisters, as one after the other, each pronounced her vows and received from the bishop the name of some noted saint or martyr, by which thereafter she was to be known.

The fact that the name of Marie des Anges does not appear in the list of those who took part in this solemn ceremony seems to prove that Marie Geneviève Sayer had not yet completed the two years of preparation necessary before assuming all the rights and duties of a convent life, but was still living under the direction of the *Maîtresse des Novices.* She was then about eighteen, and must soon after have taken up the full duties and responsibilities of her office; for, although the name of her sister appears often on Montreal records, her own is seen no more after the baptism of her mother in 1693.

The years following her novitiate were busy ones for the nuns of Canada. Up and down the St. Lawrence, missions had been early founded by the Sisters of the Congregation. With incredible fatigue, but untiring zeal, Marguérite Bourgeois had gone back and forth between Montreal and Quebec, often in winter creeping prostrate over frozen streams or wading knee-deep in the icy water.

The Mission of the Mountain was removed to Sault au Recollet. Soeur Marie des Anges, (the captive Marie Geneviève Sayer) was there at the head of the Mission School for

girls, and the Deerfield captive, Abigail Nims, among others was there under her care.[1]

The missions at Quebec were, for many reasons, of special importance, and the choice of the New England captive for that place, shows the esteem in which Marie Geneviève Sayer was held by her sister nuns. Only those "distinguished by their merits, by their courage, prudence and ability," were appointed. Though the records thereafter are silent concerning her, it would be easy to read her story between the lines that record the labors of the successors of Marguerite Bourgeois between 1698 and 1717 at Quebec.

While looking for Deerfield captives at Quebec, the word *Angloise* in the margin of the record, led me to the following,—only this and nothing more:

"The 28th of March, 1717, was buried in the Parish Church, Sister Marie des Anges, a mission sister of the Congregation, who died the same day, aged about 36 years. The burial was made by me, the undersigned priest, Vicar of the Parish, Canon of the Cathedral, in presence of M. Glandelet, Dean, and M. Des Maizerets, precentor of said Cathedral."

So, far from kith or kin, Mary Rishworth's eldest daughter slept her last sleep, after a short, eventful and useful life.

The policy of the Canadian government was to keep as many of our captives as possible, especially those of leading New England families, to make good Catholics of them, and finally to wed them either to the church or state.

Esther Sayward, whom we know in Canada as Marie Joseph Sayer, was educated by the nuns of the Congregation, and probably remained under their protection till her marriage. Naturalization was granted her in May, 1710.

On the 5th of January, 1712, in the parish church of Montreal, "in presence of many relatives and friends of the parties," she was married to the Seigneur Pierre de L'Estage,

[1]See "The Two Captives."

merchant, of Montreal. The fact that the three banns were dispensed with, hints that ambassadors from our government, concerning an exchange of prisoners, were then in Canada, and it was thought best speedily to clip the wings of this captive bird.

Marie Joseph, the first child of Pierre de L'Estage and Marie Joseph Sayer, was born October 1, 1712. The child's godmother was "Marie hardin," who "could not sign the record, on account of her great age." This child died at the age of four. Jacques Pierre, the second child, was born and baptized Aug. 5, 1714. Its godparents were Jacques Le Ber, Seigneur de Senneville, and Madame Repentigny. In the record the father is called "Monsieur Pierre Lestage, Marchand Bourgeois of this city and treasurer for the king." In 1715, he became the owner of the Seigniory of Berthier, opposite Sorel, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence.

To the kindness of Rev. Père Moreau, curé of Notre Dame des Monts, county of Terrebonne, antiquary, savant and author of the History of Berthier, I am indebted for the following:

"Pierre de Lestage built the first Catholic church of Berthier, about 1723, and obtained on Dec. 3, 1732, from Governor Beauharnois and the Intendant Hocquart, a great addition to his Seigniory because, as is said in the deed; 'he was worthy of it.'"

He also improved the highways, and built at Berthier a saw mill, a gristmill and a fine mansion for himself with a grand avenue leading thereto, which still exist. His friend M. Louis Lepage, Vicar-general of Quebec, and Seigneur of Terrebonne, having founded there the parish of St. Louis, built for it a stone church, to which he gave a chime of bells and invited his friend De L'Estage to be godfather at the ceremony of the blessing of the bells.

At eight o'clock in the morning of the 21st of December,

W. H. Bartlett. 73 R. Brandard.

Village of Cedars, River St. Lawrence.

1743, at the age of sixty-three, the Sieur de L'Estage, husband of Marie Joseph Sayer, died in Montreal. The next day his body was carried to the church of Notre Dame, where a solemn mass was said. From there it was borne to the church of the Récollet fathers, and buried.

Father Moreau writes that "he left his wealth jointly to his widow, Marie Joseph Esther Sayer, to his sister living in Bayonne, France, and to a nephew of the same place."

The death of her husband and children was a severe blow to Madame de L'Estage. She naturally turned for sympathy and consolation to her beloved nuns, who had befriended her girlhood. Doubtless by their advice, she purchased a house adjoining the convent and adopted two girls whom she educated at the convent. They afterwards became nuns, and were known as Soeurs Sainte Basile and Sainte Pierre. The ladies of the convent having permitted Madame de L'Estage to cut a door between the two houses, she spent the recreation hours with her adopted children in the convent. One of these daughters died at the age of twenty-five, the other at eighty. Affliction and increasing age led her to sell the Seigniory of Berthier in February, 1765, for a life annuity of 1500 livres,[1] which, with an annual income from her husband's estates in France, handsomely supplied her wants. Tenderly cared for by the Sisters of the Congregation, she as "perpetual pensioner," spent with them peacefully and happily the remainder of her days. The loving hands of those who so long had ministered to her needs, closed her eyes at the last. The date of her death is as yet unknown to me. She was buried near her beloved Sisters of the Congregation, under the chapel of St. Anne in the old church of Notre Dame, which stood in the middle of what is now Notre Dame St., opposite the present cathedral. There, all that was mortal of the New England captive, Marie Joseph Esther Sayer,

[1]Two hundred and fifty dollars.

rested, until about 1830, when all who had been buried under the old church, were removed to the Cemetery of the Côte St. Antoine.

Again exhumed before 1866, they now rest in the present Cemetery at Côte des Neiges,—the site of the former Cemetery of the Côte St. Antoine being now occupied by Dominion Square and its fine surroundings.

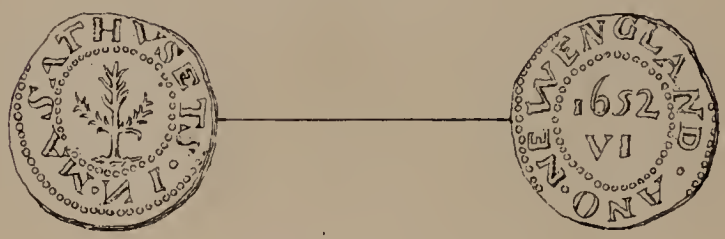
She gave to the convent most of her household goods, among them elegant candelabra and other articles of silver.

Some of her bequests escaped the successive conflagrations from which the Convent has suffered. Among other things, a chest of drawers, arm chairs, silver snuffers and tray, and some exquisite embroidery.

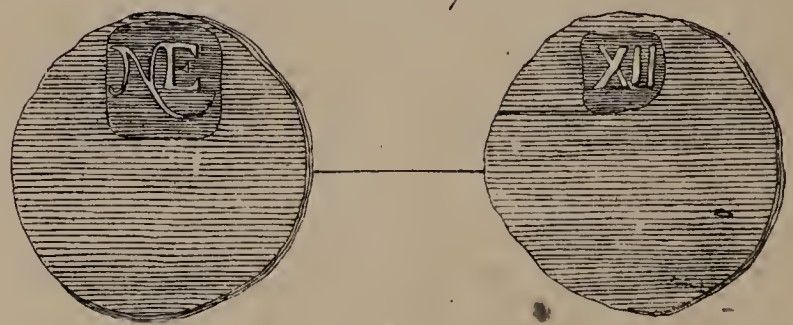
The Curé, who has been kindly interested in this little sketch, writes me as follows:

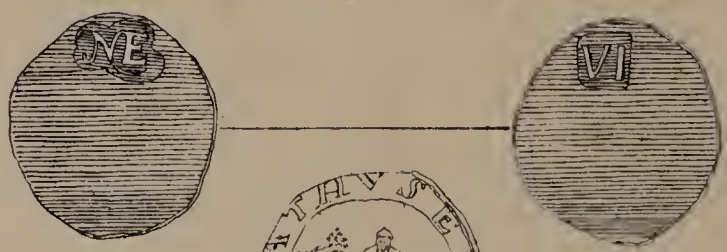
"Indeed with her mother and sister she was greatly tried at the time of their captivity, but it was the way God judged proper to lead her to a religion, which they thought afterwards to be the only one able to lead men to eternal happiness, and for them to a suitable establishment."

Fac Similes of Pine Tree Money as described on Massachusetts Records



Fac Similes of Massachusetts Money as contained in Folkes Tables of Coins.





DIFFICULTIES AND DANGERS IN THE SETTLEMENT OF A FRONTIER TOWN.

1670.

"The Independent Church," says a recent writer, "prepared the way for the Independent States, and an Independent Nation." The most superficial reader of history, in this pre-eminently secular generation, cannot ignore the fact that "The corner-stone of New England was laid in the cause of religion," nor can he fail to note how often the accidents of man were the providence of God in the settlement of our country.

When, to protect themselves against the lawlessness of a few of their number who were shuffled into their company at London, our forefathers signed the famous Compact in the little cabin of their storm-racked vessel, they builded better than they knew. Magnificent as have been the consequences of that simple act, to establish a democracy in America was not the purpose whereunto the Mayflower was sent.

"What sought they thus afar?

. . . . . .

They sought a faith's pure shrine."

Later, it was the religious zeal of "that worthy man of God," Mr. John White of Dorchester, England, and his fear lest the

English fishermen on our inhospitable coast, might lack the spiritual food so necessary for the salvation of their souls, that dispatched Roger Conant to Cape Ann, sent John Endicott to Salem, installed John Winthrop as governor, with the charter of Massachusetts at the Bay, and settled William Pynchon at Roxbury.

Their pious care to make plentiful provision of godly ministers for their plantation, sent over Mr. Skelton, Mr. Higginson, and Mr. Smith, and brought Eunice Williams's ancestor, John Warham, a famous Puritan divine of Exeter, to Dorchester. Their devotion to religion and their willingness to suffer exile for freedom to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences, brought Thomas Hooker and Samuel Stone, as pastor and teacher, to Cambridge. This, too, led John Cotton, when driven by threats of the infamous court of High Commission, from "the most stately parish church in England," St. Botolph's in Old Boston, to preach the gospel "within the mud walls, and under the thatched roof of the meeting-house in a rude New England hamlet," which, in honor of his arrival, took thenceforth the name of Boston.

The same religious fervor, made the fathers of Massachusetts determine that the rights of citizenship, and offices of public trust, should belong "only to Christian men, ascertained to be such by the best test which they know how to apply,"—and however unwise, impracticable and unjust it would seem, in our day, to make the franchise dependent upon church membership, yet the bribery and corruption witnessed in our elections, and the moral unfitness of many of our candidates, make us wish that "not birth, nor learning, nor skill in war, alone might confer political power," but that to these we might add some test of personal character, of moral worth and goodness.

We need to remember amid the dissensions that are agi-

William Pynchon

tating the religious world of to-day, that the Puritanism of the fathers, which to us seems the extreme of conservatism, was really the radicalism of their time.

It is a curious study to trace the struggle between the old and the new, that began at the beginning and must endure to the end of time, as it is connected with the settlement of our state, and through that, with the history of our nation.

However they may have desired "to transfer themselves to the fertile valley of the Connecticut, from the less productive soil upon which they had sat down," and whatever other motives they may have alleged for their migration, it is easy to see that the same desire for greater civil and religious freedom, that planted the first settlers at Plymouth Rock and Massachusetts Bay, led to the removal of William Pynchon and his Roxbury neighbors to Springfield, of John Warham and his Dorchester flock to Windsor, of the Watertown church, with Henry Smith as its pastor, to Weathersfield, and of Hooker and Stone, with their congregations, to Hartford.

Still later, the radicalism of the majority of the Hartford church on the subject of baptism, extending to the church at Weathersfield, led to the settlement of Hadley by a small minority of the more conservative brethren of both parishes, under the leadership of Governor Webster of Hartford and Mr. John Russell of Weathersfield.

Another lesson of peculiar significance to us, at the present period of our religious history, is given in the fact that amid all their differences, our forefathers never lost sight of the common aim and purpose of their emigration, namely, "the advancement of the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the enjoyment of the liberties of the Gospel, in unity with peace," whereto they bear noble testimony in the preamble to the articles of Confederation, signed by the four colonies, in 1643.

It could not be supposed that men professing "the propagation of the Gospel to be above all their aim in settling this plantation," would be long indifferent to the spiritual welfare of the savages around them. The conversion of the natives was early an object of their solicitude, but the obstacles were such as might have appalled the most enthusiastic zealot; and not until 1644, was the work begun in earnest.

John Eliot, destined to become the Apostle to the Indians, on quitting the University at Cambridge, England, was assistant to Thomas Hooker, in a private school. Leaving his native country for the same motives that impelled other Puritans at that time, and arriving in 1631, at Boston, he there for a season supplied the pulpit of the absent pastor, and later was appointed teacher of the newly organized church at Roxbury. The missionary spirit, which prompted him to undertake the conversion of the Indians, was greatly aided by his natural fondness for philological studies, in which he is said to have excelled at college. Employing his leisure hours in endeavoring to master the language of the natives, at length, in the autumn of 1644, he preached in a wigwam on Nonantum hill, his first sermon in the Indian tongue. Some authority seemed to be given soon after to his undertaking, by an order from the General Court to the County Courts, "for the civilization of the Indians and their instruction in the worship of God."

The passage of such a decree was an easy task. What benevolence and fortitude, what faith, patience and courage were requisite to its execution, those who have read the life of Eliot know full well. From this time to the end of his long life, his labors for the Indians were unflagging. Having the good sense to see that they must be civilized before they could be christianized, he wished to collect them in compact settlements of their own. "I find it absolutely necessary," he says, "to carry on civility with religion." To quote his

own words, he "looked for some spot somewhat remote from the English, where the Word might be constantly taught, and government constantly exercised, means of good subsistence provided, encouragement for the industrious, means of instruction in letters, trades and labor."

About the year 1650, he found a suitable site at Natick, and the records of this period attest the pertinacity of his application to the General Court for the same, and its patient endeavors to satisfy his demands, without interfering with the rights of those to whom these adjacent lands had already been granted.

The inhabitants of Dedham having signified their willingness to further the plantation at Natick by a tender of two thousand acres of their land to the Indians, "provided they lay down all claims in that town elsewhere, and set no traps in enclosed lands," the Court approving, in October, 1652, empowered Capt. Eleazar Lusher of Dedham, and others, to lay out meet bounds for the Indian plantation at Natick.

From this time, for several years, the records are occupied with the settlement of Natick bounds. Petitions from Dedham for relief from "affronts offered them by the Indians," and counter petitions from Mr. Eliot, "in behalf of the poor natives," concerning the monopoly by the English of the best meadow and upland, and encroachments upon the Indian grant, show that the task of adjustment was a difficult one. In May, 1662, the Court,

"Finding that the legal rights of Dedham cannot in justice be denied, yet such has been the encouragement of the Indians in the improvement thereof, the which added to their native right, which cannot in strict justice be utterly extinct, do therefore order that the Indians be not dispossessed of such lands as they are at present possessed of there, but that the same, with convenient accommodations for wood and timber and highways thereto, be set out and bounded by a committee appointed for that purpose, and that the damages

thereby sustained by Dedham, together with charges sustained in suits about the same, be determined by the said committee, such allowance being made them out of Natick lands, or others yet lying in common, as they shall judge equal."

One of the committee appointed "being disabled by the providence of God," and the other utterly declining the work, the Court at its autumn session,

"Being sensible of the great inconveniency that accrues to both English and Indians by the neglect of an issue to the controversy, elects others in their stead and orders that the work be issued within six weeks at the fartherest."

June 16, 1663—"For a final issue of the case between Dedham and Natick, the court judgeth it meet to grant Dedham 8000 acres of land in any convenient place or places, not exceeding two, where it can be found free from former grants, provided Dedham accept of this offer."

At a general meeting, Jan. 1, 1664, the town, as we learn from the Dedham records,

"Having duly considered this proposition, their conclusion is about the 8000 acres, that the care of managing the same so as the town may have their ends answered, be left to the Selectmen now to be chosen,"

among whom were Ensign Daniel Fisher and Lieut. Joshua Fisher.

Sept. 21, 1664, John Fairbanks having informed the Selectmen that Goodman Prescott, "an auntient planter and publique spirited man of Lancaster," thinks it probable that a suitable tract of land is to be found at some distance from there, they depute Lieut. Fisher and Fairbanks to repair to Sudbury and Lancaster, and report upon their return. An item here occurring of "9s allowed Henry Wright for his horse for the journey to the Chestnut country, judging it well worth that," has reference to this expedition, and Nov. 6, 1664, the committee reported that the tract of land where-

of they had been informed, was "already entered upon by several farms, and altogether unable to supply them."

It is precisely at this point that the history of Deerfield begins. I follow the records:

"The Selectmen in further pursuance of this case concerning the 8000 acres above mentioned having heard of a considerable tract of good land that might be answerable to the town's expectation, about 10 or 12 miles from Hadley, ... think it meete in behalf of the towne to provide that the 8000 acres be chosen and laid out to satisfie that grant, and that with all convenient speed, before any other grantee enter upon it and prevent us."

Eight men or any four of them, "whereof Lieft. Joshua Fisher is to be one," were appointed, "empowered and entreated to repayer to the place mentioned, ... to choose and lay out the Land according to their best discretion," each man being promised "100 acres of land in full satisfaction for thier paynes, ... onely to Lieft. Fisher such other sattisfaction as shall be judged equal." Further progress in the work was prevented by the coming on of winter, during which some unwillingness seems to have been shown by the committee, to undertake the business on the terms offered by the Selectmen.

As appears from the record of March 20, 1665, the difficulty was amicably settled, when

"Vpon further consideration of effecting the layeing out the 8000 Acres, ... Lieft. Fisher declaring his disaceptance of w^{t} was aboue tendered him, ... and his peremptory demaund being 300 acres, it is consented vnto provided he allso drawe for the Towne a true and sufficient platt of that tract and Edw : Richards, Antho : Fisher, Junio^{r}, and Tymo : Dwight, accept of the payem^{t} formerly tendered, vizt. 150 achers to each of them."

If Timothy Dwight be unable to attend to the business himself, he agrees to furnish Sergt. Richard Ellis with a horse for the journey. A report of this committee with

reference to an accompanying plot, certified and figured as "layd out by Joshua Fisher, May, 1665," proves that the work was accomplished without much delay.

The principle of Squatter Sovereignty by which men naturally at first possess themselves of lands in a new settlement, is as naturally set aside by the first attempts at corporate government. The land was granted by the General Court in townships, without prescription as to the manner of its apportionment among the inhabitants, and though persons and property seem to have had some consideration in the distribution, no uniform rule was observed in the different towns.

Dedham, at this period, was occupied by two classes of inhabitants,—landed proprietors, and landless residents. All the lands of the township, at first held as common property, had been divided into 522 cow commons, a name based upon the number of cattle then running on the common pasture, and by a somewhat arbitrary rule, a certain number of these shares assigned to each proprietor, with the understanding that his rights in all future grants of land to the township of Dedham would be proportionate to his proprietorship there. In the actual division of the Pocumtuck grant, however, there are 523 cow commons, one more than in the Dedham property, a discrepancy as yet inexplicable.

After the allotment of the 750 acres promised to Lieut. Fisher and his three associates, for their assistance in laying out the grant, the remainder was to be divided into cow commons. The surveyors doubtless selected their tract on their first expedition, and their choice was made with great sagacity. It included about one hundred and fifty acres of the very best land in the north meadows, situated as we believe from a careful comparison of allotments, in the region now known as Pogue's Hole, the Neck and White Swamp.

It may be a satisfaction to property holders there, to note the advance in real estate since Dec. 10, 1665, when

Timothy Dwight, on condition that a plantation is effectually settled at Pocumtuck, agrees to resign all claim to his share for "5£; 2£ to be paid in money, and 3£ in corn and cattell," and Lieut. Fisher makes a similar offer of his rights, for "£4 in cash and £6 in corn and cattell," the only time, probably, when 300 acres of good land in Old Deerfield could have been bought for about fifty dollars.

In the records, the surveyors' lands are spoken of as "Farms," to distinguish them from the cow commons of the other proprietors. On Jan. 22, 1666, it was voted,

"That each proprietor's land shall pay annually towards the maintenance of an Orthodox Minister there, 2s for each cow common, whether the owner live there or at Dedham; and all others that hold any part of the 8000 in proportion upon any other account besides cow commons, shall pay proportionately upon such lands as shall be laid out for the accommodation of teaching church officers there."

The last clause refers to the Puritan custom of employing both a Pastor and a Teacher for the same church.

Any man unwilling or unable to pay his tax for the ministry, was empowered to sell his rights, at a price to be fixed by a majority of the proprietors, and in case no buyer could be found, the inhabitants of Pocumtuck were to take his rights at that price, or free him from the aforesaid tax.

The bounds of the grant having been laid out in May, 1665, the next thing to be done was the extinction of the Indian title by a nominal purchase of their lands. A nominal purchase, I say, because remembering how all the fertile river lands from Suffield to Northfield, were purchased from the Indians for a few great coats and some hundred fathoms of wampum, I cannot quite agree with Dr. Holland, who declares that "All the land occupied by the settlers was fairly purchased of the natives."

Mr. Judd, in alluding to the fact that Penn's bargain with the Indians has been rendered famous by the historian and

poet, says "It would be difficult to tell why Penn's purchase is more worthy of renown than the purchase of Indian lands in Hadley by John Pynchon twenty years before." With less partiality than the former writer, he adds, "both bought as cheaply as they could."

Let us cast no imputation on the general justice of the policy of the early settlers of Massachusetts towards the Indians. Still it is noticeable that the very records of their purchases make complacent mention of the "Indian title in [not to] the land," and we must admit that it was usually a bargain in which might made right, the simple wants and characteristic lack of foresight of the red man being no match for the ambition and shrewdness of the civilized white. Major John Pynchon of Springfield, (Worshipful John) in his double capacity of magistrate and trader, dealt largely with the Connecticut River Indians and effected nearly every important purchase from them. The Sachems of the valley kept a running account at Pynchon's shop, buying from him wampum and other small merchandise of which they stood in need, and pledging their lands in payment.

He in turn transferred the Indian deeds to the white settlers, receiving from them money, corn, wheat and other standard articles of trade. The following items from Pynchon's account book is a small part of the debt of Umpachala, the Norwottuck Sachem, in payment of which he gave Pynchon a deed of the town of Hadley:

"1660, July 10, 2 coats, shag and wampum, 5£; Red shag cotton, knife, 7s. July 30 to September 14, wampum and 2 coats, 5£ 10s; a kettle, 1£ 5s; for your being drunk, 10s."

Thus for the vice of drunkenness which the untaught Pagan had learned from our Christian civilization, we forced him to forfeit his home, and yet we boast of the fairness of our dealings with him.

Major Pynchon, acting in behalf of the Dedham proprie-

W. H. Bartlett.

Burial place of the Voyageurs

tors, obtained from the Pocumtuck Indians four deeds of land. Three of these are extant.

The first, dated February 24th, 1665, is signed with his mark by Chaque, Sachem of Pocumtuck, who for good "and valuable considerations," transfers a large portion of the territory of his tribe, to John Pynchon for Major Eleazar Lusher, Ensign Daniel Fisher, and other Englishmen of Dedham, agreeing to defend the same from any molestation from Indians, and reserving the right

"Of fishing in the waters and rivers, and free liberty to hunt deer and other wild creatures, and to gather walnuts, chestnuts and other nuts and things on the commons."

The second, dated June 16th, 1667, is from Masseamet, owner of certain lands at Pocumtuck, who in conveying them agreed to "save them harmless from all manner of claims."

By the third, dated July 22d, 1667, Ahimunquat, alias Mesquinnitchall of Pocumtuck, and his brother, devise and sell both Weshatchowmesit and Tomholisick "with all the trees, waters, profits and commoditys whatsoever," to the same parties to hold and enjoy, and that forever. The prosecution of this business was the chief topic of interest at Dedham.

"June 6th, 1667, the Selectmen after consideration of the case respecting Pocompticke and the Information brought by those bretheren lately upon the place, ... doe desire and depute them . . . . . to make reporte in publike the next Lecture day after Lecture. . . . . Allso that the Towne be made acquainted with the disbursm^{ts} of the Worp^{full} Capt Pinchion in purchasing the Indians Right at Pocompticke . . . . . who haue declared that he haue allready layed out about 40$\pounds$ and is yet in prosecution of compleating that worke, and by word and writeing haue exp'ssed his desire to be reimbursed, the payem^{t} he desire is money, wheate and porke and wee would desire the Towne to remember and gratifie his paynes."

October 2d, 1667, a rate was laid to pay Capt. Pynchon the sum disbursed for Pocumtuck land, wherein 4s was assessed

upon each cow common, reckoning 14 acres or thereabouts to each common, and an equal assessment, acre for acre on the "farms" of the surveyors.

The list of proprietors at this time numbers sixty Dedham men.

The deeds, meanwhile, having been delivered to Eleazar Lusher, by whom they were deposited in Deacon Aldis's box,—at a general meeting of the proprietors, September 29th, 1669, 96£, 10s were ordered raised to pay Capt. Pynchon, (the first assessment evidently not having been collected), by an assessment of 3s 4d on each cow common, the 750 acres constituting the farms of the surveyors being rated at 54 commons, showing thus an estimate of about 14 acres to a common.

This list contains the names of eighty-four proprietors, proving that the fever of speculation in Deerfield land was spreading in Dedham. Among several transfers of rights recorded, is the purchase of Anthony Fisher's 150 acres by Gov. Leverett, who sold it again to John Pynchon "for £9 current money and several barrels of tar," in the manufacture of which Springfield was largely engaged. Permission was also granted in 1668, to Lieut. Fisher, to sell a part of his rights to John Stebbins of Northampton, ancestor of the Stebbins family of Deerfield.

On May 10th, 1670, a committee of the proprietors, assembled to fix a time for drawing lots and settling proprieties at Pocumtuck, order notice to be given of a meeting of the proprietors for that purpose, at the meeting house in Dedham at seven o'clock in the morning of the 23d instant.

"The proprietors by Grant or purchase," assembled according to appointment on the morning of May 23d, 1670. At this meeting

"It is agreed that an Artist be procured vpon as moderate tearmes as may be that may laye out the Lotts at Pawcompticke to each propriator." . . . . .

Corn Clearing

Three Hadley men, as being more familiar with the situation than the Dedham committee, were

"desired to direct the artist in the work abovesaid, and empowered to order the scituation of the Towne for the most conveaniencie . . . . . the whole Tract, and the quallities of each sort of Land, and other accomadacions considered. . . . . It is allso agreed that no man shall laye out more than 20 Cow Commons rights together in one place. Joh. Pincheon is entreated and empowered . . . . . to take his time to visit the Committee and artist and to giue them such advice . . . . . as he shall Judge most Conduceable to the good of the plantation. . . . . It is further agreed to proceed to drawe Lotts, and p^r^pare accordingly and that in every deuision of Lands of all sorts (except house Lotts) the length of the Lotts shall runne easterly and westerly, and the begining of layeing out Lotts . . . . . shall allwayes be on the northerly side and make an end on the southerly side. . . . . "

The meadow lands only, were allotted in this drawing, and a cow common represented three acres of land. The list of proprietors includes two women,[1] and contains in all thirty-four names, among which are those of Samuel Hinsdell and Samson Frary.

During the summer succeeding this allotment, the committee visited the grant, and laid out the "town plat," which they divided into the same number of commons and lots as the meadows, a common being smaller, as the area set apart for their homesteads was, of course, much less than that reserved for tillage.

May 14th, 1671, the drawing for house lots took place. On the 16th, the committee made a detailed report to the town of Dedham, of all their proceedings, and a most interesting document it is. It shows us the lots as they front east and west on the street, the meadow roads at the north and south, and a highway from the middle of the street,

[1] Mary Haward.
Mrs. Buncker.

east and west to the mountain and river, nearly as we see them to-day. The lots were numbered in regular order, No. 1 being at the north end on the west side; but as the area of each man's house lot was proportioned to the number of cow commons of which he was proprietor, they varied in extent from one acre nine rods, to seven acres ten rods, and cannot be identified. Various circumstances lead to the conclusion, that lot No. 13, drawn by John Stebbins, was that now owned by Samuel Wells.

The first and second divisions of the meadows were defined as they still appear, though we no longer recognize a curious distinction, borrowed doubtless from their salt marshes around Dedham, which they made between the lower lands on the river, called by them "the meadows," and "the more higher sort of lands," called "Intervale or plow lands." The report also furnishes the clearest evidence, that the country surrounding the meadows, (the east and west mountains, from Long Hill south, and from Cheapside hills north), was densely wooded, which is contrary to tradition.

It must not be supposed that Deerfield was settled by a colony from Dedham, as Windsor had been from Dorchester. The thirty-four names appearing on the list of original proprietors of Pocumtuck, do not represent actual settlers.

Robert Hinsdell and his son Samuel, Samson Frary, John Farrington and Samuel Daniels, are the only Dedham men appearing among the thirty-four original proprietors of Pocumtuck, who ever became actual settlers in Deerfield. John Stebbins, a Northampton man also on the list, settled here. The other Dedham proprietors sold out their rights.

Robert Hinsdell, his son Samuel, and Samson Frary, were living in Hatfield just previous to the allotment of lands at Pocumtuck, May 23d, 1670, and very soon after that date, the two latter took up their abode in Deerfield. The report to which I have alluded, fixes these two men as the first set-

tlers of Deerfield. In it, the street is described as extending "from Eagle Brook on the south to the banke or falling ridge of land at Samson Frary's cellar on the north;" and permission is given to Samuel Hinsdell "to enjoy a percell of land on which at present he is resident, considering his expense on the same."

The third settler, Godfrey Nims, came from Northampton to Deerfield in 1670, living there "in a sort of a house where he had dug a hole or cellar in the side hill," south of Colonel Wilson's. At the allotment of the homesteads in 1671, he built a house, on what lot is not known.

In 1672, the town of Hatfield, complaining that their north boundary was obstructed by the Pocumtuck line, it was accordingly established where it now is.

The same year Samuel Hinsdell petitioned the town of Dedham, to appoint a committee of suitable persons to regulate the affairs of the new settlement. No heed being paid to this request, the petitioners renewed it the next year, urging their distress by reason of their remoteness from other plantations. Either directly or indirectly, through Dedham, their prayer was heard by the General Court, which in 1673, "In ans^{r} to the peticon of . . . . . , Samuel Hinsdell, Samson Frary &c, the Court . . . . . allow the petitioners the liberty of a Township and doe therefore grant them such an addition . . . . . to the 8000 acres formerly granted . . . . . as that the whole be . . . . . seven miles square, provided that an able & orthodox minister wthin three yeares be settled, ... and doe appointt . . . . . Lef^{t}. Wm Allys, Thos Meakins, Sen & Sergent Isaack Graues, wth Lef^{t} Samuel Smith, M^{r}. Peeter Tylton, & Samuel Hinsdell . . . . . or any fower of them, to admit inhabitants, grant lands, & order all their prudentiall affaires till they shall be in a capacity, by meet persons from among themselues, to manage their owne affaires."[1]

During the two succeeding years, this committee was not

[1] Mass. Records, IV. Part II. 558.

idle. There were claims to be satisfied, and disputes concerning land titles to be adjusted. Among other grants was one of "20 Akars of land and Allsoe a hoame lott, to Richard Weler and his heirs forever:—of a hoame lott, and Allsoe a twelve common Lott of 36 Akars to Sergeant Plimpton and his heirs forever:—and to Zebediah Williams a house lott of 4 Akars:" on condition of their residing thereon for the space of four years from their first occupation. To Mr. Samuel Mather, the Dedham church lot was awarded, "and an 8 common lotte more in the most convenient place—48 Akars in all," on the same condition.

In 1673, at the early age of twenty-two, he began his labors as first minister of Deerfield. He had been graduated two years before at Harvard, and was a nephew of the distinguished Increase Mather, and cousin to the more learned Cotton Mather.

In the fall of 1674, Moses Crafts, "was licensed to keep an Ordinary at Pocumtuck,"—the word tavern or ale-house was offensive to our Puritan fathers,—"and to sell wines and strong liquors for one year, provided he keep good order in his house."

Inhabitants came in gradually, men began to "stub up" their home lots, and the infant town, now known by the name of Deerfield from the number of those animals in its woodlands, seemed in a fair way to a prosperous growth.

The savages still hunted, fished, and fowled, in the woods and waters of Pocumtuck, maintaining entire friendliness towards the settlers. Often Goodwife Stockwell, cumbered with much care about the minister's dinner, would be startled at her work, by the dusky shadow of an old squaw gliding in at her doorway to bring her a mat or a basket, expecting a few beans or a trifle in return; or the Indian hunter strode through the little village with a haunch of venison on his shoulder, to barter with Moses Crafts for tobacco or powder;

or his young wife, with her bright-eyed pappoose at her back, peered wonderingly in at the door of the little log meeting-house, while the young divine poured forth his soul in prayer; and listened with pleased attention as the Psalms, deaconed out by old Robert Hinsdale, were sung to the fine old tunes of York or Windsor.

So, side by side, in peace, stood the wigwam of the savage and the cabin of the settler, in this valley, till the torch kindled at Swanzey by that "prime incendiary, Philip," as the historians of the time call him, set the whole country in flames. Driven from his throne at Mount Hope, the self-styled king, with a few followers, fled for aid and comfort to the country of the Nipmucks, his subjects or allies.

A quaint writer says, with much gravity, that "about now, Philip began to need money, and having a coat made all of wampum, cut it in pieces and distributed it among the Nipmuck sachems;" whereupon Drake remarks, that the coat must have been bigger than Doctor Johnson's, mentioned by Boswell, the side pockets of which, were each large enough to contain a volume of his folio dictionary. Doubtless Philip's wampum and his wrongs, were freely used as incentives to the war, but at this period the quarrel was not one of individuals or of tribes. It was a struggle of races for the possession of a continent; or rather, it was a war of the incarnated principles of barbarism resisting the encroachments of civilization, the last rally of Paganism against Christianity. Philip or no Philip, sooner or later, the contest was inevitable. In the Connecticut valley, the carnival of blood opened with the Sugar Loaf fight, in the autumn of 1675. The defection of the Pocumtuck Indians, with later events sadly familiar to all, followed in quick succession. The bloodthirsty savage lurking in the forest, sped his bullet with unerring aim to the heart of the settler, as he plied his axe for his winter's fire; or creeping stealthily to the cabin

whose occupants were wont to greet him with kindness, he tore the child from its mother's arms as she lulled it to rest, and with one blow of his tomahawk, silenced its cries forever. "A distressing sense of instant danger," pervaded every breast. The churches everywhere were before the Lord with humiliation and prayer, and pious preachers admonished their flocks, that their sufferings were directly chargeable to their sins. From the very midst of the alarm, Parson Stoddard writing to Increase Mather, at Boston, urges the need of a reformation. "Many sins," he says, "are grown so in fashion, that it is a question whether they be sins," and begs him to call the Governor's attention especially to "that intolerable pride in clothes and hair, and the toleration of so many taverns, especially in Boston, and suffering home dwellers to be tippling therein." "It would be a dreadful token of the displeasure of God," he adds, "if these afflictions pass away without much spiritual advantage." Mr. Mather, jotting down hastily for the printer, the intelligence that comes post from Hadley, moralizes thus: "It is as if the Lord should say He hath a controversy with every plantation, and therefore all had need to repent and reform their ways." "This sore contending of God with us for our sins," writes John Pynchon to his absent son, "unthankfulness for former mercies and unfaithfulness under our precious enjoyments, hath evidently demonstrated that He is very angry with this country, and hath given the heathen a large commission to destroy." And Minister Hubbard, from his Ipswich study, where rumors come flying in of the untimely cutting off of the flower of Essex by Indian hatchet, groans out, "God grant that by the fire of all these judgments, we may be purged from our dross and become a more refined people, as vessels fitted for our Master's use."

The inhabitants of Deerfield, warned by repeated attacks, had been driven from their homes and were huddled togeth-

The ISLES OF MONTREAL, as they have been Survey'd By the French Engineers.
English Miles
1 2 3 4 5 6
Repentigny
Vercheres
la Chenaye
Terre bonne
St. Johns or Jesus River
St. Francois
Mansion House of the Prest of St. Sulpice
Varennes
St. Rose
ISLE OF JESUS
THE THOUSAND ISLES
St. Vincent
le Saut
St. Laurent
MONTREAL
VILLEMARIE or MONTREAL
Boucherville
Tremblay
Longueil
St. Lambert
la Prairie
LAKE OF THE TWO MOUNTAINS
THE TWO MOUNTAINS
Utawas R.
Ste. Genevieve
ISLE OF MONTREAL
THE MOUNTAIN
Ste. Anne
St. Joachim
la Pointe Claire
la Presentation
Fort Roland
la Chine
ISLE PERROT
LAKE St. LOUIS
Peace Islands
Chateauguay
Mission du Saut St. Louis
PRAIRIES DE LA MADALENE
R. des Prairies
Road to Chambly
Coteau des Cedres
R. St. LAURENCE
les Cascades

er in two or three houses, poorly protected by palisades, and defended by a handful of soldiers. To the men, who with gun and sickle in hand, went out to harvest the fruits of their summer's labor, the smoke from some distant chimney was a terror, lest they should return to find the remnant of their little settlement in ashes. While as straggling bands of Indians on their murderous errand passed near the forts, the women watched and waited within, in an agony of fear, lest some beloved one might not return at nightfall. The noonday was thick with horrors, and a thousand phantoms of dread, haunted the darkness and silence of midnight. The wind shrieked and groaned through the forest, as if with premonition of impending disaster. To their frightened fancy, the patter of the autumnal rain, was the tramp of the approaching foe, and the rustle of the leaves, as they sped before the September gale, the final rush of their savage assailants. Compelled at last to seek security and shelter for their families in the better protected settlements, the men of Deerfield reluctantly prepared to desert the homesteads they had won with much toil from the wilderness.

The last bag of wheat was at length filled, the golden corn lay heaped on the great ox-carts, the feather beds and other treasures of thrifty housewifery carefully disposed atop, and the march for Hadley began. The feeling with which they saw the day breaking over the mountain, as they wended their way through the meadows on that ever memorable morning, the 18th of September, 1675, was, no doubt, one of mingled relief that the long suspense was ended, and of resolute confidence that they should return in the spring, to occupy the fields to which they now bade a regretful farewell. No foreshadowing of their awful fate, seems to have rested on their hearts. Joyfully their households awaited them at Hadley, joy turned all too soon to bitter sorrow, when the few that escaped told there, how the little stream,

known before as Muddy Brook, had been baptized anew and consecrated forever, with the blood of eighteen of the sturdy yeomanry of Pocumtuck, and many a valiant soldier besides. Goodwife Hinsdale wept for her husband and three stalwart sons slain in the fight, and remembered with unavailing penitence, how the year before she had flouted his authority. Upon the ear of William Smead, mourning for his boy of fifteen, Mr. Mather's Latin "*Dulce et decorum est, pro patria mori,*" fell unheeded; and vainly did brave Sergeant Plympton strive to hush the wailing of his old wife Jane, for Jonathan, the staff of their declining years, now lost forever.

After the massacre at Muddy Brook, the garrison was withdrawn from Deerfield, and the enemy soon laid in ashes all that remained of that hopeful plantation. Some brave spirits, however, still clung to the hope of resettlement. These, exasperated by the news, in the early summer of 1676, that the Indians, not only had their rendezvous at the Great Falls, where they were laying in large stores of fish for their next campaign, but were actually planting corn on the rich intervales of Deerfield, gladly volunteered, under the heroic Turner, to dislodge them. By his defeat of the Indians at the Swamscott Falls,[1] Philip's war, so called, was virtually ended. A few months later, the pallid hands of that once haughty chieftain were shown as a spectacle in the streets of Boston. His ghastly head set up on a pole in Plymouth, afforded the occasion for a public thanksgiving, and the body of Weetamoo,[2] his constant ally, more implacable in her resentment than even he had been, lay stranded by the ebbing tide, the once beauteous form now sodden and repulsive, the long hair, which the proud dame was wont to dress so carefully, all knotted with sea-tangle, the features once so gaily

[1]Ever since known as Turner's Falls.

[2]Squaw Sachem of Pocasset married first the brother of Philip.

W. H Bartlett

F. Brandard

Scene among the Thousand Isles

adorned, all begrimed with the ooze and slime of Taunton River.

The dispersion of their foes made the surviving settlers of Deerfield anxious to return there. The prospect of passing another winter with their families in the overcrowded dwellings of Hadley and Hatfield, was not agreeable to them, and they feared lest a union of the settlements might be effected, which would deprive them forever of their Pocumtuck heritage. Though the presence of prowling bands of Indians in the valley, made any attempt at resettlement hazardous, Quentin Stockwell would not be dissuaded from his purpose. Of Stockwell's previous history, but little is known except that he was from Dedham. There his name appears on various tax lists, from 1663 to 1672, when he removed with his wife to Hatfield, and thence the next year to Deerfield, where the Rev. Mr. Mather found a quiet home with them. That he was a man of energy and courage, appears from his being the only Deerfield man, who, in the autumn of 1676, dared begin to rebuild his ruined home. Driven from his work by the Indians, who burned his half finished house, he fled again, most probably to Hatfield, where, with other Deerfield people, he spent the winter. He was, however, far from content. The birth of his child made him doubly anxious to shelter himself under his own roof-tree, and the next summer he succeeded in persuading old John Plympton, Benoni Stebbins, and one or two others, to return with him to Deerfield, where the former had already built himself a house, eighteen feet long.

It was the morning of the 19th of September, 1677. A year had passed since the close of the war, and the people of this valley, relieved of their apprehensions, were beginning to resume their usual occupations, when the shrill war-whoop rang through the frosty air, and a party of Indians, descending with fire and slaughter upon Hatfield, ran thence with

seventeen captives, mostly women and children, towards Deerfield.

It was near sunset of one of those tranquil, New England autumn days, we know so well. Naught of melancholy was in the song piped by a belated August cricket, and the striped snake crawled from his hole to bask in the sunshine, as if he half believed summer had come again. The witch-hazel threw into the lap of October a wealth of blossoms, which June could never extort from her. A crown of gold, gemmed with opal and amethyst, rested on the brow of the western hills; the swamps were ablaze with the flame-colored sumachs. The mountain, already in shadow, seemed like some massive temple, where in stoles of scarlet and purple and gold, stood maple and oak and chestnut, like cardinal, bishop and priest, to offer a sacrament of peace. No sound in the woodlands, save now and then as a leaf rustled down softly and was silent. The squirrels as they frolicked among the branches, ceased their chatter, startled by the echo of Quentin Stockwell's hammer, as it was borne up from the valley. A light heart was in his bosom, for he thought how snugly his little family would be housed before winter set in, and faster fell the strokes as the sun declined. Near by, sat little Samuel Russell, watching with delight the great chips as they fell from under John Root's axe, when suddenly "with great shouting and shooting," the Indians came upon them. Dropping their tools, and seizing their guns, the men fled towards the swamp, where Root was instantly shot, and Stockwell after brave resistance, was at last overpowered and compelled to surrender or die.

"I was now by my own House," says Quentin, "which the Indians burnt the last year and I was about to build up again, and there I had some hopes to escape from them. There was a Horse just by which they bid me take. I did so, but made no attempt to escape thereby because the enemy was near, and the beast dull and slow,

and I in hopes they would send me to take my own Horses, which they did, but they were so frighted that I could not come near to them, and so fell still into the Enemies hands, who now took me, and bound me, and led me away, and soon was I brought into the company of other Captives, that were that day brought away from Hatfield, which were about a mile off; and here methought was matter of joy and sorrow both, to see the Company ; some Company in this condition being some refreshing, though little help any-ways.

Then were we pinioned and led away in the night over the mountains, in dark and hideous wayes, about four miles further, before we took up our place for rest, which was in a dismal piece of Wood, on the east side of the mountain.

We were kept bound all that night. The Indians kept waking, and we had little mind to sleep in this night's travel.

The Indians dispersed, and as they went made strange noises as of Wolves and Owls and other Wilds Beasts, to the end that they might not lose one another, and if followed they might not be discovered by the English.

About the break of Day we Marched again and got over the great river at Pecumptuck River mouth, and there rested about two hours. There the Indians marked out upon Trees the number of their Captives and Slain as their manner is. Now was I again in great danger ; A quarrel arose about me, whose Captive I was, for three took me. I thought I must be killed to end the controversie, so when they put it to me whose I was, I said three Indians took me; so they agreed to have all a share in me. I had now three Masters, and he was my chief master who laid hands on me first, and thus was I fallen into the hands of the very worst of all the Company; as Ashpelon the Indian captain told me; which captain was all along very kind to me, and a great comfort to the English. In this place they gave us some Victuals which they had brought from the English. This morning also they sent ten Men forth to Town to bring away what they could find, some Provision, some Corn out of the Meadow they brought to us upon Horses which they

had there taken. From hence we went up about the Falls, where we crossed that River again, and whilst I was going, I fell right down lame of my old Wounds that I had in the War, and whilst I was thinking I should therefore be killed by the Indians, and what Death I should die, my pain was suddenly gone and I was much encouraged again."

As they recrossed the river at Peskeompskut Falls, the Hatfield captives remembered with satisfaction, how Benjamin Waite had piloted brave Turner to his great victory at this very spot; and a gleam of hope cheered their hearts at the thought, that he would not be less active in the pursuit of the foe, who now bore his helpless wife and children into cruel captivity. Stockwell continues,

"We had about eleven horses in that Company, which the Indians used, to carry Burthens, and to carry Women. It was afternoon when we now crossed that river. We travelled up it till night, and then took up our Lodging in a dismal place, and were staked down and spread out on our backs; and so we lay all night, yea so we laid many nights. They told me their Law was, that we should lie so nine nights, and by that time, it was thought we should be out of our knowledge. The manner of staking down was thus: our Arms and Legs stretched out were staked fast down, and a Cord about our necks, so that we could stir no wayes. The first night of staking down, being much tired, I slept as comfortable as ever. The next day we went up the river, and crossed it and at night lay in Squakheag meadows, and while we lay in those meadows, the Indians went a-hunting, and the English army came out after us."

Dividing into many companies to elude pursuit, they again crossed the river. About thirty miles above Northfield they re-crossed it to the west, and being quite out of fear of the English, lay there encamped about three weeks. On this last march Stockwell's three masters went off to hunt, leaving him with only one Indian, who fell sick, so that as he says,

"I was fain to carry his Gun and Hatchet, and had opportunity and

W H Bartlett

J T Willmore

A FOREST ON LAKE ONTARIO

had thought to have dispatched him, and run away, but did not, for that the English Captives had promised the contrary to one another, because if one should run away, that would provoke the Indians, and indanger the rest that could not run away."

Life was dear to him, escape was easy, the thought of his child sorely tempted him to try it, but he remembered that if one should run away it would endanger the rest, and resisted. No knightlier deed was ever done. Not the dying Sidney putting aside the proffered cup of water from his fevered lips, more deserves our reverence, than Quentin Stockwell refusing liberty, and life for aught he knew, lest his gain might prove another's loss. While encamped here, Stockwell says,

"they had a great Dance, (as they call it), concluded to burn three of us and had got Bark to do it with, and as I understood afterwards, I was one that was to be burnt, Sergeant Plimpton another, and Benjamin Wait his wife the third: though I knew not which was to be burnt, yet I perceived some were designed thereunto, so much I understood of their language: that night I could not sleep for fear of next dayes work, the Indians being weary with that Dance, laid down to sleep, and slept soundly. The English were all loose, then I went out and brought in Wood, and mended the fire, and made a noise on purpose, but none awaked, I thought if any of the English would wake, we might kill them all sleeping, I removed out of the way all the Guns and Hatchets; but my heart failing me, I put all things where they were again. The next day when we were to be burnt, our Master and some others spake for us, and the Evil was prevented in this place."

The tale is simply told, but no rhetoric could add to its pathos. The frightful orgies, whose dolor, says an eye witness, "no pen though made of harpy's quill, could describe;" the council fire and hellish pantomime, by which Quentin understood that some were destined to the stake; the savage brutes at length satiated with rioting, heavy and stupid with sleep, their usual precautions forgotten; the lonely watcher,

his soul racked with torturing anguish, meditating on the chances of escape; his desperate resolution to attempt it, and noisily replenishing the fire with the double purpose of testing the vigilance of his foes and the wakefulness of his friends; cautiously removing the weapons, where they may be ready for his purpose, and then, as hope dies within his breast, as carefully replacing them, with the despairing consciousness that failure would only hasten the captives' doom, with never once a thought of leaving them to their fate and seeking safety for himself in flight,—all this is pictured with awful vividness.

At this period, there was trouble between the Mohawks and the Christian Indians, on account of the neglect of the latter to pay their customary tribute to the warlike lords of the Mohawk valley.

Six Mohawks, fully armed, had been seized near Boston while hunting, and thrown into prison by the authorities there. A party of Mohawks with a scalp, and two Natick squaws as captives, having passed through Hatfield on the very day before the assault upon that town, the opinion prevailed that it was made by them. Distracted with grief, Benjamin Waite, one of the bereaved husbands, hastened immediately to Albany to demand redress, but returned with the assurance that the New York Indians were innocent of the affair. A fortnight had elapsed since the capture, and the distressed people of Hatfield could learn nothing of the fate of their friends, when Benoni Stebbins, having escaped from his captors, returned with definite information concerning them. His relation as given by himself to the Northampton postmaster, October 6th, 1667, is a curious document. He states that his captors were

"river Indians, Norwattucks, save only one Narragansett, twenty-six in all, eighteen fighting men, two squaws, the rest old men and boys; that they came from the French whither they had fled at the

end of the war, and intended to return there again to sell the captives, having been encouradged that they should have eight pounds apiece for them."

They also gave Stebbins the comforting assurance that the French Indians intended "to come with them the next time, either in the spring or winter, if they had sucses this time." The party having encamped thirty miles above Northfield, as we have already seen by Stockwell's narration, a part of the company was sent to "Watchuset hills to fetch away some Indians that had lived there through the war." Stebbins accompanied them, and having been sent out with two squaws and a mare to pick huckleberries, he says he "got upon the mare and rid till he tired the mare, and then run on foot and so escaped to Hadley, being two days and a half without vituals."

Wachusett hills, as often spoken of by the historians of Philip's war, included a much wider geographic extent than in our day. The expedition alluded to is mentioned in Pynchon's letter which follows, as having been made to "Nashaway Ponds."

Simultaneously with the attack upon Hatfield, Wonaloncet, a Merrimac sagamore, always peaceable and friendly toward the English, a praying Indian, in whose wigwam Mr. Eliot often held meetings, was spirited away with some of his people, by Indians from Canada, and never permitted to return. It is quite possible that the detachment accompanied by Stebbins was sent to seek this very party. Intelligence of Stebbins's return was forwarded immediately to Major Pynchon at Springfield, who at once despatched the following letter to Albany, in the hope of inducing the Mohawks to undertake the recovery of the other captives.

"These for his honored ffriend Capt. Salisbury, Commander-in-Chiefe at ffort Albany—Hast, Post Hast, for his Majestie's special service.

SPRINGFIELD, Oct. 5, 1677.

Capt. Salisbury—

Worthy Sir:—

Yesterday morning I rec'd yo'r kind linis by Benj. Waite, whereby I understand yo'r sympathy with us in o'r sad disaster by ye Indians: and yo'r readiness in making greate Inquiries, and greate foirwardness to do what Possible lyes in you for us, w'ch I have abundant cause to acknowledge, and do most thankfully accept . . . . . and as to your opinion of the Maquas being free, and assuring me of their innocency, I do fully concur with you, having satisfaction fr'm what you wrote, and from Benj. Waite's relation. But to put it out of all doubt, God in His Providence hath sent us one of o'r captivated men, Benoni Stebbins by name, w'ch is ye occasion of these lines to yo'rself . . . . . So desire ye to put ye Maquas upon Psueing their and our enemys, there being greate likelihood of their overtaking them. Benoni Stebbins came into Hadley last night in ye night, whose relation was sent to me, w'h being but an hour since I had it, I Psently resolved upon sending Post to you."

Then follows a minute account of the capture and flight toward Canada with Stebbins's escape.

"He says," continues Pynchon, "that one of the Indians from Nashaway Ponds, seems to be a counsellor w'h they have consulted much; and spoke of sending to the English, but at last resolved for Canada, yet talkt of making a forte a greate way up the river, and abiding there this winter, and also of carrying the captives and selling ym to ye French, which he concludes they resolved on, but make but slow passage, concludes it may be twenty days ere they get to ye lake . . . . .

In his postscript Pynchon adds:

"Ben Wait is gone home, before the Intelligence came to me. He talkt of goeing to Canada before, and I suppose will rather be Forward to it now than Backward."

So good an opportunity for opening a correspondence with the New York Indians, with a view to their pacification and

to the recovery of the captives was not neglected by our Government. The six Mohawks released from prison, were sent home bearing formal letters of apology for their seizure, with a demand for the Natick squaws, and a remonstrance against future depredations on the Christian Indians, together with diplomatic assurances of the "special respect" of Massachusetts for the Macquas.

The tidings of Stebbins's escape caused fear and trembling among the remaining captives. Stockwell was informed of it by Ashpelon, the captain of his party, who seems to have treated the English with the utmost kindness, and whose shrewd mediation saved them more than once from dreadful death.

"He met me and told me Stebbins was run away, and the Indians spake of burning us; some of only burning and biting off our Fingers by-and-by. He said there would be a Court, and all would speak their minds, but he would speak last, and would say, that the Indian that let Stebbins run away, was only in fault, and so no hurt should be done us, fear not: and so it proved accordingly."

A fortnight after the seizure of Stockwell and his friends, some of the same party fired the mill above Hadley, and being overpowered were let go, on condition of returning soon to treat for the release of their captives.

Stockwell says that Ashpelon was much for it, but the Sachems from Wachusetts when they came, were much against it, yet were willing to meet the English, only to fall upon and take them. Ashpelon charged us not to speak a word of this, as mischief would come of it.

While they lingered at this encampment, provisions became so scarce that one bear's foot had to serve five captives for a whole day's rations, and they began to kill their horses for food. At length resuming their journey, they reached a small river about two hundred miles above Deerfield, by Stockwell's reckoning, where they separated into two com-

panies. The division to which he was attached passed over "a mighty mountain," which they were eight days in crossing, though they "travelled very hard." They suffered greatly on this march.

"Here I was frozen, and here again we were like to starve. All the Indians went a Hunting but could get nothing; divers dayes they Powwow'd but got nothing, then they desired the English to Pray, and confessed they could do nothing; they would have us Pray, and see what the Englishman's God could do. I Prayed, so did Sergeant Plimpton, in another place. The Indians reverently attended, Morning and Night; next day they got Bears: then they would needs have us desire a Blessing, and return Thanks at Meals: after a while they grew weary of it, and the Sachim did forbid us. When I was frozen they were very cruel towards me, because I could not do as at other times. When we came to the Lake we were again sadly put to it for Provisions; we were fain to eat Touchwood fryed in Bears' Greace.

At last we found a company of Raccons, then we made a Feast; and the manner was, that we must eat all. I perceived there would be too much for one time, so one Indian that sat next to me, bid me slip away some to him under his Coat, and he would hide it for me till another time; this Indian as soon as he had got my Meat, stood up and made a Speech to the rest, and discovered me, so that the Indians were very angry, and gave me another piece, and gave me Raccoon's Grease to drink, which made me sick and Vomit. I told them I had enough; so that ever after that they would give me none but still tell me I had Raccoon enough; so I suffered much, and being frozen was full of Pain, and could sleep but a little, yet must do my work. When they went upon the lake, they lit of a moose and killed it, and staid there till they had eaten it all up. After entering upon the lake there arose a great storm . . . . . but at last they got to an island and there they went to Powowing. The Powwow said that Benjamin Waite and another Man was coming and that storm was raised to cast them away. This afterwards appeared to be true, though then I believed it not."

W. H. Bartlett

J. . Bentley

Rapids on the approach to the Falls of Lodore.

Continued storms kept them cruising among the islands for about three weeks, during which time the Indians themselves were almost starved. Stockwell was days without food. The lake being now frozen, they went upon it with little sleds upon which they drew their loads. Faint with hunger and pain, after repeated falls upon the ice, "I was so spent," continues the narrator,

"I had not strength to rise again, but I crept to a tree that lay along, and got upon it, and there I lay; it was now night, and very sharp weather: I counted no other but I must die there; whilest I was thinking of Death, an Indian Hallowed, and I answered him; he came to me, and called me bad names, and told me if I could not go he must knock me on the head: I told him he must then so do; he saw how I had wallowed in that Snow, but could not rise; then he took his Coat, and wrapt me in it, and went back, and sent two Indians with a Sled, one said he must knock me on the Head, the other said No, they would carry me away and burn me."

On seeing his frozen feet, however, they relented, carried him to a fire and gave him broth, which revived him so much that at daylight he and Samuel Russell, the eight years old child taken from Deerfield, went upon a river on the ice. A strange and sad companionship. Russell slipping into the water, was called back by the Indians, who dried his stockings, and sending the two ahead again with an Indian guide, they ran four or five miles before the rest came up to them. The poor little boy complaining of faintness, told Stockwell, who was much exhausted, that he wondered how he could live, for he himself had ten meals to Stockwell's one. Stockwell was then laid on a sled and they ran away with him on the ice. He says "The rest and Samuel Russell came softly after. Samuel Russell I never saw more, nor knew what became of him."

A halt of three or four days was made at Chambly, where

Stockwell was kindly treated by the French, who gave him hasty-pudding and milk, with brandy, and bathed his frozen limbs with cold water. He was treated with great civility by a young man, who let him lie in his bed, and would have bought him, had not the Indians demanded a hundred pounds for him. To prevent his being abused, this young man accompanied Stockwell to Sorel.

From Sorel the captives were taken to the Indian lodge two or three miles distant, where the French visited Stockwell, and it being Christmas, they brought him cakes and other provisions. The Indians having tried in vain to cure him, he asked for a chirurgeon, at which one of them struck him on the face with his fist. A Frenchman near by remonstrated and went away, but soon after, the Captain of the place with twelve soldiers, came and asked for the Indian who had struck the Englishman. Seizing him, he told him he should go to the Bilboes and then be hanged. The Indian was much terrified at this, as also was Stockwell, but the Frenchman bade him not to fear, the Indian durst not hurt him.

"When that Indian was gone," he says, "I had two masters still. I asked them to carry me to that Captain, that I might speak for the Indian. They answered I was a fool; did I think the Frenchman were like to the English, to say one thing and do another?—they were men of their words, but I prevailed with them to help me thither, and I spake to the Captain by an Interpreter, and told him I desired him to set the Indian free, and told him what he had done for me, he told me he was a Rogue, and should be hanged, then I spake more privately, alleging this Reason, because all the English Captives were not come in, if he were hanged it might fare the worse with them : then the Captain said, that was to be considered : then he set him at liberty, upon this condition, that he should never strike me more, and every day bring me to his House to eat victuals."

The magnanimity of his captive so delighted the Indian

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that he embraced him, called him his brother, treated him to brandy, and carried him off to his wigwam, where all the other Indians shook hands with him and thanked him. The next day according to promise, Stockwell was carried to the house of the Captain, who gave him victuals and wine.

"Being left there a while," says he, "I showed the Captain and his wife my fingers, who were affrighted thereat and bid me lap it up again and sent for the chirurgeon who when he came said he could cure me and took it in hand and dressed it. The Indians came for me ; . . . . . I could not go. . . . . That night I was full of pain; the French were afraid I would die; five men did watch with me, and strove to keep me chearly, for I was ready to faint: oft-times they gave me brandy; the next day the chirurgeon came again, as he did all the while till May. I continued in the Captain's house till Benjamin Waite came, and my Indian master being in want of money, pawned me to the Captain for fourteen beavers, or the worth of them, which if he did not pay, he must lose his pawn, or sell me for one and twenty beavers. He could get no beavers, so I was sold, and in God's good time set at liberty and returned to my friends in New England."

Thus ends the sorrowful narrative of one of that little company, ruthlessly torn from home and friends on that bright September day, two centuries ago,—a strong man in the prime of life ;—but who shall tell the woful sufferings of the old man of four-score, the tender babes, and helpless women, who with him were first to tread that cruel way into Indian captivity, travelled later by so many weary feet? Benjamin Waite, shuddering at its horrors for his delicate wife and three little girls, determined to follow and share their fate, if he could not recover them. Stephen Jennings, another Hatfield man, whose wife and children were among the captives, joined him.

The attempt of the Government to enlist the Mohawks in its service, for the pursuit of their common enemy having failed, the General Court, in answer to a petition from Hat-

field, issued an order for the recovery of the captives, and resolved that all incidental expenses should be defrayed by the colony.

On the 24th of October, 1677, Waite and Jennings set forward on their mission of love. They bore a commission and letters from the the Governor and other influential persons, explaining the object of their journey, and bespeaking the aid of the New York and Canadian authorities in promoting it. By way of Westfield, they reached Albany on the seventh day and immediately presented their credentials to Capt. Salisbury, Commandant at the post. Convinced by the discourteous manner of this arbitrary officer, that he had no desire to forward their enterprise, they did not comply with his orders to call upon him again before leaving town, but went at once to Schenectady to procure an Indian guide for their journey. Enquiring who the strangers were, the Dutch were told that they belonged in Boston; whereupon declaring that the Englishmen said that Schenectady belonged to Boston, and acting doubtless under secret orders from Salisbury, they remanded them to Albany. There they were detained as prisoners till an opportunity offered to send them down to New York for examination by the Governor and Council. These proceedings forcibly remind one of the fable of the wolf and the lamb. New York had never forgiven Massachusetts for her occupation of Connecticut River, and was ready to seize upon the slightest pretence for a quarrel. The existing ill-will appears in the minutes of the council concerning the examination of Waite and Jennings where Waite is reported as denying the accusation brought against him that he had said that Schenectady belonged to Boston, pretending some mistake, they not understanding one another's language. It was finally resolved to allow them to proceed on their voyage, and with an order from Capt. Brockholes, then acting as Governor, that no further ob-

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LAKE GEORGE, N.Y.

stacles should be interposed, they were sent back to Albany.

Waiting in the hope of finding ice on the lakes, and also delayed by the difficulty of obtaining a guide, the 10th of December arrived before these sorely tried men could perfect the arrangements for their perilous march through the wilderness. The French guide whom they had hired, failing them at the last minute, a Mohawk Indian offered to conduct them to Lake George. Much to their disappointment on arriving there, it was free from ice. Finding an old canoe, the Indian refitted it, and after drawing for them on birch bark a rough draft of the lakes over which they were to pass, he bade them adieu. Three days took them to the outlet of Lake George, and carrying their canoe two miles across the portage, they reached the shore of Lake Champlain on the 16th of December. Here they took to the ice, but after a day's journey it proved too weak to bear them, and sadly retracing their steps, they carried the canoe forward to open water, and again embarked. Imagine the desolation of these sorrow-stricken wayfarers, as they floated for days without food in their frail skiff, buffeted and tossed by the wintry winds and icy waters of that unknown sea.

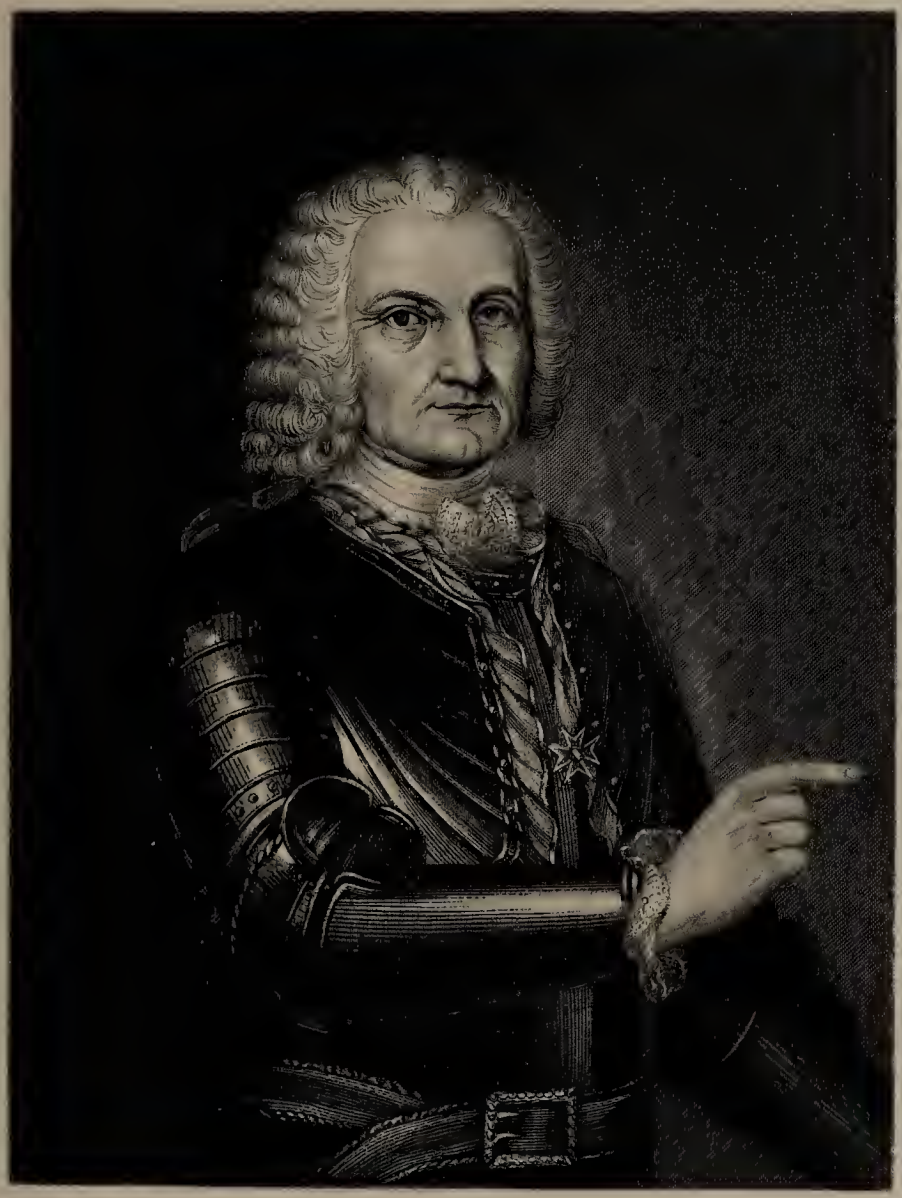
Sustained through all their hardships by that mighty affection which gives us strength to bear all and dare all for our beloved ones, and protected in all dangers by that Providence which notes the sparrow's fall, they made land at last on New-Year's day. Hastening forward, and greatly refreshed on the way by some biscuits and a bottle of brandy left by some hunter in a deserted wigwam, they passed Chambly, then a frontier settlement of ten houses. Before reaching Sorel, they came upon an Indian encampment, where Jennings was overjoyed to find his wife. With sobs and broken speech she told him all she had endured, and how it had fared with the rest; how Samuel Russell and little Mary Foote had been killed on the way; how Goodman

Plympton had survived the perils of the journey only to be murdered at the end; and how, after all had been continually threatened with burning, this old man was selected as the victim, and led to the stake by his friend and neighbor, Obadiah Dickinson, had walked serenely to his dreadful death. Groans burst from the lips of the two men as they listened to the harrowing details, but restraining their indignation, they hurried off to bargain for the redemption of their beloved ones. At Sorel they saw five more of the company, two of whom had been pawned by the Indians for rum. Waite's wife with all the rest of the captives was found in the Indian lodges in the woods beyond. Stopping only to comfort her with the joyful tidings of her speedy release, Waite and Jennings pushed on to Quebec, where they were kindly received by the Governor. Glad of an opportunity to make return for a favor lately done him by the English Government, Frontenac aided them in collecting the captives and procuring their ransom, which was effected by the payment of £200.

On the 19th of April, 1678, the redeemed captives with their deliverers, escorted by four gentlemen of Frontenac's household and a guard of French soldiers, began the homeward march. Travelling leisurely and hunting by the way as occasion required, they arrived at Albany on the 22d of May, whence a messenger was at once sent post haste with the following letters from Stockwell and Waite to their friends at Hatfield:

ALBANY, May 22, 1678.

"*Loving Wife:*—Having now opportunity to remember my kind love to thee and our child and the rest of our friends, though we met with great afflictions and trouble since I see thee last, yet here is now opportunity of joy and thanksgiving to God, that we are now pretty well and in a hopeful way to see the faces of one another, before we take our final farewell of this present world. Likewise



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God hath raised up friends amongst our enemies, and there is but three of us dead of all those that were taken away. So I conclude, being in haste and rest your most affectionate husband till death makes a separation. QUINTIN STOCKWELL."

"*To my loving friends and kindred at Hatfield*:—These few lines are to let you understand that we are arrived at Albany with the captives, and we now stand in need of assistance, for my charges is very great and heavy and therefore any that have any love to our condition, let it move them to come and help us in this strait. Three of the captives are murdered: old Goodman Plympton, Samuel Foote's daughter and Samuel Russell: All the rest are alive and well and now at Albany. I pray you hasten the matter, for it requireth great haste. Stay not for the Sabbath, nor for the shoeing of horses. We shall endeavor to meet you at Canterhook; it may be at Housatonock. We must come very softly because of our wives and children. I pray you hasten then. Stay not night nor day, for the matter requireth haste. Bring provisions with you for us.

Your loving kinsman,

BENJAMIN WAITE.

At Albany written from mine own hand as I have been affected to yours all that were fatherless, be affected to me now, and hasten and stay not, and ease me of my charges. You shall not need to be afraid of any enemies."

Copies of these letters were sent to the Governor and Council at Boston, who had previously appointed a day of fasting, and who immediately issued an order recommending "that on that day the ministers and congregation manifest their charity for the captives by a contribution and that for the quickening of the work Benjamin Waite's letter be publicly read that day in all the churches."

After tarrying five days in Albany, the party went on foot twenty-two miles to Kinderhook, where men and horses awaited them. At Westfield many old friends and neighbors from Hatfield met them, and their progress thence was

like a triumphal procession, every neighborhood turning out to greet them. Two proud and happy men were Benjamin Waite and Stephen Jennings, as they headed the cavalcade into Hatfield street that May morning, each bearing in his arms his new, little daughter, and tears streamed from every eye as crowding round to welcome home the wanderers, the people passed from one to another the two little babies, born in bondage and christened in commemoration of the sorrows of their mothers, Canada Waite and Captivity Jennings. It may interest some to know that both children grew to womanhood, and that the former became the grandmother of the late Oliver Smith, gratefully remembered by many in the Connecticut valley.

Stockwell's experience of Indian hospitality seems to have disgusted him with frontier life, and the year after his return he removed to Suffield, Conn. That others still cherished the hope of finally possessing their lands in peace is proved by the following:

"To the honoured Generall Court of the Masachusetts Bay now setting in Boston ye 8th 3, '78:[1]

Rigt Worshipfull: . . . . .

We do veryly hope your thoughts are soe upon us & our condition that it would be superfluous to tell you that our estates are wasted that we find it hard work to Live in this Iron age to Come to the years end with Comfort; our houses have been Rifled & burned —our flocks & heards consumed—the ablest of our Inhabitants killed—our plantation has become a wilderness—a dwelling place for owls,—& we that are left are separated into several townes— Also our reverand & esteemed Minister, Mr. Samuel Mather hath been invited from us & greate danger ther is of o^r^ loosing him; all which speaks us a people in a very misirable condition, & unlest you will be pleased to take us (out of your father-like pitty) & Cherish us in yor bosomes we are like Suddinly to breathe out

[1]Mass. Archives, May 8, 1678.

o^r^ last Breath. Right Honoured The Committie appointed to manage o^r^ affairs for us the Rev. Mr Mather who hath not yet quitte forsaken us, & we the Remaining Inhabitants Joyfully doe desire that we might return & plant that place againe. Yet we would earnestly begg . . . . . that we may Repossess the Said plantation with great Advantage Both for the advancing the cause & Kingdome of Jesus & for o^r^ own saftie & comfort. . . . . "

The petition then enlarges upon the drawback they have heretofore encountered, in the fact that the best land is held by the proprietors, who are likely never to settle in Deerfield, and declare that Mr. Mather and they are of opinion "the plantation will be spoiled if these men may not be begged or will not be bought out of their rights." They conclude as follows:

"All judicious men who have any acquaintance with it, Count It as Rich a tract of land as any upon the river; they Judge it sufficient to entertain & maintain as great number of Inhabitants as most of the upland townes, alsoe were it well peopled it would be as a bulwark to the other townes; also it would be a great disheartening to the enemie & veryly (not to make to bold with your worship's patience) It would mightily Incourage and Raise the hearts of us the Inhabitants yor poor & Impoverished servants."

The prayer of the petitioners was not answered. The matter was referred by the Court to the proprietors, and no further attempt to rebuild Deerfield was made until 1682.

EUNICE WILLIAMS.

Towards the middle of the seventeenth century, on the bank of the ice-bound St. Charles, rose a hut, with the high sounding name of Notre-Dame des Anges. Two feet above its low eaves rose the drifted snow. Within, great logs blazed in the "wide-throated chimney," before which, on a wooden stool, at a rough, board table, sat Paul Le Jeune, Superior of the first Jesuit Mission at Quebec in New France. The trees in the neighboring forest cracked with the frost like the report of a pistol. Le Jeune's ink and his fingers froze; but late into the night, bribing his Indian teacher with tobacco, he toiled away at his declensions, translating his *Pater Noster* and *Credo* into "blundering Algonquin." Then, wrapped in his blanket, which was soon "fringed with the icicles of his congealed breath," he snatched an hour's rest, and waking with the dawn, with a hatchet broke the ice in his cask for his morning ablutions, and began his labors afresh.

"From Old France to New," says Mr. Parkman, "came succors and re-inforcements," and a year before Harvard College was founded, there was at Quebec, the beginning of a school and a college for Huron boys and French youth. "Our Lady" smiled upon Paul Le Jeune's missions; and as in the days of Poutrincourt, the wealth and patronage of the ladies of the

W H Bartlett

Quebec from the opposite shore of the St Lawrence

French Court sent the first Jesuit to New France, so the success of these later missions at Quebec, and of the newly consecrated Ville Marie de Montréal, was in great measure due to the zeal and romantic devotion of Madame de La Peltrie, Marie de L'Incarnation, Mdlle. Jeanne Mance, and Marguerite Bourgeois; and no one can read the story of Paul Le Jeune and his associates as related by themselves, without mingled admiration and respect for the founders of Romanism in Canada.

Meanwhile, with a kindred zeal, that noble apostle, John Eliot, sat in his little study at Roxbury, patiently translating the English Bible into the Algonquin tongue for the benefit of the Indians near Boston, often meeting them at Nonantum hill, after the duties of his own pulpit were discharged for the week, and there expounding to them its simple truths. Nor was this the end of his labors for their improvement. Believing that civilization, or civility, as he calls it, should go hand in hand with religion, he instructed the sachems in agriculture and the use of tools, bought spinning-wheels for the squaws, and not neglecting the primer for the Catechism, founded schools for their pappooses, rewarding their diligence with the gift of a cake or an apple. At last, when he had established his praying Indians, as they were called, in a village of their own at Natick, the town of Dedham was indemnified for the loss of land appropriated to their use, by a grant of eight thousand acres elsewhere; and what is now Deerfield was the spot selected.

We of to-day, looking upon the fruits of two hundred years of culture, do not wonder at their choice, and we can scarcely realize how resolute and pious must have been the hearts, and how strong the hands, of the men and women, who in 1671, began the settlement of Deerfield. A rude life they led for the first few years, with no school, no meeting-house, and no settled minister; though Samuel Mather, son of Tim-

othy of Dorchester, ministered to them in 1673, boarding at the time with Quentin Stockwell. Driven from their heritage by the savage hordes of Philip, it was not till 1682 that an effort at resettlement was made.

In the senior class at Harvard at that time, was John Williams, a studious youth, son of Deacon Samuel Williams of Roxbury. Graduated from a class of three, of whom two were Williamses, John Williams, then but twenty-two years of age, after studying divinity, was ordained minister of Deerfield, in 1688. There would seem to be little in the position of pastor to a frontier settlement to attract a young man born and educated at the metropolis; and without doubting that Mr. Williams was mainly actuated by that missionary spirit, which characterized the preachers of that period, it is possible that a previous acquaintance with the Northampton lady, whom he married the year after his ordination, made him more willing to accept the call to Deerfield. This was Eunice Mather, a cousin of the first minister of Deerfield, daughter of Rev. Eleazer Mather, and descended on her mother's side from John Warham, a noted Puritan Divine of Exeter, England.

Eunice Williams, second daughter, and sixth child of Rev. John Williams, was born September 17th, 1696. She was the middle child of eleven, all born to her parents within sixteen years. Though nothing can be definitely stated of her childhood previous to 1704, we may suppose that her five little brothers and sisters, whose births are recorded as rapidly succeeding her own, monopolized the attention of the mother with whom Esther, the eldest daughter, was more naturally associated in the care of the younger ones; while the father, busy in providing for his rapidly increasing family, and much occupied with his parish duties, devoted the little leisure that remained, to planning for the education of the older boys. So I fancy Eunice a pale, delicate, dark-eyed child,

left pretty much to her own devices for the first six years of her life.

Let us glance at the Deerfield of that period. We see it all,—the palisade enclosing the Garrison House,[1] the parsonage and many humble dwellings; the forts or stockaded houses outside; the old meeting-house, a square edifice, from the middle of whose foursided roof, sprang the belfry,—empty, truth compels me to state, for the bell, whose echoes sounded so pleasantly in our ears for many years, has recently been silenced forever by the indefatigable antiquary:[2] the people, with names and, doubtless, faces so familiar to us,—valiant, hard-working, God-fearing men; heroic, much-enduring, pious women. Only the location of the school-house, where Eunice probably went to school, is missing. But though the fathers and mothers of that time were for the most part uneducated, they had a school-house, and in Eunice's day as in ours, a Barnard was the noted school dame of the village; public-spirited, like her of our time, bequeathing large legacies to the schools. Eunice was a good reader, and knew her Catechism by heart. Mr. John Catlin was then school committee and I have no doubt, that when he visited the school, Eunice felt very much as we have on similar occasions; and that being the minister's daughter, she was plied with longer words and harder questions than the rest; and that she privately told Martha and Abigail French that she didn't like their grandfather at all. She liked to go to Deacon French's, who lived on what is now the site of the second church parsonage. The Deacon was the blacksmith of the village, and his shop stood a few rods west of his house. Eunice would stand hours watching him, as he beat into shape the plough-shares, that had been bent by

[1]Ever after the attack on Deerfield, known as the "Old Indian House."

[2]Hon. George Sheldon, of Deerfield, by whom the legendary "Bell of Saint Regis," has been proved a myth.

the stumps in the newly cleared lands. As the sparks flew up from the flaming forge, she thought of the verse in the Bible, "Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward," and wondered what it meant. Too soon, alas, she learned.

The Indians for a time held in check by the defeat and death of Philip, were beginning again to desolate the scattered villages. When in 1689, they settled old scores with Major Waldron at Dover, they killed Richard Otis, and took his wife and baby with other captives to Canada. Scalping parties hovered perpetually about Deerfield, and the newborn settlement was soon baptized in blood.

When in 1702, Dudley left England to assume the government of Massachusetts, it was evident that the English queen could not overlook the insult offered her by Louis XIV. As ever since the peace of 1698, the Canadian government had lost no opportunity of exciting the eastern Indians to hostility, under the pretext of protecting them from the encroachments of the English, it was inevitable that war between the two nations in the Old World, must be followed by a renewal of atrocities in New England. As a precautionary measure, Dudley appointed a conference with the sachems, in June, 1703, at Casco, and repairing thither with his suite, was met on the 30th, by Hopehood of Norridgwock, Wanungunt of Penobscot, and Wattanummon of Pennacook, with their chief sagamores. In stereotyped phrase, the new governor said, that commissioned by his victorious queen, he had come as to friends and brothers, to reconcile all differences since the last treaty. The Indian orator in turn assured him, that peace was what they desired above all things, and in language as poetical as it was false, declared that "as high as the sun was above the earth, so far distant should their designs be of making the least breach between them." Both parties then heaped up fresh stones upon the pillar called the Two Brothers, that had been set up at the last treaty, and

FORT SAINT LOUIS AT CAHOKIA AND PIERRE LOUIS HENRY JOHN
SCHUYLER SAW EUNICE AND BEING VERY SORROWFUL TOOK
HER BY THE HAND AND LEFT HER

FORT SAINT-LOUIS AT CAUGHNAWAGA WITH PRIEST'S HOUSE WHERE JOHN SCHUYLER SAW EUNICE AND BEING VERY SORROWFUL TOOK HER BY THE HAND AND LEFT HER

the ceremonies ended. A few weeks later, Bomazeen boasted that though several missionaries from the French had tried to seduce them from their allegiance, they "were as firm as the mountains, and so would continue as long as the sun and moon endured."

Truly has Penhallow said, "Their voice was like the voice of Jacob, but their hands like the hands of Esau," for in six weeks after, they with their Canadian allies, set the whole country in flames. New York was protected by her treaty with the Six Nations, and the whole brunt of the war fell upon Massachusetts and New Hampshire. Deerfield being the most remote settlement, and easy of access from Canada, was especially exposed. It had, however, a watchful sentinel at its outpost, in the person of Col. John Schuyler at Albany, who often sent intelligence of the movements of the enemy, and thus warded off the danger. A mission of converted Mohawks, (Iroquois,) whom the Jesuits had persuaded to leave their native towns, and settle on the St. Lawrence under the wing of the church, had at this time a fort at Saint-Louis,[1] now Caughnawaga, nine miles above Montreal. They naturally allied themselves with the French, while those of their tribe who remained in the place of their nativity, came under the sway of the English. The praying Indians of the Mohawks, whose principal village was at Caughnawaga, forty miles distant from Albany, were in the habit of visiting their relatives at the Saint-Louis mission, and news of the threatened attacks upon Deerfield, was frequently brought by them to Albany on their return, and communicated by Schuyler to the authorities in New England.

In the autumn following the conference at Casco, Zebediah Williams, and John Nims, his half brother, were taken from

[1]This was the fourth fort built on the St. Lawrence near Montreal, by these praying Mohawks. A part of its walls, so familiar to Eunice Williams and other New England captives, is still to be seen.

the north meadows in Deerfield and carried to Canada. So impressed was the Rev. Mr. Williams with a presentiment of the danger hovering over the town, that both in the pulpit and out, he urged the utmost vigilance upon his people. The old fable of the boy and the wolf was acted over again, and the savage foe, stealing from the forest at midnight upon the fold, found the guardians sleeping, and fell with rapine and murder upon the little flock. The story is an old one and needs no repetition here. But who can tell the horror stamped forever upon the heart and brain of Eunice, by the sights and sounds of that awful night? Suddenly waked from the untroubled sleep of childhood, to see the hideous faces of demons bending over her; dragged by bloody hands from her warm bed, hurried through the room where she sees her father, bound hand and foot, helpless to protect her, and afraid to pity lest he may hasten her doom; over the door stone, where her little brother lies dead, and by his side, gashed and bleeding, the faithful black woman, whom next to their mother, they loved; out into the cold winter night, reddening now like the dawn, in the glare of the burning village, and so to the church, the child is borne. Pine torches flaring in the hands of the dusky warriors, lighted up the scene within. The enemy's wounded, groaning in agony on the floor; old men praying and calling on God for deliverance; women speechless and despairing, among them her mother pale and wan; her playmates shrieking with terror; infants wailing with cold and hunger;—huddled there in woful companionship, while the mocking fiends completed the work of destruction. At dawn, the shivering captives began their weary march. The impression made upon the tender mind of the child, by the dreadful scenes of this night and the twenty-five succeeding days, may explain the fact of her reluctance to return to the home of which she had retained only this frightful remembrance.

In the distribution of the captives, Eunice fell to the lot of a Mohawk of Saint-Louis. Whether her beauty pleased his Indian fancy, or her forlorn condition melted his savage breast to pity, it is certain that she was treated with more consideration by her master, than her companions were by theirs. When her little feet were weary, he lifted her to his brawny shoulder, or bore her tenderly in his arms. Wrapping her warmly in his blanket, he drew her on a sledge over the icy rivers, spread her bed softly with thick hemlock boughs when they camped at night, and selected the choicest morsels from his hunting for her food, often stinting himself that she might have the more. Seeing her playmates butchered in cold blood by their cruel masters on that fearful journey, the little innocent clung to her protector with the trustfulness of childhood, and the two strange companions learned to love each other well. On their arrival in Canada, she was carried at once to his home, and thus separated entirely from her family. At the earnest prayer of her father, who was at Montreal, the governor sent a priest with him to endeavor for her ransom. But the Jesuit at the Saint-Louis mission would not permit Mr. Williams to enter the fort, assuring him that it would be labor lost, for the Macquas would part with their hearts sooner than with his child. Accompanied by the governor, Mr. Williams finally obtained an interview with Eunice, who with sobs and tears begged and pleaded that he would take her away from that dreadful place. Soothing her as well as he could, though her sorrow must have rent his heart, her father heard her say her Catechism and told her she must pray to God every day. The seven years old child assured him that she had not once omitted to do so, "but," said she, "a wicked man in a long black gown comes every day, and makes me say some Latin prayers which I cannot understand, but I hope it may do me no harm." She told him how the savages profaned the Sab-

bath, and promised him that she would always keep it holy. For a few minutes again before his release, Mr. Williams was permitted to converse with his daughter. The Governor's wife, seeing his deep-seated melancholy on her account, had Eunice brought to Montreal, where she told him of the methods used to drive heretic children to the bosom of the mother church.

It is a mournful picture. The Jesuit with his slouched hat looped up at the sides, in a long black cassock, a rosary at his waist, and a scourge in his hand. The timid English girl, scion of a grand old Puritan stock, cowering in abject terror on her knees before him. Rebaptized Margaret, with the sign of the cross on her brow and bosom, Eunice is alternately threatened with punishment and allured with promises. She is told tales of her father's conversion, frightened with pictures of fiends tormenting the souls of little children, and beaten for refusing to make the sign of the cross. All offers of ransom were refused for her, and when she entreated to be allowed to go home, she was told that if she went she would be damned and burned in hell forever, a threat terrible to the ears of a child bred in the Puritanic fear of the everlasting fire. Fond as her Indian master was of her, he was powerless to protect her from these cruelties. While he did not deny the justice of the claims made for the restoration of the prisoner, he always asserted that he could not release her without an order from the governor, whose subject he was. On the other hand, the governor pleaded his fear of the king's displeasure, lamented his want of authority to command the Indians, who, he said, were his allies and not his subjects. The priests, appealed to as a last resource, scornfully repelled the implied suspicion, and declared that humanity forbade them to interfere to separate the child against her will, from the master whom she loved as her father.

After the blow fell upon the devoted town of Deerfield,

Schuyler did not relax his efforts to protect New England. He openly protested against the maintenance of neutrality in New York, whereby the marauders passed unmolested, to attack the people of Massachusetts; and remonstrating in their name with the Governor of Canada, he said, he had thought it his "duty to God and man to prevent as far as possible, the infliction of such cruelties as had too often been committed on the unfortunate colonists." In all negotiations for the redemption of English captives he was especially active. He sent out friendly Indians as scouts into the enemy's country, and reported faithfully to our governor all that he could learn of the designs of their captors in regard to them. He was much interested in the restoration of Eunice, and all that we know of her condition after her father's release is gleaned from hints in his correspondence. In a letter to Col. Partridge, commanding at Hatfield, dated Feb, 18, 1706–7, he says, "As to Mr. Williams Daughter, our spies . . . . . are returned, who as they were hunting, saw Mr. Williams daughter wth the Indian who ownes her. She is in good health, but seemes unwilling to returne, and the Indian not very willing to part with her, she being, as he says, a pritty girl but perhapps he may Exchange her if he can gett a very pritty Indian in her Rome, which he must first see, you may assure Mr. Williams I will do all that lays in my power to serve him, as I have formally wrott to him, and indeed to all others that are prisoners." In conclusion, after notifying Col. Partridge of certain movements of the enemy, he says: "I wish you and us may be all on our guard, and God preserve us all from such bloody enemies." In another letter to Partridge[1] on the 11th of August, 1707, he notices the return of two trusty Indians whom he had sent as "spys" to Caughnawaga

[1]This letter was sent by Sam'l Doxy, who had gone from New England to Albany. In it he calls Caughnawaga "a Castle belonging to ye French praying Macquas neer to Prary [La Prairie] in Canada."

in Canada, and who reported a party of the enemy at Otter Creek on their way to New England, and also "that they see Deaken Sheldon of Deerfield at Montreal, who walked the streets, but was told he was deteind and had not liberty to goe home." Schuyler adds, "Do be on your guard to prevent your people from falling into the hands of these bloody savages; but I cannot enlarge, for I will have the messenger ride this night, and it is now ten o'clock."

Mr. Sheldon went at least three times to Canada, in behalf of Eunice and others, and on the above occasion was not allowed to return, there being another expedition on foot against the English. Deacon Sheldon's kind offices seem to have produced some relenting in the heart of Eunice's master, for I have before me a letter written from her cousin in Northampton, to her brother in Roxbury, dated Aug. 4, 1707, which says, "A post came from Albany last Saturday night, that brought letters from Canada, also a letter from Albany, that saith, 'Ye Indian, Eunice's master, saith he will bring her in within two months.'"

One can picture the quiet little village on that Saturday night. All work laid aside, the Puritan Sabbath already begun; the pious psalms of the different households borne out upon the summer air, and perhaps the solemn voice of the pastor, as with the remnant of his once happy family, he prays for the return of the captive still languishing in chains afar; the sound of horse's hoofs, as the messenger rides post from Albany, sent by Peter Schuyler to announce that Eunice's master will bring her within two months; the stir in the village, as the glad tidings spreads from house to house. Hope beating high in the bosoms of some, with the thought that now, perhaps, they may rejoin their beloved ones, long since torn from them by a fate more cruel than death; sorrow in some at the renewed remembrance of those that can never return.

Saddest of all is the remembrance of the ten years old girl at Caughnawaga, in the wigwam of her master. It is always her master and never a hint that any, even of the rudest of her sex, surround her. She may have heard that he has promised at last to take her home, and perhaps begs him with tears not to wait, but to go at once. He tells her, perhaps, that her father has ceased to care for her, that he has left her alone, and taken her brothers and sister home with him; that her mother is dead and her father has a new wife, who will beat her if she goes home; that she is to stay with him, till some young brave claims her as his squaw. It may be that she still weeps obstinately, and that he drags her to the priest, to be terrified into obedience.

The two months pass, and no tidings yet of Eunice at Albany. Seven years elapse; seven weary years of alternate hope and despair since her capture,—when, one summer morning, a strange visitor ascends the broad steps of the old Province House in Boston. She glides through the spacious doorway and into the grand reception room, where she gazes about her with a half frightened, half curious air. The governor is there with several gentlemen. "Who is she? What does she want?" he asks. "An Abenaki squaw," the usher replies, "who demands her children, captured by the English some time since, and now in Boston." A thought strikes the governor. He will exchange the children of this woman for Eunice. An interpreter is sent for. "The white man's axe is laid at the foot of the forest tree," says the Abenaki, "its branches are lopped away and it will soon die." The pappooses are brought, and while the mother fondles her young in savage fashion, the interpreter answers for the governor. "Among the hills," he says, "a shepherd fed his peaceful flock, when a wolf sprang upon them, and some were killed, and others driven far away. Day and night the shepherd grieves for the youngling of his flock, gone astray.

In the north the white lamb bleats, but cannot find her way back. Let the Abenaki bring her back to the shepherd, the white chief says, and her pappooses shall be restored to her; the branches shall be safe and the forest tree shall live again." "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." "The Abenaki knows where the white lamb is hid. She will go, and before so many moons are gone, the shepherd shall have his own again." Another fierce embrace of her children, and the squaw strides forth into the wilderness. How she sped on her quest, is shown by the following extract from a letter in our archives, written by Father Meriel in Canada, to Mr. Johnson Harmon[1] at Shamblee:

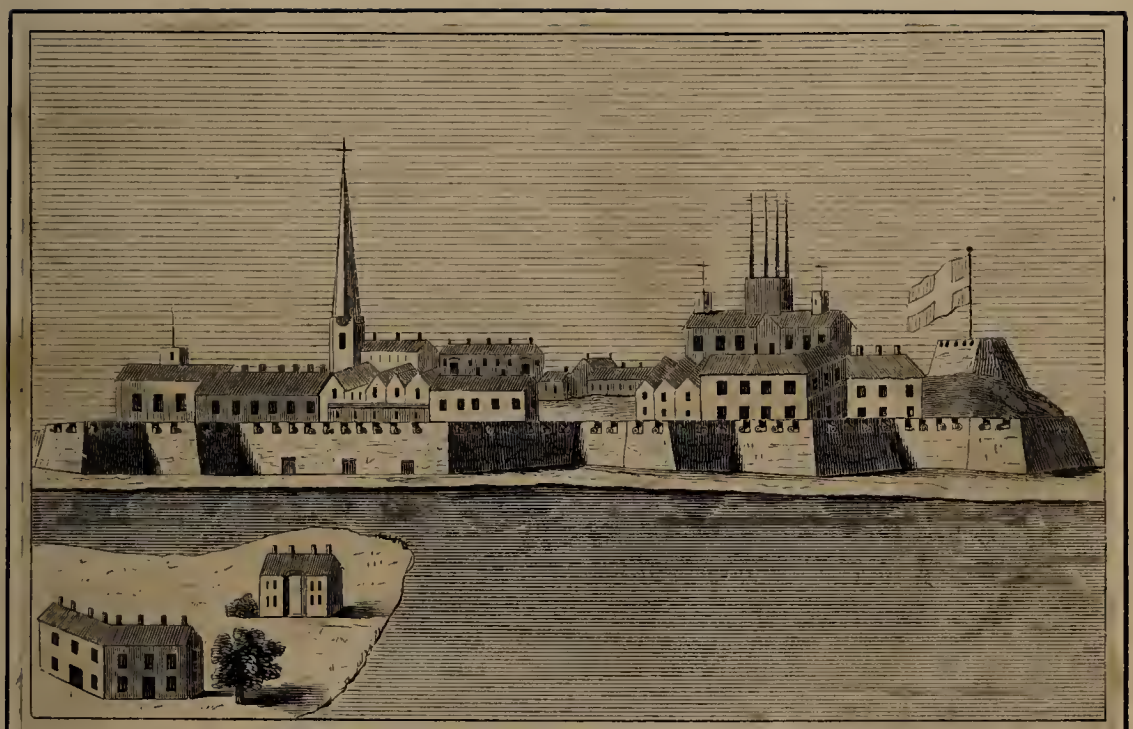
[2] "MONTREAL, June 26, 1711.

Sir:

Since you are gone, a squaw of the nation of the Abnakis is come in from Boston. She has a pass from your Governour. She goes about getting a little girl daughter of Mr. John Williams. The Lord Marquis of Vaudreuil helps her as he can. The business is very hard because the girl belongs to Indians of another sort, and the master of the English girl is now at Albany. You may tell your Governour that the squaw can't be at Boston at the time appointed, and that she desires him not to be impatient for her return, and meanwhile to take good care of her two papows. The same Lord chief Governor of Canada, has insured me in case she may not prevail with the Mohoggs for Eunice Williams, he shall send home four English persons in his power for an Exchange in the Room of the two Indian children. You see well, Sir, your Governour must not disregard such a generous proffer as according to his noble birth and obliging genious Ours makes. Else he would betray little affection to his own people." . . . . .

[1] Johnson Harmon of York, Maine, is on a "List of Captives still in the hands of the French and Indians at Canada given to Mr. Vaudruille's messengers," and dated 1710–11. Mass. Archives, Vol. 71.

[2] Mass. Archives, Vol. 51, p. 212. See Appendix.



VIEW OF MONTREAL AND ITS WALLS IN 1760.[1]

From an old French print.

Again Deerfield is agitated with rumors of the speedy recovery of Eunice Williams. Hope again visits the heart of her unhappy father, to be again dispelled by disappointment.

In a letter to the French governor, dated Nov. 10, 1712, Dudley, impatient of the delay, says: "I have in my Keeping one Indian sachem of Quebeck, one other sachem of your Indians near in blood and kindred to the woman that has Mr. Williams's daughter, which I will exchange for her,—or otherwise I will never set them free."

Meantime, having notified Schuyler of his interview with the Abenaqui squaw, and warned him to keep a sharp lookout for her return, he receives at last the following letter from Peter Schuyler:

"*May it please your Excellency*,

Yo^{r} Excellency's Letters of ye 6th and 10th Currant for Expresse have Received togather with five letters for Monsr Vaudreuil gov^{r} of Canida which have deliver^{d} to ye french officer Dayeville[1] who goes from hence y^{e} [19] Instant & have taken his Receipt for three Letters as you Designed which is here Inclosed as to what your Excellency mentions Relating to Mr. Williams his doghter, the squaw nor she is not come her yet nor have I heard anything of her Coming altho I shall be very glad to see them and do assure your Excellency If they come together or be it ye squaw alone I shall use all possible meanes to get the child exchanged Either as your Excellency proposes or what other way the squaw will be most willing to Comply with. In the meantime shall Inform my Selfe by all opportunities whether the said Squaw & Child be coming here or if they be anywhere near by. Your Excellency may depend that whatever I can do for ye obtain-

[1]This is Jean Baptiste Dageuille, Sergeant in the company of M. de la Forest, who on May 26, 1711, at the age of twenty-six, married the captive Marie Priscille Storer, daughter of Jeremiah and Ruth [Masters] Storer of Wells, Maine.

ing of ye s^d^ Child shall at no time be wanting. So shall take leave to subscribe my Selfe

Your Excellency^s^

Most humble & Obedient

Servant

P. Schuyler.

Albany, Dec. 19, (?) 1712."

Accompanying this letter in our Archives, is the following:

"Received of Coll. P. Schuyler, three French letters sent him from Governor Dudley, directed to Monsr Vaudreiul, govern'r in Canada which Letters I promise carefully to Convey & Deliver to ye said Govern^r^ in Canada as soon as I shall arrive there witness my hand this 19th December 1712

[Signed] Dageuille.[1]"

Father Meriel had written that the French governor would give four English captives in exchange for the two Abenaqui pappooses. It had now become evident that he would not give one; that one being Eunice Williams.

Months later than the date of Schuyler's letter, and the return of Dageuille to Canada, the squaw appeared alone at Albany. The same old story is repeated. The child Eunice refuses to leave her master. He is loath to compel her. Such influence is brought to bear upon Dudley, that he dares not reject the offer of the Canadian government. Four New England households are made happy by the return of their beloved ones; the squaw and her babies are sent home; but Eunice Williams, the child of so many prayers, the object of the solicitude of so many sorrowing hearts, the coveted prize of two governments, is still a helpless captive.

In the spring of 1713, John Schuyler, impatient of the long suspense, and fully confident of his own ability to mediate effectually between the two powers, undertook the weary

[1]It is an interesting fact, that Frenchmen who had married our captives, were often sent to New England, as ambassadors from the Canadian government.

journey to Canada. His letter[1] to Governor Dudley explains itself:

"*May it please your Excellency:—*

I thought it my duty immediately w'thout any further Omission, to signify to Your Excellency my return from Mont Reall to Albany, upon ye 15th of this instant June with Monsr Bolock and three more, and nine prisoners, a list of their names is herein inclosed.[2] I sett them forward for New England with Samel Ashly and Daniell Bagg upon the 100th instant. I have not herein incerted the charges; by reason I cann^t^ make up the Acc^ts^ till ye officers return to Canada; I have likewise enclos^d^ for Yo^r^ Excellency my Memoriall that touches the concern of ye Rev^d^ Mr Williams ye Minister at Dearfeild for his Daughter. My indefatigueable Pains therein came to no purpose. If y^r^ Excellency hath the Returns of peace I hope to receive them; and then shall dispatch them away as directed. I found a great fatigue in my Journey to and from Canada and waded through many Difficulties in ye way wth the Prisonirs To Dilate thereon would be prolix. I now beg leave to assure your Excellency of my Effection and Zeal to every yor Commands and that in all Sincerity I am May it Please Yo^r^ Excell^y^

Yo^r^ most obedient humble Servt

John Schuyler.

Albany June y^e^
18th 1713"

The memorial accompanying this letter is a remarkable State Paper. The writer's sanguine hope, after his conference with the fair-spoken De Vaudreuil; his indignation at the iniquitous marriage, calmed by the explanation of the priest; his gentle and chivalrous reception of the girl bride;

[1]Mass. Archives, Vol II, p. 468.

[2]Hertel de Beaulac, brother of Hertel de Rouville, in command of a guard of three soldiers, escorted Schuyler and the nine captives to Albany. The list does not appear.

his patient and repeated pleading with her to return to her afflicted father; his unrestrained anger at her continued obstinacy; and the silent grief which overwhelms him at the thought of his fruitless mission, as he leaves her to her Indian lord;—all are told with a simple pathos, to which the words of another cannot do justice. It is therefore given entire.

"A true and perfect Memoriall of my proceedings Jn behalf of Margarett Williams now Captive amongst ye Jndians at the ffort of Caghenewaga Jn Canada, Jnsisting upon her Reliese and to persuade her to go home to her father and Native Countrey, it being upon the instant and earnest desire of her ffather now Minister at Dearfeild in New England. J arrived from Albany at Mont Reall on ye 15th of Aprill last, 1713, Where J understood y^{t} Monsr de Vaudruille, Govern^{r} and chief of Canada, was expected then every day from Quebeck. Upon which J thought proper not to mention anything touching the aforesaid Captive, untill his Excellency should be here himself: and accordingly when he arrived here J propos'd the matter to him, who gave me all the Encouragem^{t} J could immagine for her to go home, he also permitted me to go to her at the ffort, where she was, to prepare if J could persuade her to go home. Moreover, his Excellency said, that wth all his heart, he would give a hundred Crowns out of his own pockett, if that she might be persuaded to go to her Native Countrey: J observing all this, then was in hopes J should prevaile with her to go home. Accordingly J went to the ffort at Caghenewaga, being accompanied by one of the King's Officers and a ffrench Jnterpreter, likewise another of the Jndian Language Being upon the 26 Day of May. Entring at the Jndian ffort J thought fitt first to apply mySelf to the priests; As J did, Being two in Company, And was informed before that this infant (As J may say) was married to a young Jndian, J therefore proposed to know the Reason why this poor Captive should be Married to an Jndian, being a Christian Born (tho neerly taken from the Mother's Breast and such like Instances &c) Whereupon the priest Sett forth to me Such good Reasons wth Witnesses that mySelf, or

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any other person (as J believe) could fairly make Objection against their Marriage; (First, s^{d} he they came to me to Marry them) very often wch J always refus'd with good words and persuasions to the Contrary, But both continuing in their former resolution to Such a Degree that J was constrained to be absent from ye ffort three Severall times, because not Satisfyed mySelf in their Marriage ; Untill at last after Some days past they both came to me, and s^{d} that they were Joined together, And if he would not marry them they matter'd not, for they were resolved never to leave one the other. But live together heathen like ; Upon wch J thought proper to Join them in Matrimony and Such like Reasons as aforesaid the priest did plainly Sett forth and after some further discourse, J desired the priest, to let me see her at his house, ffor J knew not where to find her upon which he sent for her, who prsently came with the Jndian she was Married to both together She looking very poor in body, bashfull in the face but proved harder than Steel in her breast, at her first Entrance into the Room J desired her to sitt down, wch she did, J first Spoak to her in English, Upon wch she did not Answ^{r} me; And J believe She did not understand me, she being very Young when she was taken, And liveing always amongst the Jndians afterwards, J Jmployed my Indian Languister to talk to her; informing him first by the ffrench Jnterpreter, who understood the English Language, What he should tell her and what Questions he should Ask her Accordingly he did J understood amost all what he said to her; And found that he Spoak according to my Order, but could not gett one word from her. Upon which J desired the priest To Speak to her, And if J could not prevaile wth her to go home to Stay there, that She might only go to see her ffather, And directly return hither again, The priest made a long Speech to her and endeavored to persuade her to go, but after almost half an hours discourse—could not get one word from her; And afterwards when he found She did not Speak, he agaın Endeavoured to persuade her to go and see her ffather And J seeing She continued impersuadable to speak; J promised upon my Word and honour, if she would go only to see her ffather, J would convey her to New England and give her Assureance of liberty to return if she pleased—the priest asked her

Severall times for answer upon this, my earnest request And fair offers wch was after long ,Solicitations *zaghte oghte* which words being translated into the English Tongue, their Signifycation is *may be not*; but the meaning thereof amongst the Jndians is a plaine denyall, and these words were all we could gett from her; in allmost two hours time that we talked with her. Upon this my eyes being allmost filled with tears, J said to her mySelf. had J made such proposalls and prayings to the worst of Jndians J did not doubt but have had a reasonable Answere and consent to what J had s^d^. Upon wch her husband seeing that J was so much concerned about her replyed had her ffather not Married againe She would have gone and Seen him long Ere this time, But gave no further reason and the time growing late and J being very Sorrowfull that J could not prevail upon nor get one word more from her, J took her by the hand and left her in the priest's house. JOHN SCHUYLER."

De Vaudreuil sent a letter to Dudley by Schuyler, on his return, in which he says, "Colonel John Schuyler, to whom I have caused to be delivered nine of your captives, ... will tell you in what manner Mr. Williams's daughter received him, and how he could never oblige her to promise him anything but that she would go to see her father, as soon as peace should be proclaimed. I am surprised at the little justice you do me in what you say to me about the marriage of that girl with a savage of the Sault.[1] I am much more chagrined at this than you are, on account of her father for whom I have absolute respect; but not being able to foresee this, it was impossible for me to prevent it."

Schuyler's ill success did not prevent further efforts for the redemption of Eunice. On the 27th of June, 1713, shortly after the receipt of the above memorial, Governor Dudley writing to congratulate the Governor of Canada upon the return of peace acknowledges the receipt of his letter of the 12th inst. and acquaints him of the arrival of "John Schuyler

[1]Saint-Louis. [Caughnawaga.]

and the nine English prisoners that accompanied him being far short of the number I justly expected should have been returned me; who would doubtless have been very forward to have come home, had they been allowed soe to doe when I have long since dismissed and transported at their own Desire and Choice, at my charge, all the French prisoners that were in my hands, and am in the hourly expectation of receiving an order directed to yourself from the Court of France, requiring the same on your part (a copy of which I have now in my hands), I have no satisfactory explanation to my complaint of the treatment of the Reverend Mr. Williams's daughter, referring to her marriage with a Salvage, and the unaccountable detention of her. She is to be considered as a minor within ye age of consent to make choice for herselfe being carryd away early in her infancy before she had discretion to judge of things for her own good. I hope you will interfere with all good offices to free her from the Impositions made on her tender years, that she may be rescued from those miseries she is thoroughly obnoxious to, and restored to her father." Dudley adds, that immediately upon the receipt of the order from the French King, for the release of the captives he "shall put that affair into such a disposition that I may be provided to transport and fetch home my people: and I desire you will cause them to be drawn near together, that the messengers I shall employ on that service may easily and speedily come at speech with them."

The order above alluded to having been received, Commissioners were sent by Gov. Dudley to Canada, to negotiate the redemption of Eunice and the other New England prisoners. At the head of the Commission was Capt. John Stoddard, son of the Rev. Solomon Stoddard, second minister of Northampton and second husband of Eunice's grandmother Mather. Capt. Stoddard's journal, printed from the original

manuscript, is before me, and though it contains little pertaining especially to Eunice, it gives us a clue to so much of the romantic story of some other captives, that the substance of it is here given.

On the 5th of November, 1713, Capt. Stoddard, accompanied by Eunice's father, set out from Boston, reaching Northampton on the 9th. Here they were joined by Capt. Thomas Baker, Martin Kellogg and two others. Baker and Kellogg had both been carried captive with Eunice to Canada, whence the former had almost succeeded in escaping, but was recaptured and sentenced to the stake. The fire was already lighted, when with a bold dash he broke from his captors, and sought refuge in the house of one LeCair, a Frenchman, who bought him of the Indians for five pounds. The governor hearing of his attempt, put him in irons and kept him four months closely confined. When again at large, he, with Kellogg, Joseph Petty and John Nims, all Deerfield men, made his escape in 1705. Their sufferings on the way home were dreadful. Exhausted with fatigue and hunger, they fell upon their knees and prayed fervently for deliverance, when a great white bird appeared to them, such as they had never seen before.[1] The despairing men eagerly seized and tore it in pieces, ate its quivering flesh and drank the warm blood, revived by which they finally reached Deerfield in safety.

By way of Westfield and Kinderhook, Stoddard and his party on horseback, reached Albany in four days from Northampton. Detained in Albany by a thaw which rendered the river impassable, they at last resumed their journey on the 22d of January, by way of Saratoga and Crown Point. Sometimes on snow-shoes, sometimes in canoes, and sometimes

[1]According to tradition this bird was an owl. Petty's own account of his escape, now in Memorial Hall, Deerfield, transforms this owl into a turtle. See also Sheldon's Hist. Deerfield, p. 354.

running on the frozen rivers, they reached Chambly, whence they were conveyed in "carryalls"[1] to Quebec, arriving there on the 16th of January.

The next day, they presented their credentials to the governor and demanded the prisoners. De Vaudreuil gives them his word of honor as a gentleman and an officer, that all prisoners shall have full liberty to return, and with great condescension promises his blessing to all who will go. He tells the commissioners to go freely among the prisoners, and to send for them to their lodgings. Much pleased with their reception, and full of the hope of soon regaining their long-lost relatives, they take their leave. Hearing soon, however, that the priests and some of the laity are practising to prevent the return of the prisoners, they complain by letter to the governor, to which he replies that he "can as easily alter the course of the waters as prevent the priests' endeavors," adding that upon reflection he cannot grant liberty to return to those of the English who are naturalized, but only to such as are under age. They answer with clear and cogent arguments, against the naturalization pretext, and expose its inconsistency with De Vaudreuil's oft-repeated declaration that he did not care how few English stayed in Canada, the fewer the better for him and the country.

For better communication with Eunice and the other Deerfield captives, the commissioners return to Montreal, where in March they hold another conference with the governor. With the air and speech of men who know that truth and justice are on their side, they reproach him with his breach of faith in throwing obstacles in the way of the departure of the prisoners, when he had at first pretended to favor it; and sick with hope deferred, they demand to know the worst they have to expect. "Heaven forbid!" said Dora's papa to David Copperfield, "that I should do any man injustice; but

[1] A carriole is a Canadian sleigh.

I know my partner. Mr. Jorkins is not a man to respond to a proposition of this nature;"—and lamented the severities which he was compelled to practise, by the invisible and inexorable Jorkins. In like manner the governor protests that nothing is nearer his heart than the liberation of the prisoners, which only the fear of the king his master, prevents his effecting at once; and at length he hints, that if the so-called naturalized persons can be smuggled to a point below Quebec, Captain Stoddard may take them on shipboard as he drops down the river, and the government will not interfere.

One reads the sorrow and anxiety in the heart of Mr. Williams, as he demands that "men and women shall not be entangled by the marriages they may have contracted, nor parents by children born to them in captivity." The governor concedes that French women may return with their English husbands, that English women shall not be forced to stay by their French husbands, but about the children of such marriages, he is not so sure.

John Carter, a Deerfield youth of Eunice's age, having expressed his willingness to go by land, if only he may go home, the governor says, "If John will say this before me, he may go." Carter being sent for is at first awed by the governor's presence and denies that he has any desire to return, but afterwards repeating what he had before said to Mr. Williams, De Vaudreuil is very angry, uses the lad roughly, and tells him he is to wait for the ship. This scene is frequently re-enacted, till John at last is overpowered, retracts his wish, and remains forever in Canada.

Mr. Williams is forbidden to have any religious talk with the captives, and they are not allowed to visit him on the Sabbath. The "Lord Intendant," hearing that Mr. Williams had been abroad after eight o'clock in the evening to discourse upon religion with some of the English, threatens

if the offence is repeated, to confine him a prisoner in his lodgings; "for," says he, "the priests tell me you undo in a moment all they have done in seven years to establish the people in our religion,"—an unpremeditated compliment to Mr. Williams's power as a preacher.

When Mr. Williams begs that his child may be restored to him, she being a minor, and the circumstances of her education preventing her from knowing what is best for her, the governor says if her Indian relatives consent, he will compel her to return with her father. The government interpreter is sent to talk with her and her Indian relatives. The latter profess that she may do as she pleases. Knowing what this amounted to in John Carter's case, Mr. Williams, after an interview with his daughter at Caughnawaga, where he found the prisoners "worse than the natives," has a conference with the priests of the mission at the house of the governor, who makes a show of interceding in behalf of the afflicted father. The Jesuits reply coldly, that those of Caughnawaga are not held as prisoners, but have been adopted as children, and cannot be compelled to return against their wishes, but will be left to entire freedom. Too well Mr. Williams knows the freedom which the mother church of the Jesuits leaves to its adopted children. The commissioners solicit her deliverance as a favor which will be appreciated by the sovereigns of the two nations, and suitably acknowledged by the governors of both provinces. At last, Mr. Williams, overcome by his feelings, represents to the Jesuits that it cannot benefit them to retain such children, while they "cannot but be sensible that their parents are much exercised about them," and with tears streaming down his face, pleads that they will do in the matter as they would be done by. Vain appeal to the heart that knows not the force of paternal love.

In such discussion weeks were spent. The disappointment

of Captain Stoddard, who with his personal interest in the restoration of Eunice to her family, had also hoped to render a signal service to his government; the conflict in the soul of Mr. Williams, as he tried to reconcile his natural affection as a parent, and his spiritual anxiety as a Protestant minister for the salvation of the child's soul, with a due submission to what seemed to be the over-ruling decrees of Providence for her; and the impatience and indignation of Martin Kellogg and Captain Baker, who would doubtless have preferred to make a short cut through the difficulty by running off the prisoners and taking the chances of recapture,—all this is easier imagined than described.

The expression of their feelings being limited by their ignorance of the French language, and the inconvenience of speaking by an interpreter, they poured forth their souls in letters, in which the straightforward, plain dealing of the English Puritan, appears in striking contrast to the circumlocution and diplomacy of the French Jesuit.

On the arrival of the brigantine Leopard from Boston, a final demand was made for the captives.

The commissioners, finally compelled to abandon all hope of Eunice's return, insist that Madame Le Beau[1] shall be allowed to depart; and desire that Ebenezer Nims and his wife and child may be sent for, they being anxious to return but afraid to say so, "till they see themselves clear of all danger from the Indians." Nims, then seventeen years old, had been carried captive from Deerfield in 1704, and adopted by an Indian squaw. Sarah Hoit, a maiden of eighteen, was taken at the same time. When after some years, her captors were about to resort to force to compel her to marry a Frenchman, she had offered to accept as her husband any one of her captive neighbors who would thus free her from her troublesome suitor. Ebenezer gladly offered himself.

[1] See the story of "Christine Otis."

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They were married at once, and at this time were with their baby boy at Lorette, eagerly hoping for deliverance. The governor promises that a horse or cart shall be sent for Nims's wife who is ill, and that all the family, unaccompanied by priest or Indian, shall be brought to Quebec. Captain Stoddard sends his own physician to assist her on the journey. He returns with the information that the woman is able to walk to town, and that he has been grossly insulted by the Jesuit priest at Lorette. Nims is sent, accompanied by "divers Indians," but at last by the persistence of Stoddard, all are assembled and put on board. The next day a great concourse of Indians came from Lorette, and demanding to see Nims, were assured by him that he wished to go home. Then they insisted upon his giving up his child, which he refusing, was permitted to return with his family to his native town. Years after, the Deerfield records tell how "Ebenezer Nims, Junior, having been baptized by a Romish priest, in Canada, and being dissatisfied with his baptism, upon consenting to the articles of faith," was baptized anew by good Parson Ashley.

One more effort was made by the Bishop, and high officials to prevent Madame Le Beau from going, but in vain.

On the 24th of July, 1714, after nine months absence from home, the commissioners set sail, having effected the deliverance of but twenty-six prisoners; as Stoddard sadly remarks, "Not having received the promised list from the governor; without having our people assembled at Quebec, or half of them asked whether they would return or not, or one minor compelled; having never seen many of our prisoners while we were in the country."

This was the last official effort for the redemption of Eunice Williams. In 1740, their faithful friends, the Schuylers, brought about an interview between her and her relatives, and yielding at last to their importunities, she in later years

thrice revisited the place of her nativity. That she insisted upon returning to her Canadian home, and finally died there at the advanced age of ninety, is to my mind, no more than her marriage, a proof of her preference for savage haunts and modes of life. It is well known that English girls, captured at the same time, were forced into marriages with the French and Indians, utterly repugnant to their feelings. At the time of Eunice's memorable visit to Deerfield, children had been born to her, and to the maternal instinct, the strongest passion of which the human soul is capable, even filial affection must yield.

If we admit the statement that her Indian husband assumed the name of Williams,[1] this, and the name of her father bestowed upon her eldest child, prove the lingering fondness in her heart for her kinsfolk. Although robbed of the Christian name given her by her father in baptism, she would not renounce the name of her race.

Another proof that the heart of Eunice Williams never ceased to turn in love towards the home of her infancy, and that she spared no pains to perpetuate this affection in her descendants, is afforded by their visit nearly a hundred years later, to the spot from whence, on February 29, 1704, she had been painfully torn.[2] Weighing carefully the evidence, it seems indisputable that it was Romanism warring against Protestantism, Jesuit against Puritan, that held Eunice Williams eighty-three years a captive.

[1]Eunice Williams's husband is known in New England as "Amrusus." I believe this is a corruption of the French "Ambroise," [Ambrose,] which was probably given to this Christian Indian at his baptism. C. A. B.

[2]See Appendix.

ENSIGN JOHN SHELDON.

A noted place is the Plym's mouth in Old England. On its blue waters have floated ships of Tyre and merchantmen of Massilia, Keltic coracle and Roman galley, Saxon keel and Norman corsair. Gallant fleets with fair foreign brides for English princes, have sailed into Plymouth harbor. Hither, too, came false Philip of Spain, on his way to his luckless wedding; and hence the pride of England's navy went out to chastise his insolent Armada. Not for these will the Plymouth of England be forever famous; nor because it was there the Black Prince landed with his royal captives, after Poitiers; nor because Drake and Hawkins, and other noted navigators, proceeded thence on their voyages of discovery: but because it is the port from which those nobler heroes, our Pilgrim Fathers, sailed when they came to establish freedom and justice in the New World, planting here the world-renowned colony of Plymouth in New England, the little seed which has grown and blossomed into the grandest Republic on the globe.

Ten years later than the Mayflower, with no less precious burden, and following in her track, another ship sailed out of Plymouth harbor. Before the landing of the Pilgrims, the coasts of Massachusetts Bay were familiar to the west of

England seamen, and in 1623, "the merchants of the western counties had grown rich on the profits of the New England fisheries."

Among the more moderate Puritans of the west country was Rev. John White, rector of Trinity church in Dorchester. Though his name is believed to have headed the list of the "Adventurers for New Plymouth," thus showing his sympathy with the pilgrimage, he seems, at the same time, to have been a man to whom, personally, the mere externals of religion were of no vital consequence. Quaint old Fuller describes him as "a constant preacher, so that in the course of his ministry he expounded the Scriptures all over and half over again. . . . . A good Governor, by whose wisdom the town of Dorchester (notwithstanding a casual merciless fire) was much enriched,—knowledge causing piety, piety breeding industry, and industry procuring plenty into it. . . . . He absolutely commanded his own passions, and the purses of his parishioners, whom he could wind up to what height he pleased, on important occasions." His motives and agency in the settlement of Massachusetts are well known to every reader of our early history. In 1629, he wrote to Endicott "to make a place for sixty more families from Dorsetshire, to arrive the next spring," sundry persons from that and the adjoining counties being desirous to come over and settle together as an independent community.

A great ship of four hundred tons, the "Mary and John", was chartered at Plymouth, and in March, 1630, "many goodly families and persons from Devonshire, Dorsetshire and Somersetshire," began to assemble there. "Great pains," says the historian, "were evidently taken to construct this company of such materials as should compose a well-ordered settlement." Here were those two reverend servants of God, Mr. John Warham and Mr. John Maverick, as their spiritual guides. Here were Ludlow and Rossiter, whose

position as magistrates of the company, entitled them to be political counsellors of the plantation. Here were Captain John Mason, and others of military experience, to whom they could trust in case of Indian attack. Here, too, were many whose names are familiar to us, through their descendants, men past middle age, like Thomas Ford and William Phelps, with adult families and ample fortunes, whose presence lent dignity and character to the emigration; others, like Israel Stoughton and Roger Clap, stout-hearted, strong-armed young men in the prime of life both married and single, on whom the brunt of the actual labor of the new settlement would rest.

With them to the embarkation came the faithful pastor, John White. He had been the soul of the enterprise, and many of them were his friends, neighbors and parishioners. How solemn must have been the scene, unequalled except by the memorable parting of Robinson and his flock, when, gathering them together in the new hospital for a day of fasting and prayer, he preached to them, as he and they well knew, the last sermon they would ever hear from his lips; his final words of encouragement, as they bade farewell forever to home and native land.

In the afternoon of the same day, the people organized themselves into a church under the ministers whom he had appointed, they formally expressing their acceptance of the office without further ordination; and on the 20th of March the "Mary and John" dropped down Plymouth harbor and took her solitary way across the ocean. "We were of passengers many in number, of good rank," says Roger Clap; "so we came by the good hand of the Lord through the deep, comfortably, having preached or expounded of the word of God every day for ten weeks together, by our ministers."

After a passage of seventy days, the ship arrived at Hull. The place provided for the colony by Endicott was on the

Charles River. Whether Captain Squeb supposed he had reached there, or whether he dared not venture farther into the bay without a pilot, is uncertain; but much against their will, he put his passengers and their cattle ashore on Nantasket point. Ten of the party, putting some of the goods into a boat, set out in search of a place for a permanent settlement. Threading their way in and out among the islands, they finally landed at Charlestown, went up the river as far as Watertown, and camped for a day or two on a spot to this day known as Dorchester fields.

"We had not been there many days," says Roger Clap, who was of the party, "though by our diligence we had got up a kind of shelter to save our goods in, but we had order from the ship to come away . . . . . unto a place called Mattapan, because there was a strip of land fit to keep our cattle on . . . . . so we removed and came to Mattapan."

The story of the first settlement of Massachusetts is so simply told by the actors in this grand drama, that we can hardly realize the magnitude of the enterprise. Think of the luxury and ease relinquished, the sorrow of parting forever from home and country, the anxieties, discomforts and dangers of a ten weeks' passage, and the terrible wilderness to be subdued before the most common wants of life could be supplied.

Notwithstanding the scarcity and sickness of the first year, the colony at Mattapan, which in honor of the patriarch White, had received the name of Dorchester, grew and prospered. But the current of emigration, already set firmly to the westward, was not to be stayed at Mattapan. Rumors of rich bottom-lands on a great river to the west, bred discontent with the rocky soil on which they had first planted themselves. This, fostered by the political ambition of some who were disappointed of preferment in Massachusetts, led the Dorchester colonists to determine upon removal.

"Come with me now," says Cotton Mather, "to behold some worthy and learned and genteel persons going to be buried alive on the banks of Connecticut, having been first slain by the ecclesiastical persecutions of Europe." At midsummer of 1635, a few pioneers from Dorchester reached the Great River, and near the Plymouth trading house, set up two years before by William Holmes, began to make preparation for a settlement. On the 15th of October, "the main body of the emigration, about sixty men, women and children" set forth from Dorchester on the long and toilsome journey to the valley of the Connecticut. Like a bit of romance from the middle ages,—like the vanguard of some great army of Crusaders, seems the march of this valiant little band.

Day after day in the beautiful October weather, driving their cattle before them, they wound their way through the trackless wilderness, a compass their only guide. The brilliant leaves of autumn fluttered softly to their feet as they tramped through the tranquil forest, singing their pious hymns; and the frolicsome squirrel, scared from his harvesting, ceased his chatter as they passed. With prayer and praise, for fourteen days they journeyed on, but when they reached their destination, the autumnal glory had departed, the leafless trees sighed and shivered in the wintry gale, and the cold gray river gave them sullen welcome. We will not dwell upon the horrors of that winter. The spring brought many of their friends, who had been left behind at first, and the little settlement, known to us in later times as Windsor, was called Dorchester, a name dear to the hearts of so many of those weary Pilgrims.

Among "the precious men and women," whom we may suppose to have come with the Dorchester Company in 1630, and to have borne their share of the trials and sufferings of the new settlements, were Isaac Sheldon, his wife, whose name is unknown, and their infant son. Of his ancestry we

have no definite knowledge. The name was at that time an honorable one in England, and is still found among the nobility and gentry of several English counties. In the list of "The worthies of Somersetshire since the time of Fuller," is the name of "that most munificent and generous prelate," Gilbert Sheldon, born in 1598, "descended from the ancient family of Sheldons of Staffordshire," and Archbishop of Canterbury in 1663.

Isaac Sheldon's name appears in Dorchester in 1634, as of Warham's congregation, but not of the church. He removed to Windsor with the emigration of 1635, and there we find him four years later, the owner of a house, barn, orchard and home lot. The following, from Windsor town records, evidently referring to his son, then a young, unmarried man, seems to prove that Isaac, the elder, was not living at this date:

"Sept. 13, 1652. It is assented that Isaac Sheldon and Samuel Rockwell shall keep house together in the house that is Isaac's, so they carry themselves soberly, and do not entertain idle persons, to the evil expense of time by night or day."

In explanation of the above, it may be said that the statutes of our fathers for the prevention of vice were many. The family was next in sacredness to the church. Every newly-wedded couple was expected to set up a home, and at once to enter upon household duties. In good old Colonial days, the young husband could not lounge away his evenings smoking at his club, while his bride dawdled away hers in the petty gossip of boarding-house parlors; and married persons of either sex, remaining long in the colony without their respective partners, were made to send for them, or were themselves ordered back to England as disreputable. No inhabitant was admitted unless approved by the town, and every householder was called to strict account for his visitors, and made answerable for their good conduct and solvency.

In Windsor, "no master of a family" might "give habitation or entertainment to any young man to sojourn in his family, but by the allowance of the town," and "no young man that had not a servant, or was not a public officer, might keep house by himself without permission from the town under a penalty of twenty shillings a week." Wherefore, in 1652, his father being dead, Isaac Sheldon, Junior, then about twenty-three years of age, obtained permission to live on the homestead, and to take as his companion, Samuel Rockwell, a son of one of the early settlers also deceased. The arrangement was of short duration, for Isaac having married Mary Woodford in 1653, sold out to Rockwell the same year, and with his wife and infant daughter, removed to Northampton, among the first settlers of that town.

Isaac and Mary Woodford Sheldon were blessed with thirteen children. John Sheldon of Deerfield, their second son and third child, was born in Northampton, Dec. 5, 1658. Among the companions of his childhood, were John and Benoni Stebbins, sons of John Stebbins of Northampton, and grandsons of old Rowland Stebbins of Springfield. In 1679, while yet lacking a month of his majority, he married their sister, Hannah Stebbins, she being then but fifteen years and four months old. The boy husband and his child wife remained in Northampton until after the birth of their first two children; but the pioneer spirit was born in him, and we find him soon, with his young family, among the founders of a frontier settlement, as his father and grandfather had been before him.

In another story are detailed the unsuccessful attempts at the settlement of Deerfield up to 1682. Among the very first of those by whom the town was permanently established, were John Sheldon and his wife's brothers, John and Benoni Stebbins.

John Sheldon is first mentioned in the town records of

Deerfield in 1686, when he was chosen on a committee "to lay out all the woodlands." By this same meeting the Dorchester schoolmaster, John Williams, was called to be their pastor. The same year Sheldon was chosen on the first board of Selectmen, and re-elected almost every year until 1704. The legislative and executive powers of this board were then very great.

When in 1689, the people rose in their strength against Andros, and a "council for the safety of the people" headed by old Simon Bradstreet, the last of the Puritans, summoned a convention of delegates from the several towns of Massachusetts to deliberate upon the future government, it was a bold but justifiable act. Successful or not, it was treason; and if unsuccessful, its movers would pay the penalty. No town meeting appears to have been called in Deerfield, but John Sheldon did not hesitate. He, as Chairman of the board of Selectmen, took, with them, the responsibility of sending Lieut. Thomas Wells as delegate to the convention, signing with them his credentials as "We the Town of Deerfield." After the massacre at Schenectady, the town of Deerfield

"Att a Leagall Town meeting Feb^{r} 26. 1689-90 Voted that y^{r} shall be a good sufficient fortification made upon the meeting hous hill : . . . . .

Thatt all persons whose families cannot conveniently and comfortably be received into ye houses y^{t} are already upon ye meeting hous hill and shall be wthn the fortifications : such persons shall have habitations provided for y^{m} wthn s^{d} fortifications att the Town charg but any p^{r}son or p^{r}sons y^{t} shall provide habitations for y^{m}selves shall be exempt from ye charges afores^{d} :

That Sgt Jno Sheldon Benoni Stebbins & Edward Allyn shall have full pow^{r} to appoint where every persons hous or cellar shall stand w^{t} bigness y^{a} shall be."

On the death of Lieut. Thomas Wells, in 1691, his brother

Jonathan was appointed in his place, and Sheldon, who had been also recommended by John Pynchon for the lieutenancy, was made ensign. In 1693, we find him deacon of the church; the next year, on the committee to build a new meeting-house, and on various other committees; and in 1696, on the committee to seat the meeting house. In 1697, he, with Jonathan Wells, was appointed to look over old papers and "direct the Town Clerk to record such as should be recorded." To the discretion and labors of this committee, Deerfield owes the preservation of four pages of very valuable matter on its town records. On these records, we find no busier man than John Sheldon, none whose voice was more often sought in the prudential affairs of the town. He was chosen to measure the meadow lands, and to settle the bounds between neighbors. He served as tythingman and school committee, and was very often moderator of the town meetings. In short, John Sheldon was a prominent man in the early history of Deerfield, successfully administering those important town offices, which require the most prudent foresight, and the most candid and impartial judgment.

While under the watchful care of John Sheldon, and others as faithful, the puny settlement was struggling for an existence, the mine for its destruction was already in train. Glance for a moment at the situation: Romish New France in the north; Romish New Spain at the south; between these, as between the upper and nether millstones, Protestant New England and New Netherlands occupying the debatable ground; for years a political struggle for territory between the three last named. The Lieutenant-General of Canada sends over the ice and snow, and nails his arms to the trees on the English limits; the English quietly push towards Acadia, and hold their ground at the Great Bay of the north. The treacherous savage, ready to trade his peltry or sell his prowess to the highest bidder, to-day tears down the King's

crest from the trees and carries it in derision into Orange, and to-morrow begs the Lieutenant-General to send him "black gowns" to teach him about the Frenchman's God. There are plots and counterplots. The black gown writes to Canada "that the Governor of New York, who is coming to speak to the Five Nations, has sent a shabby ship's flag, bearing the arms of England, to be set up among them, which is still in the Mohawks' public chest" and he knows not when it will see day.

Complications arising from the accession of the Prince of Orange, and later, the succession of Anne to the English throne, afford the excuse for more open hostilities. In the French Archives of the period, may be found the links of that chain by which the pastor and people of Deerfield were to be held in bondage. There, in detail, is the policy of the French, which is by embroiling the eastern Indians with the English, under the pretext that the latter have encroached upon their hunting grounds, to incite them to fall upon the frontier towns: then under the plea that being at war with the English they can no longer live on English soil, by promises of support and protection, to induce them to remove near to Quebec and Montreal, whither they will attract much trade, and where they will become a powerful ally of the French in the prosecution of the war,

There are protests from the Canadian Governor against the trespasses of the English; threats of the French King of what will happen to Boston if the English do not keep within their limits; the fears of Frontenac that the Acadians may incline to the English, "as they are too far from French succor in case of trouble" between the two nations. There are instructions from the French minister to the Governors of Acadia and Canada, so to manage affairs that the Abenakis shall find it more advantageous to live by war than by the chase; notes on the political services of Fathers Rasle and Bigot;

letters of commendation and gifts of money to Father Thury for his share in the bloody work; reports of the conferences of the chiefs with the governor at Quebec, and the diplomatic falsehoods and fair promises of the latter; lists of presents and supplies for the Indians: Brazilian tobacco, vermilion, kettles of all sizes, blue serge, a jacket with gold facings, a shirt, hat, pair of shoes and stockings for one of the chiefs, and a "shift for his daughter, of whom he was very fond;" orders for "tufts of white feathers," costing a few *centimes* in Paris, to designate the savages in night attacks; weapons, and provisions, flour, molasses, butter, and "plenty of brandy, without which they will not act efficiently."

Ever since the building of her stockade, Deerfield had been in a state of alarm. Repeated sallies had been made by the enemy, and several of the inhabitants had been killed, and others carried into captivity. The distress of the people will be seen from the following extract from a letter of their pastor to the governor praying for an abatement of taxes, and dated Oct. 21st, 1703:

"We have been driven from our houses & home lots into the fort, some a mile, some 2 miles, whereby we have suffered much loss, ... the whole town kept in; our children of 12 or 13 years and under, we have been afraid to improve in the field, for fear of the enemy; . . . . . we have been crowded togather into houses, to the preventing indoor affairs being carryed on to any advantage & must be constrained to expend at least 50£ to make any comfortable provision of housing if we stay togather in cold weather: so that our losses are far more than would have paid our taxes. . . . . i would request your Excellency so far to commiserate as to do what may be encouraging to persons to venture their all in the frontiers, ... and that they may have something allowed them in making the fortification; we have mended it, it is in vain to mend, & must make it all new, & fetch timber for 206 rod, 3 or 4 miles if we get oak."

Thanks to the Deerfield historian, whose study of the "Antient Records" seems to have come to him by direct descent, we can reconstruct the village as it was in the winter of 1703–4. In the north-west corner of the rebuilt fortifications, stood the house of Ensign John Sheldon, a two-story front, 42x21, and a one-story lean-to or kitchen. It needs no description. The appearance of the "Old Indian House," as it was called ever after that fatal day, is familiar to many. He had built it in 1696, to accommodate his growing family. It was probably the largest and the best in town, and the hospitalities to this day so generously dispensed on that spot, began with Landlord Sheldon.

Lulled by frequent false alarms into a fatal sense of security, John Sheldon and his neighbors slept soundly on the night of the 29th of February, 1704. The bitter cold penetrated even his well-built dwelling, the drifted snow lay piled outside against the palisades, the wind shrieked as it tore the dry branches from the trees and hurled them far over the frozen crust; but no consciousness of unusual danger disturbed their slumbers. Yet with the rushing of each fitful gust, running with it from the north and pausing as it ceased, the cruel foe was creeping stealthily nearer to the little hamlet. The stormy night was well-nigh spent, the guard lay heavy in his first sleep, when "the enemy came in like a flood." Pouring over the palisades, heaving and tossing like the angry billows of a stormy sea, roaring and rushing to and fro within the fortification, the horrid crowd surged about the houses of the defenseless people. Roused by their hideous yells, the sleepers woke bewildered to find themselves surrounded by dusky faces fiendish with fresh war paint. Resistance was vain; some were instantly murdered; others, powerless from fear, were fiercely torn from their warm beds, bound hand and foot, and hurried out half naked into the bitter night. Deafened by the tumult, blinded by

OLD INDIAN HOUSE AT DEERFIELD

the glare of torches, driven like sheep to the shambles, they were huddled together in the meeting house, where but yesterday their faithful shepherd had folded his flock in peace. Confusion and terror reigned. The place which they had been taught to regard as the house of God was now defiled and desecrated. There, where so lately their voices had mingled in prayer and praise, could now be heard only the groans of the wounded, the wailing of women, the shrieks of the children and the tremulous voices of the aged calling on God to "remember mercy in the midst of judgment."

Hard by, in the house of Benoni Stebbins, seven heroic men, bravely seconded by their wives, for three hours kept at bay the combined force of French and Indians. With their children clinging to them in fright, unceasingly the women moulded the bullets, resolutely the men stood at their posts. The leaden hail beat steadily down upon the assailants. Fiercer and higher on the keen air, rose the yells of the baffled foe.

Not far away, in his own house, pinioned and helpless, but calm and steadfast, the pastor of the little flock, surrounded by his terrified family, as he "was able committed their state to God, praying that they might have grace to glorify His name, whether in life or death."

For a time, the well built and firmly bolted door of John Sheldon's house proved an effectual barrier against the savages. Sacred historic door! Door of the ark of the covenant wert thou to our fathers in the olden time. Built of no costly material, thy posts were not inlaid with shell; no gold adorns thy panels. Heart of oak art thou, fit type of the heroes who framed thee; sturdy and strong in their defence as they, in defence of their liberty,—ye yielded never! More to us than Grecian sculptures are thy carvings by Indian tomahawk, and thy wrought spikes, more precious than bosses of silver and gold!

Maddened at last by their baffled efforts, they hacked and hewed at it till the hole was cut, which is still to be seen in it.[1] Through this they fired at random, killing Sheldon's wife, who was dressing herself in bed in the room at the right of the door. Finally swarming in at the windows and rudely awaking Mary Sheldon, a maiden of sixteen, from sweet dreams of her lover, they captured her and her young brothers, Ebenezer and Remembrance; and killed their little sister, Mercy, a child of three years. Their eldest brother, John, had married three months before, Hannah Chapin of Springfield. During the preparation of the bridal outfit, her mother, loath to have her encounter the perils of a frontier settlement, yet with that strange inconsistency with which we often make a jest of the saddest things in life, advised her to have a pelisse made of unusual thickness, as she might need it if she were carried off by the Indians. On the first alarm she and her husband, who were occupying the east chamber of his father's house, jumped together from the window. Spraining her ankle, and unable to save herself, she urged her husband to leave her and alarm the nearest village. At her entreaties he stripped up a blanket, and binding it about his bare feet, ran to Hatfield. His heroic bride was captured with the rest.

At daybreak, Hertel de Rouville rallied his troops for the retreat, and the shivering captives began their painful march. The sorrows of that awful journey cannot be described. Snow-blind and starving, with aching hearts, and frozen limbs, and bleeding feet, they staggered on for twenty-five days. Arriving at Chambly in detached parties, they were separated, some remaining with their Indian captors, others bought by the French of Montreal and Quebec.

Let us return to the desolated village whence they had been so cruelly snatched. Of the whereabouts of John Shel-

[1]This door is preserved in Memorial Hall at Deerfield.

don the elder, on that fearful night, we know nothing, but we cannot suppose him to have been idle or panic stricken. He may have been with the gallant band that fell upon the enemy's rear that morning,[1] abandoning the pursuit only when retaliation threatened the captives. What must have been his feelings and those of his neighbors equally bereft, as they walked among the still smoking ashes of their once happy homes, searching among the dead and dying for traces of their kindred. His daughter, Hannah, whose husband, Joseph Catlin, was slain in the meadow fight, his little grandchild, and his married son, were all that were left of John Sheldon's family. In the spring days that followed, the scanty remnant of these three households sat round his cheerless hearthstone, and talked sadly of their dead, and of those far away in captivity worse than death. Vaguely at first he thought of their possible rescue, but as the gloomy summer wore on, his dream became a definite purpose, and he announced his determination to devote his remaining energies to the redemption of his children and townsfolk.

Meanwhile their captors were jubilant. Exaggerated reports of their success were made to the French Minister, by the Governor and the Intendant of Canada:

A letter of this period from De Vaudreuil to the Minister, says:

"The Sieur de Rouville . . . . . desires, My Lord, that you would have the goodness to think of his promotion, having been, invariably in all the expeditions that presented themselves, and being still actually with the Abenakis. . . . . The Sieur de Rouvilles party, My Lord, has accomplished everything expected of it, for independent of the capture of a fort,[2] it showed the Abenakis that they could truly rely on our promises; and this is what they

[1] "The Meadow Fight."

[2] Deerfield.

told me at Montreal on the 13th of June when they came to thank me."[1]

A letter to the Minister from the Governor and the Intendant of Canada, written at the same time, contains the following:

"We had the honor to report to you last year, My Lord, the reasons which had obliged us to embroil the English with the Abenakis, ... The English having killed some of these Indians, they sent us word of it, and . . . . . demanded assistance.

This obliged us, My Lord, to send thither the Sieur de Rouville an officer of the line, with nearly two hundred men who attacked a fort[2] in which according to the report of all the prisoners, there were more than one hundred men under arms ; they took more than one hundred and fifty prisoners, including men and women, and retreated, having lost only three men and some twenty wounded."[3]

A deputation of the Abenakis waited upon their "father," the governor, "to bear witness to the pleasure he had given them in avenging them against the English," and he in turn, congratulated his "children" upon their united victory over their "common enemy." Mr. Parkman says, "Except their inveterate habit of poaching on Acadian fisheries, the people of New England had not provoked these barbarous attacks."

The correspondence between the governors of the two provinces during several years previous to the sacking of Deerfield, in which one or the other is constantly demanding or receiving satisfaction for the seizure of vessels, shows that privateering was common to both parties even during a nominal peace. In one of these poaching expeditions, the English had seized a Frenchman, known in our annals as Cap-

[1]Letter from M. de Vaudreuil to M. de Pontchartrain, Quebec, 16th 9ber 1704. N. Y. Col. Doc. Vol. IX. p. 759.

[2]Deerfield.

[3]Letter from Messieurs De Vaudreuil and De Beauharnois to M. de Pontchartrain, Quebec, 17th November, 1704. N. Y. Col. Doc. Vol. IX. p. 762.

tain Baptiste, who had proved himself a spy and a traitor in the service of both governments, and who was, moreover, a wholly unprincipled fellow, having besides his Acadian wife, several others in different parts of the world. As from his knowledge of the coast, he was very necessary to the Acadian government, one Le Févre was sent to Boston in the autumn of 1702, to demand his release. War having been in the meantime declared, Dudley detained Le Févre, and flatly refused to surrender Baptiste. In concluding his letter to the governor of Port Royal, he says, "As for the exchange of prisoners, when I shall be advised of the settlement of a cartel properly, I shall embrace it as being very usefull. In the meantime I must desire that the subjects of her Majesty the Queen, my Sovereign Lady, may have the good fortune to keep themselves out of the Inconveniences of a captivity, though never so easy and short."[1] How grievously this hope was disappointed, we have already seen.

When the Deerfield pastor and his fellow captives reached Canada, the "Governor told me," says Mr. Williams, "that I should be sent home as soon as Captain *Battis* was returned and not before, and that I was taken in order to his redemption."[2]

In April, 1704, and again in August, Dudley despatched letters by way of Albany, to the Canadian governor, upbraiding his conduct of the war as unlawful and unchristian. "You have boasted," he says, "of massacring my poor women and children, and carrying away into a miserable captivity the reste, and they are made a matter of trade between the Savages and the subjects of your master, under your government. . . . . I write you this to tell you that such treatment of Christians will be esteemed barbarous by all Europe, and I expect you to withdraw all these Christian captives from

[1] Mass. Archives, Vol. V. p. 612.

[2] "The Redeemed Captive," p. 48, Edition of MDCCC.

the hands of savages, and return them to me, as I have several times returned your people to Port Royal, and shall continue to do, until I have your reply to this."[1]

In his August letter he offers an equal exchange of prisoners, and threatens reprisals if a more honorable treatment of the captives is not guaranteed. "I cannot admit the pretext," he says, "that the Indians have the right to retain these prisoners, because I would never permit a savage to tell me that any Christian prisoner is at his disposal."[2] From Dudley's point of view, it seemed absurd for the Governor-General of New France to declare that he could not compel the Indians to give up their English captives.

The difficulties of his position will be better understood, if we remember that he had made the savages his tools, by promising them a chance to avenge themselves upon the English. Receiving no satisfaction from the French governor, Dudley, the last of September, proposed to his council that "Arthur Jeffrey, being attended with two French prisoners of war, be sent by way of Saint John's River to Quebeck, with letters to the governor, referring to the English prisoners there and to concert a method of exchange."

The departure of Jeffrey was doubtless prevented by the arrival of Jonn Sheldon at Boston. He was attended by young John Wells of Deerfield, whose mother, Hepzibah Belding, was one of the captives. On Wednesday, Dec. 13th, 1704, the governor acquainted his council that he had received no answer to his letter sent the preceding summer to the governor of Quebec, relating to the English prisoners, and that "it was doubtful if those letters found safe conveyance," . . . . . "as also that John Sheldon and John Wells of Deerfield, who both had relations in captivity there, were now attending him, and very urgent to have license to trav-

[1] Dudley to De Vaudreuil, April 10, 1704 } B. P. Poore Coll.
[2] " " " Aug. 21, " } in Mass. Archives.

Painted by T. Cole Esq.r *Engraved on Steel by T.S Woodcock.*

A DISTANT VIEW OF THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

ail thither, their being also two French prisoners used to that Rhode, who have their relations here, that are willing to accompany the said Englishmen with his Excellency's letters, and to see them safely returned at the peril of having their near relations here exposed."

His Excellency proposed the conveying them by water to Casco, thence to take the direct course through the country to Quebec "in order to find out how many prisoners are in that country and to make way for their release in the spring."

Fortunately for John Sheldon, within the week Capt. Livingston of New York appeared in Boston, and

"At a Council held in Boston on Tuesday, Dec. 19, 1704, His Excellency acquainted the Council, that since their last setting and advice for sending messengers to Quebec . . . . . to negotiate the affair about the Exchange of Prisoners, he had discoursed that matter with Capt. John Livingston now in town who had been several times there, was well acquainted in the severall parts and the way thither from the upper towns of this province which he accounted to be more safe than to Travaile through the Eastern Country's and that said Livingston would undertake that service accompanyed with Mr. Shelden and Wells without any Frenchmen to have a hundred pounds for his sirvice and his expenses borne. Upon consideration of the greater safety and certainty of this way and the charge saved of a vessel and men that must necessarily be Employed the other way, besides the fitting out the Frenchmen, and the inconveniencies that might happen upon their going : as also the accomplishment of Capt. Livingston for such a service. It was Advised that he be Imployed accordingly and his Excellency communicated his letters to the Governor of Canada to be sent by them."[1]

Duplicates of Dudley's letters sent and unanswered during the preceding summer, were prepared and with them the following :[2]

[1]Council Records, Vol. dated 1703-8, p. 128, Mass. Archives.

[2]B. P. Poore Coll. Vol. 5, p. 215.

"BOSTON, Dec. 20, 1704.

Sir:

The enclosed[1] were sent some time since by way of Albany; but fearing that they have miscarried I send you herewith Messrs. Livingston and Sheldon envoys, with John Wells, ... to carry you this and to inform you that I have in my hands about 150 prisoners. . . . . On the return of my envoys with a list of my captives whom you have in your hands, I would willingly have yours transported this spring as far as Penobscot. . . . . Should the winter be so severe as to oblige my envoys to remain until the rigor of winter is passed, you will if agreeable to you, send an Indian to the fort at Casco Bay with a letter informing me when and where I may send a shallop to meet yours from Quebec, in order that the exchange may be made. . . . . You will have the goodness to let my envoys return as soon as they can safely do so, with your decision on this subject, in order that I may have your prisoners ready to deliver up on receipt of your reply in regard to those of my people now in your hands: and to grant my envoys opportunity for the freest conference with you as to what is most advantageous in this business.

I am with all respect, Sir,
your very humble and obedient servant."

With these credentials, Sheldon and his companions took the Bay Path for Deerfield,[2] tarrying at Hatfield on the way to procure their outfit of Colonel Partridge.

I will not attempt to describe the stir in the village when it was known that Mr. Sheldon was there, *en route* for Canada, as an agent of the government in behalf of the suffering town. Pausing only for a brief good-bye, burdened with messages of love to the dear ones in bondage, and followed

[1]Duplicates of Dudley's April and August letters to De Vaudreuil.

[2]The "Bay Path," followed the present Boston and Albany railroad to Springfield; thence via Hatfield to Deerfield. Thence the envoys proceeded over Hoosac Mountain to Albany. A guide post in Deerfield still points the way "To Albany."

by the blessings of all, the party pushed on over Hoosac Mountain to Albany. We have a glimpse of them there, before they plunge into the pathless forest, in a scrap of paper containing an account, on which in Sheldon's hand-writing, is endorsed, "what i paid to captain levenston at hotsoen river."

We need not go back to King Arthur for exploits of chivalry; our colonial history is full of them. This man, long past the daring impulses of youth; this youth, whose life was all before him; show me two braver knights-errant setting out with loftier purpose on a more perilous pilgrimage.

Three hundred miles of painful and unaccustomed tramping on snow-shoes in mid-winter, over mountain and morass, through tangled thickets and "snow-clogged forest," where with fell purpose the cruel savage lurked; with gun in hand, and pack on back, now wading knee-deep over some rapid stream, now in the teeth of the fierce north wind, toiling over the slippery surface of the frozen lake, now shuffling tediously along in the sodden ice of some half-thawed river; digging away the drifts at night for his camp; wet, lame, half-famished and chilled to the bone, hardly daring to kindle a fire: a bit of dried meat from his pack for a supper, spruce boughs for his bed; crouching there wrapped in his blanket, his head muffled in the hood of his capote, eye and ear alert, his mittened hand grasping the hilt of the knife at his belt; up at daybreak and on again, through storm and sleet, pelted by pitiless rains, or blinded by whirling snow: what iron will and nerves of steel, sound mind in sound body, to dare and do what this man did.

Of the date of John Sheldon's arrival in Canada, we are ignorant. We can only guess at the impressions of the sturdy Puritan yeoman as he first stood upon the rock of Quebec, surrounded by "the appendages of an old established civilization." Strange sights and sounds must have greeted him

as he sat in his inn on the great square. The "noisy bush-ranger" and the "befeathered Indian" swaggered about the door. "Plumed officers," with squads of soldiers in slouched hats, and "arquebus on shoulder," marched quickly at tap of drum up to the fort. Processions bearing relics of the saints, filed in at the cathedral door,—the gaunt Jesuit in black cassock and rosary, the gray gown of the Récollet friar, the Seminary priest in sable robe, with his band of boys in blue, pale nuns in white cornets and clad in serge, with their pupils, among whom is more than one English face. News of his arrival spread up and down the river, "reviving the drooping spirits of the captives." Far different was its effect upon their captors. Stephen Williams, the minister's son, was in the hands of a St. Francis Indian, who demanded forty crowns for his ransom. Mr. Williams had prevailed upon the governor to offer thirty. The savage stood out, and, leaving the boy with his wife, went off to hunt. "When Mr. Sheldon was come to Canada," says Stephen in his account,[1] "my mistress thought there would be an exchange of prisoners, and lest the French should then take me away for nothing, she removed up in ye woods about half a mile from ye river, y^{t} if they came they might not find me." Having offended her a few days after, by slighting some heavy work given him to do, "the squaw," says the eleven-years-old child, "was very angry. 'I will not beat you myself,' says she, 'for my husband ordered me to the contrary, but will tell ye jesuit, ye next time he comes.' . . . . . Within a day or two ye jesuit comes, she was as good as her word, did complain; he takes me out and whips me wth a whip wth six cords, several knots in each cord."

As soon as possible, the envoys delivered their letters to the governor, by whose permission Mr. Williams came up from

[1]Narrative of the captivity of Stephen Williams, written by himself. Edited by Hon. George Sheldon, 1889.

Chateau-Richer, where he had been sent to prevent his interference with the conversion of his people by the Jesuits. From him Sheldon heard that his children were living, and John Wells learned the sad tidings of his mother's murder. He told them the harrowing tale of the march to Canada, and the details of the captivity. Deacon Sheldon was greatly exercised by his account of the craft and cruelty employed by the French "to ensnare the young, and to turn them from the simplicity of the Gospel to Romish superstition."

Mr. Williams doubtless accompanied the envoys to their first audience with the governor. The good deacon, in his home-spun garments, must have felt himself in strange contrast with the other occupants of the council hall; the governor majestic and surrounded by the brilliant uniforms of his guard; the haughty intendant; popinjay pages loitering about, stern old warriors bedecked with medals, gay young sprigs of the nobility in elegant apparel, "Jesuits, like black spectres, gliding in and out." As Mr. Williams saw the dignity of his fellow-townsman, unabashed by all this parade, he perhaps thought of the proverb, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."

The deputies received little satisfaction from their conferences with the governor. "God's time of deliverance," says Mr. Williams, "was not yet come." Monsieur de Vaudreuil was civil and diplomatic. He says that the Indians are his allies, not his subjects; he has, therefore, no real right to demand the captives from them. They might perhaps be ransomed, but, "knowing Monsieur Dudley's resolution not to 'set up an Algiers trade' by the purchase of prisoners," he dares not take the responsibility. As to an exchange of those in the hands of the French, he hardly sees what basis for that can be arranged, since he learns by the list of French prisoners sent him that the governor of Bos-

ton has permitted some Port Royalists, who should have been sent home with the exchange, to embark for the West Indies. Moreover, there is Baptiste.

The days passed in alternation of hope and discouragement. Fair promises were succeeded by evasion and delay. Mr. Williams was refused permission to go up to Montreal to talk with his children and neighbors, and sent back to Chateau-Richer.

Leaving Mr. Sheldon to push the search for his children and the other captives, many of whom had been put out of sight, Mr. Livingston set out for Boston on the 18th of March to state the situation of affairs and carry De Vaudreuil's letter to the governor, but returned to Quebec on the 26th, the ice being unsafe. On the 29th, Mr. Sheldon received a letter from his son's wife in Montreal, which probably gave him the first definite intelligence of his children. It appears to have enclosed a letter from one of her fellow-captives, who, on indirect evidence, I assume to be James Adams, captured at Wells, in 1703, with Samuel Hills and others. Of the letter and its enclosure, only the following scrap, in a beautiful hand-writing, remains:

"I pray you my kind loue to Landlord Shelden, and tell Him I am sorry for all his Los. I doe in these few lines showe youe that God has shone yo grat kindness and marcy, In carrying your Daighter Hanna, and Mary in partickeler through soe grat a iorney far behiend my expectations noing how Lame they was, the Rest of your children are with the Indians. Remembrance lives near cabect, Hannah does Liues with the frenc In the same house I doe."

Mr. Sheldon's reply to his daughter-in-law is dated:

"Quebec the 1 of Aperl, 1705.

der child

this is to let you noe that i received yours the 29th of March which was a comfort to me . . . . . I am whele, blessed be God for it, and i may tell you i dont here of my child as it [yet]. the saye

is that he is in the wodes a hunten. remember my loue to Mr. Addams and his wif and iudah Writ and all the reste as if named and my harty desire is that god would in his own good time opene a dore of deliuerans fore you al, and the meanwhile let us wait with patiens one God for it, hoe can bring lite out of darkness and let us cast al our care one god who doeth care for us and can helpe us Mr Williams is sent down the riuer agane eighteen or twenty miles, I did enjoy his company about three wekes, wh^{ch} was a comfort to me, he giues his loue to al the captives there. My desire is that Mr Addams and you wod doe al you can with your mistress that my children mite be redeemed from the Indanes. Our post returned bake again in 8 days by reson of the badnes of the ise, they goe again the seckont of this month, and i desire to com up to Montreal the beginen of May. John Wels and Ebenezer Warner giues ther loue to al the captiues ther, and so rites your louen father

John Sheldon."

Between the date of the above and the seventh, on which the post is to start again, Mr. Sheldon is busy writing letters. The following, dated April 2d, 1705, is the remnant of that sent by this post to his son John, at Deerfield:

"deer child this fue lines are to let you noe i am in good helth at this time blessed be God for it. i may tell you that we sent away a post the 18th day of March, they ware gone 8 days and returned a gane by reson that the ise was soe bad. this may let you noe I receiued a letter from your wife the 29th of March and she was whel. i may let you noe i haint sene none of my children but here they are gone a hunten."

On the 7th of April, Samuel Hills of Wells, who gladly gave his parole for the opportunity of visiting his friends, accompanied by two Frenchmen named Dubois, set out for Boston with letters from the envoys and the governor of Canada. They went across the country and down the Kennebec to Casco bay, arriving at Piscataqua on the 4th of May; and on the 15th, the letters brought by them were communicated by the governor at Boston to his council. De Vaudreuil re-

criminates in detail the accusations of the duplicate letters sent by Sheldon, "not having received them by Albany." Reiterating obstacles, and stating his terms for the return of the captives, he adds: "Mr. Livingston is a very worthy man, with whom I could soon agree upon an exchange, were not his powers limited. If you were sole in command in New England, as I am here, I should not have hesitated to take your word, and it would really have given me great pleasure to return to you by him all your prisoners. But as you have a Council, whose opinions are often divided, and in which you have but one vote, you must not take it ill that I demand a guaranty for the return of the prisoners on your side, more especially because I, on my side, having absolute authority, am always able to keep my pledged word."[1]

The persistent importunities of Mr. Sheldon and Mr. Williams, aided by the friendly offices of Captain de Beauville, an officer of high rank, brought about the ransom of the minister's daughter Esther, one of Sheldon's children, his son's wife and two others unknown. The governor also purchased Stephen Williams from his Indian master, and Livingston told him at Sorel he was to go home with him, "which," says the boy, "revived me very much to think of going home, but the governor quickly altered his mind said I must not go."

In the first days of May, the envoys, with their five redeemed captives, set out on their journey home. The Sieur de Courtemanche, a distinguished officer, with eight French soldiers, accompanied them as escort, carrying duplicates of the governor's letters already forwarded by Hills. Shortly after the departure, four young men, Thomas Baker, John Nims, Martin Kellogg and Joseph Petty, disappointed at not

[1]Letter of De Vaudreuil to Dudley, Quebec March 26, 1705, in answer to those of Dudley, sent by Sheldon and Livingston. B. B. Poore Coll. Vol. 5, p. 221, in Mass. Archives.

having liberty to go home with Mr. Sheldon, escaped from Montreal, and after terrible suffering reached Deerfield in June, in an almost dying state.

Livingston and the French escort were probably left at Albany; Hannah Chapin Sheldon, safely returned to her father's house in Springfield; and Ensign Sheldon with the Sieur de Courtemanche, hurried on to Boston, where they must have arrived before June 5th, as a committee was appointed on that date to audit their accounts, "and to do it with all speed."

Hannah wrote from Springfield to her husband, on the 16th, that "she should be very glad to see him," and shortly after, she and the others were re-united to their friends in Deerfield. By his artful selection of a few captives for release, De Vaudreuil had quieted Mr. Williams, and rid himself of John Sheldon for a time. It is not probable that he expected Dudley to accept the terms offered by his messenger. The sending of Courtemanche with these instructions was done with the wily intent to gain time to rivet his prisoners' chains more strongly, and, as he himself avows in his report of the matter to the king, "to make himself acquainted with the country."

These instructions were:[1] to be inflexible in his demands for Baptiste, "without whom there could be no exchange;" to demand the return of all the French prisoners in New England to Port Royal, giving his parole, that immediately upon information of their arrival there, all the English held by the French, (there is no mention of those in savage hands,) should be released and furnished with provisions and transportation for their return; to demand guarantees for the return of those Acadians who had been allowed to go elsewhere; to demand justice for an alleged murder of six

[1] B. P. Poore Coll. Vol. 5, p. 229, in Mass. Archives.

Frenchmen; and, finally, to demand the release of one Allain, who, it was pretended, had been sent by the governor of Port Royal to negotiate an exchange, but who was held as a spy, his passport not being forthcoming.

On the 14th of June, 1705, "His Excellency acquainted the council with the advances he had made in his proposals to Mr. Courtemanche, relating to the exchange . . . . . and that the whole affair stuck at Baptiste, which Mr. Courtemanche insisted on as a particular article in his instructions, and declined to do anything unless Baptiste was included." The governor asks advice of his council, and desires "that certain of them with the Representatives take the matter into consideration, without speaking of the same without doors." The following day, the representatives sent a message to the governor "That he should use his utmost endeavors to obtain the exchange without releasing of Baptiste. But if finally it cannot be obtained without, that Baptiste be exchanged Rather than our Captives be retained in the hands of the Enemy."[1]

Notwithstanding the injunction of secrecy, it was noised abroad that the governor intended to give up Baptiste. Whereupon a strong remonstrance against his release, was sent by the leading "merchants and sailors" of Boston.[2] "If there were nothing else but the urgency of the French demanding him, it is a sufficient reason why we should preserve him to ourselves," they say. After much fruitless discussion, Dudley in his turn drew up proposals for the exchange. Courtemanche falling sick, or perhaps indisposed to return on foot, Captain Vetch, with an eye to trade at Quebec, offered to go with his vessel and convey him home. Courtemanche, who seems to have made himself agreeable

[1]June 15, 1705, Council Records, Vol. 71, p. 145.

[2]Council Records, Vol. 71, p. 152.

in Boston,[1] urged the governor to let his son, William Dudley, a young man of eighteen, bear him company to Quebec and return on the same vessel. Glad of an opportunity to acquire information and hoping thereby to obtain the release of some, the governor consented. "Bread, Beer, Flesh and Pease for a twenty days'" voyage are ordered aboard Captain Vetch's vessel, with "a Hoggshead of good wine as a present to the Governor of Quebec." The two Dubois are sent home by land; Courtemanche orders Samuel Hills to accompany him by sea. Dudley's dispatches[2] are dated Boston the 4-15 July, 1705, and probably the vessel sails the next day.

Concerning the exchange, Dudley makes all proper concessions. It may take place at Mount Desert, whither he will send all the French prisoners on any day when De Vaudreuil will send the English there. He will buy none from the Indians, but if they are not at once rescued from them, he will retaliate and "your people will be reduced to accommodate themselves to a savage life as well as mine." He resents the insinuation that his authority is limited; he will send Allain home, and with him, in exchange for the two girls Mr. Livingston brought back, two strong men of Port Royal, captives here. "As to Baptiste I think Monsieur de Courtemanche has learned so many things about his dastardly conduct that you will agree with me that he is a rascal who does not deserve that you should want him back, and perhaps you will think he is not worth my keeping, wherefore

[1]Sewall's Diary, Vol. 2, pp. 133-4 has the following: "July 4, Comencement Day, I go by Water. . . . . Capt. Courtmaruh was there, and din'd in the Hall." A footnote by the Editor says "This name is utterly strange and mysterious. We have no clew to the person intended." Evidently this was the Sieur de Courtemanche, whose illness may have been the result of his Commencement festivities. C. A. B.

[2]B. P. Poore Coll. in Mass. Archives.

I have resolved to send him with the others to the place of rendezvous, if the articles are accepted, and there will be an end of that business."[1]

Not doubting that his terms will be accepted, he desires that his son may see the captives and help them to a speedy return, for fear that winter may overtake them. In case Mr. Williams should not wish to come with the others, if the governor will let him return with Captain Vetch, Dudley will provide an equally distinguished escort for any French gentlemen who may be prisoners in Boston.

The arrival of an English vessel in the St. Lawrence made a great stir. De Vaudreuil at first ordered her anchored fifteen leagues down the river, but finally had her brought up to Quebec, her sails removed and a guard put on board.

The details of young Dudley's sojourn in Quebec and the correspondence between Canada and the court of France on that subject are of exciting interest, but having no immediate connection with the Deerfield prisoners, must be omitted here. De Vaudreuil treated the Boston gentlemen politely and allowed them entire liberty in Quebec, but the wary intendant makes a merit of watching them closely during their stay in Montreal.

Mr. Williams came up from Chateau-Richer to see them, and was supplied by Captain Vetch with money, but continuing to argue in season and out of season against Popery, he was sent back again. His son Stephen, Jonathan Hoit and a few others were allowed to go home with Mr. Dudley, whose negotiations towards the exchange were entirely unsuccessful. After a tedious voyage they reached Boston, where they had been long expected, on the 21st of November, 1705.

William Dudley was the bearer of new proposals to his father from the Canadian government, which not only in-

[1] Dudley's weariness of this subject is here very apparent.

W. H. Bartlett. J. C. Bentley.

The Generals Bridge, near Annapolis

(Nova Scotia.)

cluded a full exchange, but were virtually a treaty of peace between the French and English in America, with the stipulation however, that "if not signed by the governors of Boston, New York and all other special English governors before the end of February, the articles should be null and void." The articles were rejected by the assembly and council at Boston, as not "consistent with her majesty's honor," and with thanks to Dudley for his past endeavors, it was left to him, upon advice with Lord Cornbury, to answer De Vaudreuil. To avoid their subsistence during the winter, and to set an example of generosity, Dudley early in December, sent home fifty-seven Port Royal captives, retaining Baptiste and others of importance.

On the 17th of January, 1706, the governor read to his council his answer to De Vaudreuil's proposals, "to be despatched to Quebec by Mr. John Sheldon, attended with a servant or two, and accompanied by two French prisoners of war."

Mr. Sheldon now appears upon the stage as a full fledged ambassador. His attendants were John Wells and Joseph Bradley, a Haverhill man, whose wife was languishing in her second captivity. They left Deerfield on the 25th of January, taking the same route as before, another dreary winter journey. They arrived at Quebec in the beginning of March. Mr. Williams went up again for a few days to see Mr. Sheldon, and doubtless told him with indignation, the vigorous efforts of the priests to gain proselytes after Mr. Dudley's departure. "When Mr. Sheldon came the second time," says Mr. Williams, "the adversaries did what they could to retard the time of our return, to gain time to seduce our young ones to Popery."[1]

Although the dispatches carried by Mr. Sheldon were not satisfactory to De Vaudreuil, he could oppose nothing to Mr.

[1] "The Redeemed Captive," Sixth Ed., p. 113.

Sheldon's arguments, that he was in honor bound to release some captives in return for those already sent home by Dudley, and he at last reluctantly consented to release forty-three.[1]

Captain Thomas More in his boat, the Marie, was to take them as far as Port Royal, with orders to the governor of Acadia to retain them there until "all the French prisoners without distinction" should be returned to Port Royal. Meantime the Marie was to proceed to Boston with Mr. Sheldon and his attendants, the two Frenchmen also returning with De Vaudreuil's ultimatum.

The Marie must have sailed soon after June 2d, the date of the governor's letter.[2] She evidently stopped at Port Royal, for we have John Sheldon's account there of his "pocket expenses: the Doctor for John Wells," and "for two blankets and other things for ye captives."

Whether Monsieur de Brouillant assumed the responsibility of forwarding the captives with Mr. Sheldon, or how it was, we know not, but there is evidence enough that they arrived with him in the Marie at Boston on the first day of August. Mr. Williams, writing after his own redemption and before Mr. Sheldon's third expedition, says, "The last who came, in numbers between forty and fifty, with Mr. Sheldon (a good man and a true servant of the church in Deerfield, who twice took his tedious and dangerous journey in the winter from New England unto Canada on these occasions), came aboard at Quebec, May 30th, and after nine weeks' difficult passage, arrived at Boston, August 1st, 1706." On the 2d, Dudley informed his council of the letters "received yesterday, from the Governor of Canada by a Flagg of Truce with forty odd English prisoners." Who were the

[1]Letter from De Vaudreuil to Dudley dated Quebec, June 2, 1706. B. P. Poore Coll. Vol. 5, p. 295.

[2]The New Style had already been adopted in Canada.

forty odd we know not. Sheldon's daughter Mary was one; James Adams, another. Mr. Williams was still in Chateau-Richer, and the intendant threatened "if More brought word that Battis was in prison, he would put him in prison and lay him in irons."

De Vaudreuil's letter also threatened reprisals if the Marie did not carry back tidings of Baptiste's release. One clause of this letter shows John Sheldon as an honest government official: "I have done myself the pleasure to honor the letter of credit you have given to Mr. Sheldon upon me. He has used it very modestly, and has demanded of me only 750 Livres." Mr. Sheldon's account shows how the money was expended. His landlords at Quebec and Montreal got a good part of it. The destitute captives were clothed; other interesting items are: "For a carriall[1] to goe to see the captives at the Mohawk fort." "For a canoe and men to go from Quebec to visit Mr. Williams." "More paid to ye Barbour for me and my men and for my Blooting." "Laid out for my deaughter Mary for necessary cloathing." "More for my darter."

Mr. Sheldon's account being allowed, Wells and Bradley petitioned to be reimbursed for sundry expenditures, "snow-shoes and pumps," "a dog 15 shillings," and "besides there was a gun hired for the voyage, which said gun was broken in the discharging." Thirty-five pounds were voted to Mr. Sheldon, and twenty pounds each to the others for their services, over and above their outfit. While Mr. Sheldon was settling his affairs in Boston, young John Sheldon wrote him as follows:—

"HONORED FATHER SHELDON:—After duty presented, these are to let you noe that I reseived your letter, which we desire to bless you for it. pray give my love with my wife's to sister Mary and

[1]Carriole. A Canadian sleigh.

all the rest of the captives. . . . . I pray you to buy for me a paire of curtings and a feather bead, and a greaine coverlid and a necklace of amber." . . . . .

No doubt these commissions were faithfully executed, and the "Old Indian House" was soon gladdened by the return of its master, and another of the long-sundered household.

A week after the arrival of the Marie at Boston, the council advised Dudley to reject the proposals brought by her, and "yet send away the French prisoners without exception to Port Royal and Quebec and demand ours in return, and to send a vessel forthwith to Quebec in hopes of seeing them before winter."

Captain Bonner and his vessel were hired; Mr. Samuel Appleton of the council was appointed as bearer of dispatches; and towards the last of the month the brigantine Hope, auspicious name in such a service, convoyed the Marie with Baptiste, and all but one of the French prisoners out of Boston harbor. Narrowly escaping shipwreck, they reached Quebec about the first of October. Mr. Appleton appears to have made himself pretty comfortable while the negotiations were pending, if we may judge from his tavern bill, on which I find beef and mutton a plenty, with ducks, broiled chickens and according to the fashion of that day, many bottles of *eau de vie*.[1] There being no longer any excuse for retaining Mr. Williams, he and fifty-six others, among whom were his two sons and probably Sheldon's, came home with Mr. Appleton.

Mr. Williams says they left Quebec the 25th of October, but I find by the inn-keeper's bill that Samuel joined his father and Warham there on the 28th; that one of the boys was charged for breaking a glass on the 29th, and the board of the three is charged up to the 31st, so that unless their

[1]Mass. Archives, Vol. 71, p. 248.

landlord was unusually rapacious we must take this as the day of their departure. After a stormy passage, they reached Boston on Nov. 21st, and were immediately sent for by the general court, then in session, where their pitiful appearance excited such commiseration that it was at once "Resolved that the sum of twenty shillings be allowed and paid out of the Publick Treasury to each of the captives this day returned from Canada." On Appleton's account, presented after his return, is the following item which must have made him doubly welcome to good Mr. Williams: "5 English Bibles, which Capt. Appleton carryed with him by order of ye governor and council and given to the captives, 2 £ 13 s. 6 d."

On his return to Deerfield after his second expedition, John Sheldon entered again upon the town business. Within ten days after Mr. Williams landed in Boston, he was "chosen a committee to go down to the Bay to treat with Mr. Williams about returning to settle in Deerfield." I know not whether to admire more, the energy and courage of the people, or the fidelity and self-sacrifice of the pastor, in their action in this matter.

Early in 1707, by a vote of the town to build a house for the minister "as big as Ensign Sheldon's with a lean-to as big as may be thought convenient," he was chosen on the building committee. But his country again needed his services, and he was not permitted to remain long with his reunited family. On the 14th of January, Gov. Dudley informed his council that there were about ninety English still held by the French and Indians of Canada, whom the governor had promised to return the coming spring, and proposed to have "a Person Leger at Quebec, to put forward that affair, and endeavor that all be sent, and that Mr. John Sheldon who has been twice already, may be employed with a suitable retinue to undertake a journey thither, on that

service, if the season will permit." As we have already seen, John Sheldon was not one to permit the season to stand in the way of his serving the state. Accordingly, he left Deerfield on the 17th of April, attended by Edward Allen, Nathaniel Brooks,[1] and Edmund Rice. We have a hint of how it fared with him on his northward march, in this item from his account book: "Paid six livres to an Indian to guide us into the way when bewildered." Mr. Sheldon was in great danger during this last journey to Canada, and his sojourn there. The French were exasperated by rumors of another invasion from New England, and the woods were full of small parties of Indians, on the war-path to the border settlements.

He arrived the 11th of May. His reception there was not the most courteous, as we learn by this letter from the court of Versailles to the governor of Canada: "His Majesty approves of your having spoken as you did to the man named Scheldin, whom that Governor (Dudley) sent you by land, in search of the English prisoners at Quebec, and even if you had had him put in prison with all his suite, it would have been no great matter."[2] From Montreal, Mr. Sheldon wrote on the 20th of June, that the French were collecting forces there, being alarmed by the report of an approaching English fleet. He was not permitted to return until this excitement had subsided. In mid-summer, escorted by six soldiers under Monsieur de Chambly,[3] who had secret orders to acquaint himself with the condition of things at Orange, he with seven more captives, came down Lake Champlain in canoes, arriving at Albany on the 24th of August. To Mr.

[1]He went to seek his daughter, captured Feb. 29, 1703-4.

[2]Letter from the French Minister to De Vaudreuil, June 6, 1708. Doc. pub. à Quebec, Vol. II, p. 488.

[3]Brother of Hertel De Rouville.

Sheldon's annoyance, his escort were held as prisoners during their stay in Albany, by Col. Schuyler, who knew from friendly Indians in Canada the hostile attitude of affairs there, and he was sent with them down to Lord Cornbury at New York. Thence by Saybrook, New London and Stonington, now on horseback and now on foot, the captives came slowly home, and on the 18th of September, John Sheldon was in Boston and delivered his despatches to the governor in council, and gave a narrative of his negotiations.

In October, Mr. Sheldon is again in Deerfield, where he is appointed to manage for the town as a petitioner to the General Court for help towards Mr. Williams's salary. His name appears once more on the General Court records in November, 1707, on two petitions for aid in consideration of his own losses, and for his services and those of his attendants in his last journey, "in which they endured much fatigue and hardship and passed through great danger, sustaining also considerable damage by their absence from their Businesse." In answer, he was given fifty pounds for his services, thirteen of which was to be paid him by a mulatto whom he had brought out of bondage, and a grant of three hundred acres, not to exceed forty acres of meadow land, was made him.

Shortly after this he removed to Hartford, where, in 1708, he had married a second time. In 1726, "being weak in body, yet through God's goodness to me, of sound mind and memory," he made his will, and died in 1734, at the age of seventy-six.

We need not search the rolls of heraldry for the pedigree of old John Sheldon. We have found him a brave man, and a good citizen, a tender husband and a loving father, true and faithful in all his private relations and public positions, a pillar of the church and state. What more need we ask?

The great Archbishop Sheldon used to say to the young

lords who sought his advice: "Be honest and moral men. Do well and rejoice." John Sheldon was both. He did well, and his descendants may rejoice.

May 1919

1897.] TRUE STORIES OF NEW ENGLAND CAPTIVES CARRIED TO CANADA DURING THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR.—Miss C. Alice Baker of Cambridge, Mass., has in press a book with this title. The book will contain thirteen narratives of the captives, a biographical sketch of Hertel de Rouville the leader of several attacks on New England and of Father Meriel, the only English speaking priest of the period, who was the means of so many captives remaining in Canada. An appendix will contain additional matter from other sources. Illustrated with many engravings. To contain about 350 pages. Price, $3.50, including postage. Orders may be sent to C. Alice Baker, Cambridge, Mass.; G. E. Littlefield, 67 Cornhill, Boston, or John Sheldon, Greenfield, Mass.

True Stories of New England Captives Carried to Canada During the Old French and Indian Wars. By C. ALICE BAKER. Cambridge. 1897. Sm. 4to. pp. 399. Price $3.50. To be obtained of C. Alice Baker, Cambridge, Mass.; G. E. Littlefield, 67 Cornhill, Boston; or of John Sheldon, Greenfield, Mass.

Miss Baker has compiled a much needed book. In her preface she says: "As often as I have read in the annals of the early settlers of New England the pathetic words, 'Carried Captive to Canada whence they came not back,' I have longed to know the fate of the captives. The wish has become a purpose, and I have taken upon myself a mission to open the door for their return." The author intends this work to be a sequel to the "Tragedies of the Wilderness," by the late Samuel Gardner Drake, whose book was published fifty years ago.

There are thirteen narratives in this volume. The first is that of Christine Otis, captured at Dover, N. H., of whom some account is given in the REGISTER for 1851 (page 189); another is that of Esther Wheelwright, a great granddaughter of Rev. John Wheelwright, who was captured at Wells, Me., who adopted the religion of her captors and became Mother Superior of the Ursulines of Quebec. "Her varied fortunes form one of the most romantic episodes in the history of the old French and Indian wars." Another is that of Eunice Williams, daughter of Rev. John Williams of Deerfield, who was captured when ten years old. She married an Indian and became one. The adventures of these and the other New England captives are very interesting.

Many of the details here given have been gathered by Miss Baker from personal visits to Canada and the frontiers. "The story of Miss Baker's journeyings up and down the St. Lawrence between Montreal and Quebec," says the Springfield Republican, "would in itself read like a romance. In summer heats and the rigors of Canadian winters, searching parish registers, asking and always receiving every possible assistance from the curés, who entered into her researches with the greatest interest and treated her with genuine hospitality, she found here and there a clue which she followed up, until she finally succeeded in tracing the lives of eighteen out of thirty Deerfield captives, who had been totally lost to their kindred from the time of their capture."

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